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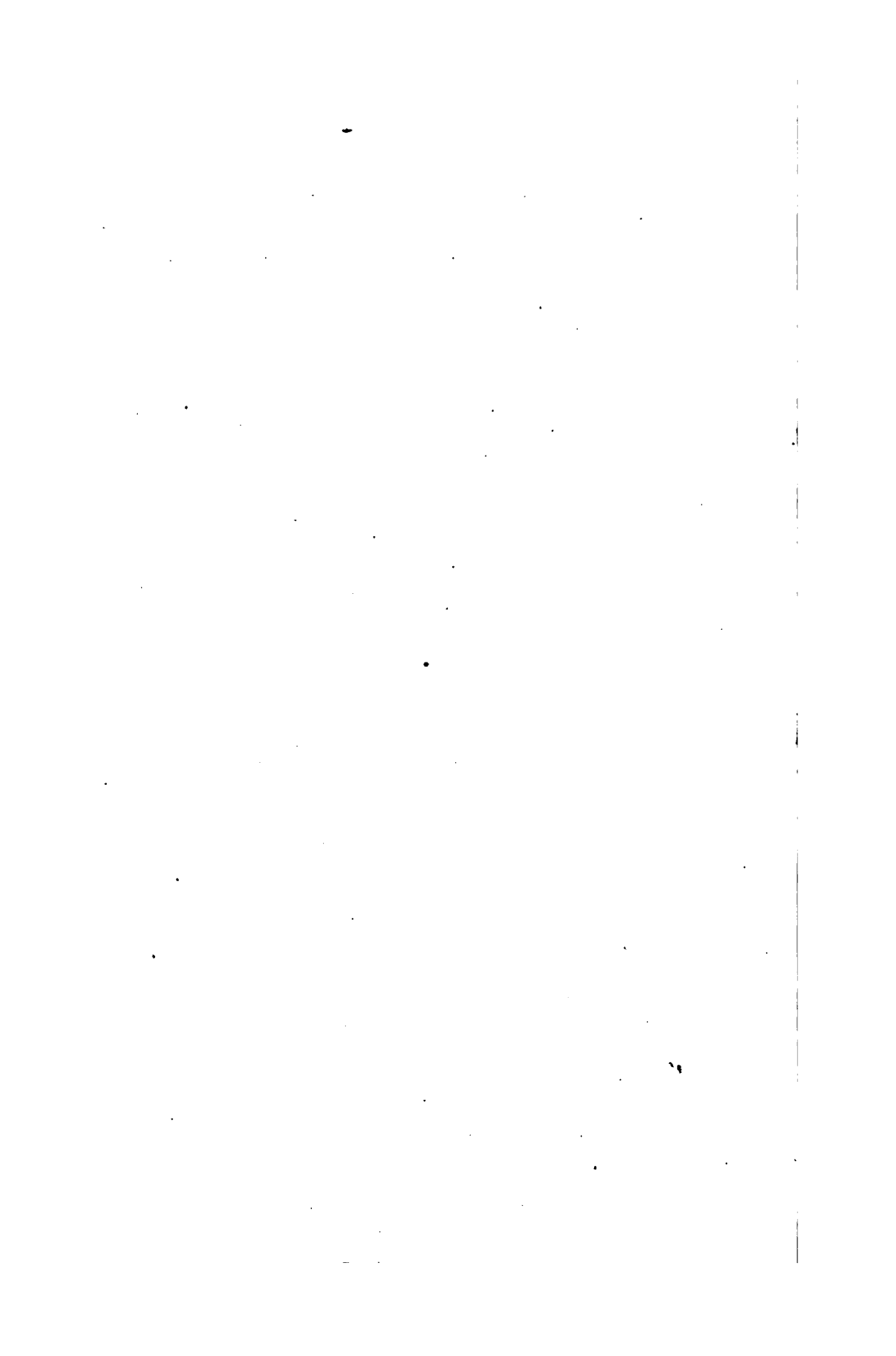
I E R N E.

VOL. I.

LONDON: PRINTED BY
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AND PARLIAMENT STREET



W. Stewart Truesdell
July. 1889.



M^{rs} Glover. with kind regards
from the Author.

W. Stuart Trench

I E R N E.

4 Nov / 41

A TALE.

BY

W. STEUART TRENCH,

AUTHOR OF

'REALITIES OF IRISH LIFE.'

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

LONGMANS, GREEN, AND CO.

1871.

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THE

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RAABU RIVON BIT

PREFACE.

DURING the many years in which I have performed the duties of land agent over some of the largest and most important estates in Ireland, nothing has struck me more forcibly than the almost universal feeling amongst the people that the land belonged to *them*, and not to those who in common language are called the Proprietors of the Soil.

I have traced these feelings throughout every phase and every grade of Irish Celtic life. Sometimes they are maintained with an eagerness amounting almost to fury; but the principle is always kept steadily—though sometimes very privately—in view, as one which under no circumstances should be lost sight of. It

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to the people, and that somehow or other they would yet get it back again, whether by fighting, by repeal, or by revolution.¹

Some people may be of opinion that these convictions had better be concealed; that it is injudicious to drag them into the light. But I think those who feel so must necessarily be ignorant of the popular literature of the present day in Ireland. They can scarcely be aware of the thousands of publications which issue weekly from a prolific press in this country, and are sown broadcast over the land. At every whisky-shop, every forge, every funeral, and every gathering are circulated descriptions

¹ The recent election, by a large majority, of Mr. John Martin of Kilbroney, a distinguished exile of '48, as representative in the Imperial Parliament of the county of Meath (one of the richest and most important counties in Ireland), simply because he was considered as an honest and uncompromising repealer, and opposed to all English power in Ireland, cannot be looked upon otherwise than as a very significant proof of public opinion in this country.

Mr. Martin, who is a Protestant, was opposed by the son of Lord Fingal, a Roman Catholic peer of large territorial influence, and highly respected in the county, and also by almost the whole body of the priesthood. But the repealers won the day.

of the wrongs of Ireland—generally in the most untruthful and exaggerated forms—and of the injuries she has sustained from England. The people are thus roughly educated. There are plenty of readers amongst them, and an eager circle listening with avidity to these stories, as read aloud by the lurid light of the forge fire, or the flickering flame of the bogwood torch, would make a fine study for a Rembrandt.

Is it wise then to shut our eyes to facts and feelings which pervade so vast a proportion of the people? We might indeed ignore these things had Ireland forgotten her wrongs, and were Ireland satisfied and tranquil. But Ireland has not forgotten them, and Ireland is not tranquil. *Ireland is still dissatisfied.* And therefore it behoves those whose time is passed among the people, whose lives are, as it were, in their hands, and daily endangered by the present position of affairs,¹ to lay bare what

¹ There have been three barbarous agrarian murders perpetrated *within the last few weeks*. Two in Tipperary, and one in the King's County. *All gentlemen's stewards.*

they believe to be the secret springs of action, and, whether palatable or otherwise, to put before the English public what in their hearts they believe to be the feelings of the vast majority of the Celtic people of Ireland who are uninfluenced by the possession or prospect of Government place.

With a view to making the case of Ireland more generally known, and to trace with care the secret springs whence disaffection flows, I completed last year a general sketch of the history of Ireland, from the earliest ages down to the Act of Settlement in 1662,¹ and of

Besides several attempts to murder, and other agrarian outrages and murders in Westmeath and elsewhere.

¹ The title of the Act of Settlement now in my possession, and the text of which is printed in 'black letter,' runs as follows :—

‘ An Act
for the better Execution of His Majesty’s Declaration
for the
Settlement of His Kingdom of Ireland,
and
Satisfaction of the several Interests of
Adventurers, Souldiers, and other his
Majesty’s subjects there.’

the confiscations of William after the war of 1691. In this history I endeavoured to unfold the earliest traditions of the country. It contained an account of its first inhabitants, generally supposed to have come from Phœnicia; of the arrival of the great Milesian colony from which all noble Celtic families trace descent; of the origin of the Fenians, the glories of ancient Tara and Eamania, and of the schools of learning and piety. The history of the main confiscations of Ireland was also given in full, and especially those under Strongbow, Elizabeth, James I., Cromwell, and William. But this was all written at the time when the Irish Land Bill was the subject of the keenest controversy in Parliament; and some friends urged me on no account to publish my history. They did not deny its truth; they did not object to the spirit in which it was written; but they said that, if published, it might do irreparable mischief.

I yielded. The work was suppressed after a large portion had been printed, and all the illustrations completed. Feeling, however, that

although such a history of the past might not be acceptable at the present time, and yet that its connection with existing Irish life is most important, and would be interesting to the public if presented in the form of a tale, I have endeavoured to accomplish this in the volumes which I now lay before the public.

Many of the scenes and incidents described in the following pages have really occurred. The descriptions of almost all are founded upon fact; and some have happened to myself. Of course it was necessary that names and dates should be somewhat changed to construct a consecutive tale; but many of the incidents are nevertheless 'realities of Irish life.'

In no one case can I claim the authorship of the beautiful and touching poems I have introduced into my text as Ierne's songs. Almost all the nationalist newspapers of Ireland devote a space in their columns to Irish poetry, and many pieces of exquisite beauty will be found in them. I know not who is the author of those touching lines commencing

'Lift me up, Nelly Mavourneen.'

One or two others will I know be found amongst the poems of the late Mr. D'Arcy McGee, and all lovers of Irish literature will easily recognise the exquisite melodies of our national poet, 'Tommy Moore.' I claim no merit but that of their appreciation and selection.

The geography, I believe, will in general be found to be accurate.

W. STEUART TRENCH.

CARDTOWN, MOUNTRATH :

January, 1871.

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OF

THE FIRST VOLUME.



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I E R N E.

CHAPTER I.

THE FOSTER-BROTHERS.

THE harbour of Kilmakilloge is one of the best and safest along the south-west coast of Ireland. It consists of an expanse of water about two miles long by one mile wide, surrounded on its eastern, western, and southern sides, by wild but beautiful mountains, and open only to the north-west, where it joins upon the Kenmare bay—at that point about five miles across. The mouth of the harbour is some fourteen or fifteen miles from the small town of Kenmare, which nestles in peaceful beauty at the extreme upper end of the bay.

This valley, now more frequently known as 'the valley of Derreen'—a name taken from the lovely residence situated at the head of the

harbour—consists of an extent of irregularly sloping land, embracing about twenty-five thousand acres. Detached portions of the most available spots, where spade or plough could be used with any prospect of success, have been reclaimed by the industry of the inhabitants. A few primitive cottages appear in the centre of these small plots of reclamation. But some of these are so surrounded by rocks, and overshadowed by the heather which grows on the mountain sides, that they might almost escape a stranger's eye, were it not for the thin blue stream of smoke which invariably denotes their presence, and which ascends from the fire of peat, which often slumbers but is never extinct on the peasant's hearth as long as it remains inhabited.

Two well-known salmon rivers, each emanating from different sub-valleys, discharge themselves into the sea at the head of the bay, within a few hundred yards of each other. The eastern river rushes wildly down from the steep valley of Glentrasna, and when rain descends, becomes a mighty torrent, leaping over rocks and eddying in small foaming currents, from its extreme source to the sea. This river, locally named the Owenshagh, is celebrated chiefly for the

white or sea trout, with which its numerous pools abound. The southern river is of a different character. It springs in the mountain called 'Hungry Hill'—a mountain so wild and rocky, that scarcely any vegetation can be found there ; and after pouring down its rocky sides and rushing tumultuously into innumerable gorges, forming many cataracts in its descent, the waters at length find rest in the dark lake of Glenmore. This lake is of considerable size, and lies in placid grandeur surrounded by high and precipitous cliffs. Its surface is only a few feet above the level of the sea, so that the salmon and sea trout have at all times easy access to it. Here they rest in vast numbers, slumbering, and sometimes 'sulky' enough, but can be caught by net, and in favourable weather by the fly ; the pools in the river which flows from the lake, abound in the finest salmon.

Above the lake, and adjoining the base of Hungry Hill, are the 'Trossachs' of Glenmore. They resemble much the trossachs of Loch Katrine. Massive rocks, reft from the mountain sides by some remote convulsion of nature—spiral, sharp, splintered pinnacles pointing upwards to the skies—intermixed with stunted oak, mountain ash, hawthorn, and hazel, whose roots

find nourishment in clefts and fissures which to man appear to be impenetrable, form a scene of rare and peculiar beauty.

The rocky summits split and rent
Formed turret, dome, or battlement,
Or seemed fantastically set
With cupola or minaret.
Nor were these earthborn castles bare,
Nor lacked they many a banner fair ;
For, from their shivered brows displayed
Far o'er the unfathomable glade,
All twinkling with the dew-drops sheen,
The briar-rose fell in streamers green,
And creeping shrubs of thousand dyes,
Waved in the west wind's summer sighs.¹

At the head of the harbour of Kilmakilloge is situated the residence of Derreen, signifying, in Irish, "The little wood." The house stands within a few hundred yards of the sea, and from its lawn down to the shore, the space is thickly covered with alder, oak, hawthorn, and holly, which contend with one another for space. Wild and romantic walks have been cut through the wood, leading from the house to the sea. The mansion was never large, but it is warm and comfortable, and suitable to the wants of an Irish chieftain of moderate means,

¹ Scott's 'Lady of the Lake.'

living in a secluded valley. The sea abounds with fish. Grouse are to be had, on the tops of the Caha mountains which close in the valley, whilst multitudes of hares, and a few deer—the original inhabitants of these wild solitudes, and which occasionally venture within shot of the mountaineer—add variety to the sport and form a welcome addition to the table of the mansion at Derreen.

It was a warm summer's evening in August, when two young men were ascending with active and vigorous steps towards the summit of the Caha mountains. They wended their way over rocks and crags, and through copse and heather, till they reached the top of Glen-trasna, and then turning more directly eastward, they faced towards the distant pass of the well-known Priest's Leap mountain, which overhangs the valley of Bonane.

The young man who appeared to be the leader of the two was about twenty-five years of age. His height might have been something under six feet, but his frame was firmly knit, active and muscular ; well fitted to endure hardship, or to perform any feat requiring a combination of activity and strength. His hair was dark but closely cropped. His beard and moustache

were of the same order, rich and dark but also closely cut. His large, thoughtful, and expressive eyes were apt occasionally to relapse into unnatural stillness, as if the past or future rather than the present occupied his attention ; but when anything occurred which recalled him to the necessity of immediate action, the dreamy softness of his eye seemed at once to pass away like a cloud, and it shone with fire and daring. His nose was more Grecian than aquiline, a well formed compromise between the upturned nostril of the Celt, and the Norman tendency to the eagle's beak ; whilst his short upper lip and expressive mouth seemed to portray a temperament unusually quick. His dress was that of a careless but habitual sportsman. He wore a velvetreen shooting coat, with innumerable pockets, placed rather to puzzle the owner's memory as to what could possibly be in each than with a view to any practical utility. A waistcoat, equally confusing in the multitude of its pockets, and trousers buckled round the leg below the knee, completed his costume. A shot pouch was slung over his shoulder and he had a powder-horn in his shooting-coat pocket, whilst the man who accompanied him carried his double-barrelled gun. It was plain,

however, that he was bent on other purposes than sport. The grouse rose around him unheeded, whilst the hare—much to the mortification of his attendant—sat up on her hind legs and seemed to wonder how little her appearance attracted attention, and struck the ground with that peculiar slap which indicates to her timid race the near approach of danger.

His companion was a somewhat coarse likeness of the young man above described. His age was the same, for they were foster-brothers. His hair was dark and matted; his beard and moustache were closely clipped. His height was a little lower, and his frame something less muscular than that of his chief, but what was deficient in strength was made up by a catlike activity, which could scarcely be surpassed by a wild animal. Not a bird rose, not a hare glided past him, but attracted his keen attention, and at length, overcome by his chieftain's neglect in letting so many 'elegant shots' go by without notice, he could refrain no longer, and dropping a little behind his companion, he took deliberate aim at a hare sitting up on her hind legs watching him, and fired. The hare leaped high in the air, and fell dead on the spot where she had sat.

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The young man in front turned hastily round, and in a stern and angry tone exclaimed :

‘Who fired that shot?’

‘Bedad your honour, I did,’ replied his follower, Teague O’Hanlon. ‘But sure I didn’t intend it at all. The thrigger just caught in a hazel bush as I was passin’ with the gun tucked under my arm, and off it went without saying “by your leave.”’

The young chieftain eyed him sternly during this speech, and then walking quietly to where the hare lay dead in the heather, and taking it up, he said, ‘How came this here?’

‘Bedad, that’s the quarest part of it all,’ exclaimed Teague; ‘I was just going to explain it to your honour how the very minute the gun went off, it hit a hare going by like mad, and down she came as if your honour’s self had fired at her. But sure I’ll lave her here till we come back, and maybe the cook at Derreen won’t be glad to have her when a trifle of game is wanting in the house.’

‘Teague,’ replied his master, gravely, ‘have done with all this nonsense. I told you we were going on a somewhat serious expedition; you know you are telling me untruths, and you cannot expect I should believe

your absurd story. Have done with all this, I say, and tell me plainly, will you stand by me if we get into real danger? Are you true to the back bone? Will no danger separate you from my side, nor threats, rewards, nor promises ever lead you to betray me?'

'Oh, master, dear!' replied Teague, 'won't you forgive me that shot, for by all that's good I couldn't help it when the hare sat up looking at me, and says I to myself, "Bad luck to ye, but ye looks for all the world like one of the inimies of Ireland;" and with that I took aim, and let fly, and bowled her over, as I hopes your honour will yet bowl over the tyrant oppressors of our country. May they all lie stark and stiff on the sod just like that thieving hare! But as to standing by your honour, never fear me in that, and as to turnin' informer, or anything of that sort, bedad, if it was anyone else than your honour suggisted it, I'd lay him as flat on the ground as the hare lies there in the heather. Sure ain't I your own foster-brother? I'd frighten your honour,' he exclaimed, dropping on his knees, and clasping his hands together, 'were I to spake aloud the curse I'd lay upon myself, if I ever failed you in fight, or dishonoured the blood in my veins by

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wild Skelligs, those wondrous rocks which rise seven hundred feet perpendicularly from the bosom of the Atlantic, exhibit the first lights seen by anxious mariners on their return from the land of the West.

The young men paused, and gazed long and silently on the scene. The Atlantic, in all its fulness, depth, and beauty, lay before them. It was a noble sight, and such as no one, endued with the feelings of a man, could look upon unmoved. The sun had not yet set. It loomed somewhat dimly in the distance—large, sulphurous-looking, and oval-shaped, as it often appears of a hot still summer's day when about to set in the sea. The mirage of that warm evening was wonderful, and some vessels in the distance seemed sailing in the clouds, far above the bosom of the ocean.¹ After a little while spent in viewing this wondrous scene, one of those vast ocean steamers which now traverse the Atlantic, and which appear to stand so marvellously high above the water, hove in sight on her way from America.

Teague was the first to point out this vessel to his companion, and his excitement at its appearance was immense.

¹ The deception is not uncommon on that coast, and has a wonderful effect.

‘Oh masther, look at her now!’ he cried. ‘Sure, one would a’most think it was the Skelligs themselves that was dashing in towards the land. Well, I often thought that if ever I went to America it would be in the likes of them I’d go ; it would be hard to wreck anything as big as that ; one would as soon think of Scarriff island itself being wrecked.’

‘The biggest ships are wrecked sometimes for all that,’ returned his foster-brother. ‘But you and I look on that moving monster with far different feelings. You think of going in such as that to America. I dream—for I fear it is only a dream—of how easy it would be *now*, to land ten or twenty thousand men in Bantry Bay, from whence no storm could disperse them as once they were scattered before. A few steamers like those we see yonder could take a vast army over to Ireland in a fortnight, and with the power of steam could land them where they pleased, before any channel fleet which England could bring to bear upon the coast could stop them. Tell me, Teague, you know the people and their feelings even better than I do myself. Suppose ten thousand Americans were about to land in Bantry Bay—say at Castletown, Beare-Haven, or somewhere

inside the harbour—and with arms and ammunition well supplied to fight against England, how would the people receive them? ’

Teague made no reply. But gravely taking off his hat, whilst his foster-brother looked at him for an answer, he flung it high in the air; and as it fell, almost on the spot from which he threw it, he kicked it again into the air almost as high as before!

‘What are you about?’ exclaimed his foster-brother. ‘Are you mad, or do you hear me?’

‘Hear you!’ cried Teague in ecstasy. ‘If I had ten thousand hats I’d treat them all in the same way, if once I could be brought to think the Americans were raaly comin’ over. Oh masther! is it jokin’ ye are, or why would ye mislead a poor ignorant boy like me? Ten thousand Americans comin’ to fight against England! and them comin’, not with scythes and pitchforks as Stephens wanted us to rise with a bit ago, but with plenty of arms, and cannon, and powder, and shot. Why I’ll tell you what, masther. There wouldn’t be man, woman, or child that wouldn’t welcome them with such signs of joy as never was seen in Ireland yet. They would burn the straw under their beds to make bonfires; and as to hats

going up in the air, ye'd think it was a flight of crows, there'd be so many of them flying up together. From Beare-Haven to Bantry, and from Bantry to Cork, every man of them would be carried on our backs, if that would plase them better than walkin', and what the smallest cabin had to give them should be theirs—aye to the last potato in the house. But, masther dear, is there any chance at all of the like of that comin' to pass?'

'I cannot say—no one can say,' returned his foster-brother; 'no doubt the Americans declare that their *sympathies* are all with Ireland, but what that means who can tell. However, we must hope for the best. James Stephens, as you know, has been lately in these quarters. He has stayed about Hungry Hill, I am told, for nearly six weeks together, and he gives good hopes of the future. But it will never do for men to rise who have anything to lose, unless there be some sure grounds of success. And we all have something to lose. Even you, my poor fellow, would be sorry to lose your head, perhaps, even still more, to lose me, your own foster-brother.'

'By all that's good, masther, but I'd rather lose my own head, and twenty heads more, if I

had them on my shoulders, than see a hair of your honour's head injured,' was the earnest reply of the true-hearted and affectionate Teague.

After one more long and steady look at the vast steamer, as, seemingly motionless, she yet rapidly passed by the Skelligs, and neared the rocks called the 'Cow, Bull, and Calf,' on her approach to St. George's Channel, the young men turned from their earnest gaze on the West, and faced north-east with rapid strides in hopes of reaching the Priest's Leap mountain before midnight.

CHAPTER II.

THE PHOENIX MEETING.

THE dusk of evening was now fast approaching, but as the sun set in the west, the moon rose gradually above the Roughty mountains in the east, and lighted the travellers on their way. Both of them, it has been stated, were able, active young men, well accustomed to mountain walking, and to find their way upon the hills. But the pace they had maintained scarcely admitted of conversation, and they walked on rapidly and in silence.

They soon found themselves directly over the lakes and valley of Cloonee. The waterfall of Glen Inchiquin was distinctly heard in the night air as it leaped down the rocky precipice, and after a long and severe walk in which they skirted the greater number of the three hundred and sixty-five lakes which are said to be found on the tops of the Caha mountains—'a lake for every day in the year,' as the people there

declare—they found themselves looking down upon the vast valley of Bonane. They passed over the tunnel through which the road from Kenmare leads to the beautiful scenery of Glengariffe, and avoiding the main line in order to escape all chance of observation, they breasted the Esk mountain: after a few miles further walking they found themselves on the old road which passes over the Priest's Leap mountains to Bantry in the county of Cork, and immediately close to their destination.

‘Hold hard there, Teague,’ whispered the leader of the two. ‘We must now be near the place of appointment. We have not been idle. It is not yet midnight, and we have walked the last ten miles in less than three hours. Let us rest here awhile, in the shade of this rock near the road, and we shall soon see if the people from Cork come over as they promised to join the lads from Kenmare.’

‘By the powers, your honour, they’ll be smart chaps if they come as far as we did this blessed night in the time. But whisht, your honour, lie close! I think I hear the tramp of a body of men coming over the mountains; let us see if they are marchin’ in order, or what they are about at all,’

Teague and his foster-brother accordingly lay close under the shadow of a stupendous rock above the road and only a few yards from it. From their position they could obtain a clear view of the steep pass both above and below the rock, whilst they themselves, hidden under its dark shadow, lay concealed, and could see by the light of the full moon all that went on upon the little platform beneath them.

They had not lain long when a body of men marching four abreast appeared over the summit of the hill. Their number appeared to be about two hundred. They marched in companies of about fifty men, and each company was under the command of an officer. The officers marched with their men, sometimes encouraging and sometimes speaking sharply to individuals, according as they succeeded or failed in marching in accurate time. The officers were mostly farmers' sons, artisans, or shopkeepers' assistants; but all of them men who could read, write, and calculate, and make reports of their proceedings to those higher in authority than themselves. They wore no uniform, nor made any pretence to a military character in their costume, except that some

of the leaders wore belts round their waists in which revolvers were placed ready to hand.

There was a tolerably level platform over which the mountain road passed, not far from where the foster-brothers were concealed, and on this the main body halted. It had been fixed upon as the place of rendezvous, where the contingent from Kenmare were to meet the boys from Bantry and Glengariffe.

‘Stand at ease!’ cried the leader of the party who appeared to be a kind of general in command; and immediately almost the whole party sat down to rest themselves; some lit their pipes, whilst others went to a little mountain-stream near at hand, to quench their thirst after a walk of some miles in the sultry night.

The foster-brothers had now an opportunity of judging of the equipments and of the general appearance of the party. They were almost all young men, some of them mere boys. They carried no fire-arms, but they had stout sticks in their hands which they held in a semi-martial manner instead of muskets. They were in general fairly dressed, but were not what could be termed of the respectable classes. They were chiefly composed of farm-servants,

or apprentices to artisans, shoemakers, carpenters, and other tradesmen, with a sprinkling of low class shop boys who understood the handling of a yard measure far better than that of a gun or even of a black-thorn stick.

Whilst this party were thus 'standing at ease,' that is sitting, and chatting, and smoking their pipes in every conceivable attitude except that of 'standing,' the sound of another party was heard coming from the same quarter, and soon appeared over the crown of the hill.

'Here comes the awkward squad,' cried the general-in-command; 'boys, we'll have some fun now. I'll make them parade before me on the platform, and we'll break their shins with our sticks if they don't step right. Attention, boys!' he shouted aloud. 'Fall in there, and let us see these chaps march past.'

Those who had lain down now leaped to their feet, and in a surprisingly short time managed to get into two lines, one on each side of the road, to see the 'awkward squad' march past. Down they came, as motley a crew as Irish rebels ever turned into the field. They were composed of the most ignorant of the population—lads who had probably never attended school, but were kept from their

earliest infancy herding sheep or cattle on the mountains, most of them speaking only Irish—a language now rarely in use except by the old people in those districts. These boys were chiefly from the county of Cork side of the mountains, where at that time schools were by no means so numerous or well-attended as at the Kenmare or Kerry side.

Down they came dressed in every conceivable manner, some with shoes, and some without; but each of them having a piece of straw-rope tied on one ankle, and a peeled switch or 'gad' as it is called in the country, fastened round the other. The straw-rope is called a 'sugawn' in Irish, and many of the awkward squad, not knowing their right foot from their left, or at least not knowing the difference by that appellation, their leader had resolved there should be no mistake as to what foot was meant when he commanded them to march in time. Accordingly he called one foot 'sugawn,' and the other 'gad;' and as the party came marching down the mountain, keeping very good time as they approached, their leader could be distinctly heard as at each step he called out: 'Now, boys, stick to it well, and show the main body how ye can march as well as themselves any

day—*Sugawn—Gad—Right—Left; Sugawn—Gad—Right—Left; Sugawn—Gad.* Well done, boys, that's your sort. It's elegant time ye kept as well as the best of them. Halt!' And amidst a roar of laughter from the 'main body' he halted his men, and immediately told them to 'stand at ease,' which they did in the same form as the others, namely, lying down, lighting their pipes, and stretching themselves at ease on the heather and grass around.

'Tear an' ages,' cried the general, 'but the Skibbereen contingent are jewels, and will bate us all yet.'

'Not a doubt of it,' replied their leader, a coxy-looking young man who appeared to be a low class limb of the profession; 'give me another week at the drill, and I'll have them as good as the best.'

The foster-brothers had silently watched this strange scene from the shelter of the dark rock; but it produced a very different impression upon each of them. Teague was in ecstasies of delight. He had never seen two hundred men march in order and at the word of command before, and as he saw company after company come steadily down the mountain in perfect silence except a word now and then

from their leaders, keeping good time in their step, and making the peculiar tramp, tramp, sound of trained men, he fancied that nothing could withstand such an army; and he was ready that moment to be sworn in and to take up arms forthwith in the cause of Ireland. But the effect produced on his more experienced companion was of a very different kind. He had been educated abroad, and in his earlier manhood had joined a foreign army as aide-de-camp to one of its generals. He knew what real war was, as he had served in more than one battle, and he knew also what the discipline and requirements of an army were. But when he saw the motley crew now before him, and especially the 'Skibbereen contingent,' and thought that these, or such as these, fancied they could overthrow the trained army and firm government of England, his heart sank within him, and all hope of anything but a mean and ridiculous failure fled for ever from his mind. He resolved, however, to wait in his secret shelter until the party from Kenmare came up, and then to show himself, and endeavour to persuade them all to abandon so mad an enterprise.

He had not long to wait. Again the sound

of a large body of men was heard marching in good time up the mountain road from Kenmare ; and in a few minutes they reached the platform in silence.

‘Halt!’ cried their leader, and the whole body, numbering about one hundred and fifty men, stopped on the instant.

‘Stand at ease,’ shouted their leader. ‘But every one of you be ready to take your places again when I give the word.’

‘All right,’ replied the Kenmare men, and mingling amongst the men from Cork they exchanged mutual and hearty greetings.

The officers soon became grouped together in low, but earnest conversation. ‘Is he come yet?’ asked one of the leaders anxiously. ‘Not a sign of him,’ replied another, ‘but ’tis sure and certain he won’t fail.’ The young chieftain, feeling that he ought not longer to remain a hidden spectator of the scene below, whispered to his foster-brother to follow him, but on no account to speak, no matter what he should see or hear. Teague returned a nod of intelligence to his chieftain, and they both rose from their lair.

Having carefully arranged his dress in walking trim, he came boldly from under the shadow

of the rock above, and with a step or two down the mountain side, as if he had just arrived from a walk over the tops, the young chieftain landed in the midst of the group of officers.

‘Here he is! Here he is!’ shouted several voices at once. ‘I knew his blood royal would never fail. Three cheers for our raal general in airnest. The ould stock for ever! Three, cheers once more, till ye make the mountain ring with the right royal name of Donald O’Sulevan Beare!’¹ A shout of ‘O’Sulevan for ever! O’Sulevan for ever!’ now rose upon the midnight air, and both contingents, that from Kenmare as well as Cork, crowded round the new comer to see him, and form their judgment on the man whom, by common consent, they had selected as their future general, who would lead them to certain victory, and crush for

¹ I have spelt the name of ‘O’Sulevan Beare’ as it is pronounced at present, and as it is invariably spelt in that remarkable work called ‘*Pacata Hibernia*.’ This work was first published in London in the year 1633, and was reprinted in Dublin in 1820, the text giving all the ancient spellings, both of words and names; the book is illustrated throughout with quaint maps and pictures of sundry castles, &c., all facsimiles of the original maps and plans. This work was composed, as stated in the address ‘To the Reader,’ ‘By the direction and appoyntment of the Right Honourable Earle of Totnes, (late deceased) then Lord

ever the Saxon power in Ireland. Donald O'Sulevan lifted his cap and bowed frequently in recognition of the hearty reception with which his appearance amongst them was greeted. And having shaken hands with several of the officers with whom he was personally acquainted, and bowed with native courtesy to the others, he said, 'Gentlemen, I have come here, as I promised, at the earnest request of some friends whose feelings and opinions are at all times worthy of respect. May I ask some one amongst you, who may be best acquainted with the subject, to state briefly and clearly the object of our meeting here to-night? We cannot and ought not to conceal from ourselves that this meeting, conducted by men marching in large numbers and in military order, is in itself illegal, and may

President of Mounster, so often mentioned in this Historie.'
It is called in the title-page

'PACATA HIBERNIA :

or

A History

of the

Wars in Ireland

during the

Reign of Queen Elizabeth.

Taken from the Original Chronicles.'

The present name of O'Sulevan, in the County of Kerry, is now generally spelt 'O Sullivan.'

lead some of us into trouble. But I do not shrink from danger, let it arise in what quarter it may—whether the law or the battle field—if you can convince me that your cause is good, and that it contains some elements of success. Will one of your party, therefore, state for what purpose we have met here to-night, and what are our hopes of success?’

There was a dead silence for some moments. The whole tone of O’Sulevan’s address was so different from what the leaders had expected, and the demand made upon them so hard to comply with, that they only stared at each other and at him.

But the men who had crowded round O’Sulevan in a state of high excitement, and with ears intent on some portentous communication, were not so easily to be silenced.

‘Is it what are we met for here to-night ye want to know?’ cried a tall gaunt man from Kenmare generally known by the name of Long Turret, ‘and what are our hopes of success—is that what ye are asking? Then I’ll tell ye what we are met for; we are met to put all tyrants down, and to get back the lands of Ireland again to them that owns them by ancient right. We are met to drive out the

Saxon and his crew, to pitch to the mischief the crow-bar brigade, and to have liberty once more to walk upright on the mountains and glens where our forefathers walked of old. We are met to put down the plundering English, to drive out the followers of the tyrant Cromwell, who portioned out our lands amongst the canting rogues whose spawn to this day inherit the glens of Glanerought, the sweet woods of Glengariffe, and the mountains of Bantry and Inchiquin. We are met, I say, to replace the ould and ancient stock in these their rightful lands. Where now are the O'Sulevans, the ancient princes of Beare, the noble owners of the great Castle of Dunboy, and the possessors of a million of acres round it? Where are the O'Murphys now? That's what I ask. Where are the O'Murphys now? or the O'Falveys, the MacCarties, the O'Regans, the O'Driscolls, the O'Cronins or the O'Donoghoes? Gone! all gone! and yet these are our ancestors who once held the lands for themselves, and now they are mostly serfs and slaves, with a few acres of barren land, and cringing at the Saxon's office to be allowed to hold that same, and pay more than its value in rent. It's to put a stop to all that, and the likes of that, which has forced us to

meet here now; and, boys, I ask ye here this night, are ye not contint to lay down your lives in the ould cause of Ireland for ever agin the Saxon?' The speaker looked around him, partly to gain breath, and partly for applause, and a tumultuous cheer and a crowd of hats thrown up in the air was the answer to his appeal.

'Whisht boys,' he continued again, 'I have not done yet. We are asked what are our chances of success? I answer that question plainly. *Why wouldn't we succeed?* That's my answer! And I'd like to see any man would be able to answer that. I say again, why wouldn't we succeed? Sure ain't we all organising our best? Ain't James Stephens among us doing all he can for the cause? Ain't the Americans all sympathising heart and soul with us? and if America joins us, I say again, *why wouldn't we succeed?* Sure the sons of the ancient families are all burnin' to be at them. There's not a child in the valley but would set fire to their camp if the Saxons dar' come among us, nor a boy on the mountains that would not hurl down the stones from every splintered rock upon their heads. Let us rise, I say, as one man and drive

them from the country, and that will be answer enough to any man, high or low, who asks what are our chances of success.'

A deep murmur of applause from the rebel multitude around succeeded this warlike speech. Sticks were brandished in the air, and muttered curses showed how deeply the words of the speaker had moved the hearts of his hearers. But the leaders were not so easily led astray, and they looked at each other in somewhat blank dismay at the illogical reasoning of their self-constituted spokesman. All looked at Donald O'Sulevan to see what answer he would return to this violent, and as the crowd deemed it, eloquent speech.

Again there was a silence. It was broken by O'Sulevan in a calm and measured voice.

'Gentlemen,' he said, 'am I to consider what I have now heard as the only reply to my questions?'

'And what better would ye have?' fiercely demanded a thick-set man, with clotted hair and upturned nose, who, not being as tall as the last speaker, leaped on a fragment of a rock to secure the full attention of the crowd.

'What better answer would ye have, I say, than that ye have already got? Is not this the

Priest Lep mountain, and am I not one of the ancient O'Glyns myself? and am I to stand by quietly and see it shot over and hunted by the stranger as if it was his own by right? My forefathers shot their grouse and killed their deer for themselves in this very place; and now we are called on to preserve it for the Saxon lords to kill the game which of old belonged to us, aye, and now is by right our own. Never! say I, never! They may shoot us, or stab us, or exterminate us, but we will rise once more and see whether Ould Ireland cannot yet hold her own against all the usurpers in the world.'

Again a deep murmur of applause ran through the excited crowd.

'This is wild talk, gentlemen,' said O'Sulevan, addressing the leaders or officers of the party, and turning from the fierce orator, who still stood upon the rock as if challenging anyone to dispute his conclusions. 'This is wild talk; will not anyone accustomed to action as well as to words tell me what we are met for?'

'Let us walk apart for a little,' replied the general. 'We shall arrive at no conclusion here;' and then turning to the men, he said,

'Boys, sit down and rest yourselves awhile. We want to talk this matter over with Donald

O'Sulevan for a bit. We'll let you know all about it just now, but where so many start up to speak, it is hard to come to any real business.'

He then led O'Sulevan and a few of the officers aside, and ascending to the cave under the rock, where the foster-brothers had a short time before lain concealed, he requested all to be seated, and then in a clear, calm tone he said,

'Donald O'Sulevan, we asked you to come here that we might have the advantage of your counsel and advice, and not to hear Long Turret or fierce O'Glyn spout nonsense—though it's truth they're telling and not nonsense for all that—only it's out of time and place. We want your counsel, O'Sulevan. We hear you are cautious as well as brave, and have seen foreign service, and know what real war is. What do you say? Has Ireland any chance at present?'

'When you speak in that tone,' replied O'Sulevan, 'I would gladly aid you by my counsel and advice in whatever way either may be useful. But I am only recently returned from France, and I know but little of how matters stand just now in Ireland. But this I know—England was never stronger or more united, and you must have something far different from

what I have seen to-night, if you expect to overthrow the English power in Ireland.'

'We know that well,' returned the spokesman, 'but every thing must have a beginning, and ours is nothing but a beginning; and why should not the redemption of Ireland begin here as well as elsewhere? We are on the best spot of Ireland for the Americans to land if we could only induce them to take up our quarrel. Ten or twenty thousand men could be landed at Beare-Haven in a day or two, and if a few war-ships were sent over to keep the Channel fleet engaged outside, whilst the troops were landed in the harbour, Ireland would be free next day. From Beare-Haven to Bantry, from Bantry to Cork, from Cork to Mallow, and from Mallow to Limerick, they would be received with open arms. Provisions would be forwarded to their camp whether paid for or not; and I am satisfied that such a scene of rejoicing would cover the land as Ireland has never witnessed for seven hundred years or more.'

'Ay,' replied O'Sulevan; 'I doubt not there would be plenty of rejoicing if once the Americans landed, and many a man would surely expect to be seated in his old farm and old quarters again, and no doubt would fight

hard to win his former land. But what hope is there of America, however she may "sympathise" with us, actually taking up arms in our cause? None, I firmly believe, none. My brother, Redmond, a far hotter partisan in the cause than I am, has been over there this last month, testing the feelings of the Americans, and barring a few filibustering scoundrels who can be depended on for nothing but plunder, and who offer their services freely enough if they are well paid, and allowed to pillage the inhabitants wherever they land, he could see no signs whatever of America joining our cause. I have had numerous letters from him lately, and all to the same purport as I have stated. He is now on his return to Ireland, and when he comes, he can tell us more accurately what chances there are of America helping us. But unless she does, in the present state of English feeling no rising would have a chance of success.'

'I fear it is all too true,' replied the general sadly; 'and yet it is hard to know what to do, or where we stand at all. When Smith O'Brien rose he thought he had all Ireland with him. The priests and all were back-hand putting him up to avenge the cause of Ireland, but when

he took the field in earnest, not a priest joined him on the commons of Slieve-na-mon. 'There is no use in talking, unless the priests join us we can't stand it long.'

'And what do the priests in this quarter say about the present movement?' enquired O'Sulevan.

'They are dead against it, I fear,' replied the general; 'but it is very hard to know what they are about at all. At one time they tell us we are a downtrodden people, slaves of the Saxons, and talk as if flesh and blood were wrong to stand it longer; and then when our blood is up, and we are determined *not* to stand it, but to rise against our oppressors, we are told, "Boys, mind you don't break the law!" With one hand they lash us forward into madness, and with the other they try, or pretend to try, to hold us back. Bad luck to them, can't they say one thing or another! If we are to fight, let us fight, but if we're to bear it, let us bear it in peace.'

'And are the priests all against it to a man?' asked O'Sulevan.

'Why, we can't be sure, and that's the worst of all,' replied the general; 'we none of us can tell what some of them are at. Some who

are foremost in telling us we're slaves and shouldn't bear our chains a day, almost with the same breath tell us to mind and keep within the law. Sure, when the law binds our chains upon us, how are we to strike them off, and yet keep within it? Moreover, it is whispered that some of them are not true to us at the core, and some says, but I don't believe it, that they are turning informers, and are going to betray us all round.'

'That I don't believe,' replied O'Sulevan. 'They may not approve of your proceedings, they may even condemn them openly in the chapels, but as to turning informers, it would be hard to make me believe they would do that.'

'Troth then, I don't believe it either,' observed another of the leaders present. 'The priests was always true to the people. Ye may depend your life upon that. There is quare talk going on, no doubt, but I don't believe a word of it all. But no matter about that, it will come out some day, if there be any truth in it at all.'

'And have any measures been taken by the Government in the case?' asked O'Sulevan.

'None that we can hear of as yet,' replied the general; 'but faix, I think we are surrounded

by thraitors, and they say that a boy in the mountains of Bonane is givin' private information every day about us all. But we can't come at him ; we'd roast him alive if we were sure of it.'

'There are many of my name in this country with whom I can scarcely claim kinship,' replied O'Sulevan, 'and I should be sorry to be made answerable for the good faith of them all. But to be frank with you, if the priests are against it, or even doubtful; and worse than all if they turn informers on the people—though I can't believe a word of that—I see no hope of success, and the sooner all this movement is given up, the better. At least let nothing more be done until Redmond returns from America, and if he says there is no hope—then the sooner it is put an end to, the better.'

'I believe it's the best advice after all,' replied the general: 'so I suppose it must be the old thing over again, and like the King of France with his twenty thousand men—bedad, we marched up the hill, and down we must march again. Come, boys, let us make the best we can of it with the people. It's all over this turn; all our drilling and marching is useless that we've been at this two months back, and we may just go home as we came. I only

hope there is no thraitor amongst us that'll make us pay for this blessed night's work.'

So saying, he rose and left the little cavern under the rock, followed by the other officers.

'Well,' said Long Turret to the general, 'is it all settled? tell us all about it; when are we to take the field against the Saxon, and fight for our own again?'

'Sorra field ye'll be taking this time, any way,' replied the general sadly. 'We may all go home and be quiet if we can. Donald O'Sulevan, that we thought was to lead us, refuses to have anything to do with it. He says the Americans are not for us—that the priests are against us, and without these two on our side we couldn't do a ha'p'orth; so he recommends us all to go home and mind our business, and wait for a better time coming.'

'And that's Donald O'Sulevan's advice!' growled Long Turret; 'he's a thraitor himself, I'm thinking! I never liked the way he began the meetin' at the first.'

'He's a raal born thraitor to the back bone,' cried O'Glyn, 'or he never would give such advice as that, and we drillin' and marchin' these months past and all to no good now. Down with the thraitor, say I. Where is he

till we give him his due?' and so saying he flourished a large blackthorn stick over his head.

'Here I am, gentlemen,' said O'Sulevan calmly, as he stepped down upon the road from beneath the shadow of the rock. 'Here I am, and the man that calls me a traitor is a false liar. Let him meet me here now, hand to hand, with equal weapons, and I will cram the lie down his throat.'

'Bedad, that's fair!' cried many of the bystanders. 'Here's a stick as good as any O'Glyn ever had in his hand—ye may depend your life on it, O'Sulevan,' shouted a slashing tall young fellow as he made his way through the crowd, and handed his knotted heavy stick to the young chieftain. 'The true ould O'Sulevan blood never had a traitor amongst them, tho' there's many that bears the name bad enough. To it, O'Sulevan, and if ye fall, by the powers I'll challenge the best man amongst them myself, and bate him to pieces over your body!'

'Hold hard there,' cried the general, 'we can't allow a row to take place here to-night, as if it was two country boys fighting at a fair or market. We met for a different purpose. Put

on your coat, O'Sulevan, and cease wheeling your shillelagh, O'Glyn. Have done, I say, and fall into line there again. I'll have no such random fighting on the mountain side.'

'I beg pardon, general,' replied O'Sulevan; 'I may perhaps have been a little rash in my challenge when my blood was up at being called a traitor. But now that I have said it, I'll not go back of my word. Here, Teague,' turning to his faithful foster-brother who never left his side for a moment, though he did not venture to interfere. 'Take these things and keep them safely, and if I fall have all brought home, and there will be no want of hands I warrant to carry the body of a true-born O'Sulevan to its last resting-place. Give me the stick, young friend, and let me handle it a bit till I see if it's all sound, and has the right balance in my grasp. It's the right sort, my fine fellow, and I'm much obliged to you for lending it,' he continued, as he gave it a whirl through the air that sounded like the flight of a bird; 'and now, O'Glyn, I'm your man.'

O'Glyn's admirers were by no means slack, and Long Turret having taken charge of his coat and hat, and tied a thick cotton handkerchief round his champion's head, as he said,

‘to deaden the strokes,’ he led him out to where O’Sulevan stood calmly waiting his approach.

‘Clear the course, clear the course!’ was shouted on all sides; and the delight of the crowd at seeing two such champions commence a duel of the kind was unbounded; and many a quart of whisky was bet on either side, rather according as their wishes led them, than with reference to the chances of success.

‘Well now,’ whispered Teague to a man standing near him, ‘may I never, but I didn’t think the young master would go do the like of that with a low-bred thief of a chap like O’Glyn, but faix if it isn’t that the moonlight comes agin him, I’m not one bit afeared. Not a one of them knows that he’s been practising “single stick,” as he calls it, in Paris, and the swoord exercise too, till he’s as good at it as the best man at a wake or pattern. He and I took a turn at it the other day for practice, and troth he surprised me by giving me two or three taps before I knew where I was, that if he was in airnest would have left me on the broad of my back; wait awhile now and ye’ll see sport if ye never saw it before.’

‘The course,’ as they called it, was now cleared, and a flat spot on the road was chosen

for the combat; each man had his backer. Our young friend, who lent the blackthorn stick, backed O'Sulevan, and Long Turret backed O'Glyn; and with sundry directions and admonitions given to each, with strict injunctions from the officers that no one should interfere, the combat began.

O'Sulevan held his blackthorn stick with apparent carelessness in one hand, grasping it almost in its centre, and thus awaited calmly the onset of his antagonist. He did not wait long, for O'Glyn, a powerful thick-set man with an arm of iron, made at him with all his strength, endeavouring to break down O'Sulevan's guard by the force and rapidity of his blows. But he had not counted on the foreign training of his adversary, who with the dexterity of a well-trained stickman, and with an eye as quick as lightning, sometimes holding his hand aloft, and sometimes guarding himself below—shifting his hands rapidly from one part of the stick to the other, parried with apparent ease the furious attacks of O'Glyn. The clatter made by these rapid strokes and parries was marvellous, and no one at a distance could have believed that only two champions were engaged in the contest.

O'Glyn finding all his efforts fruitless to break down his adversary's guard, became almost frantic, and panting with rage and exertion he suddenly drew down both his hands to the lower end of his weapon, so as to give the fullest force to the blow, and with all his might brought his heavy blackthorn to bear right down, as it were, on the head of his adversary. O'Sulevan saw the danger, and instantly raising his stick horizontally above his head, and rapidly slipping his right hand from the centre to the end, whilst with his left he held the other end, he received the full weight of the blow on the middle of his extended stick. O'Glyn's stroke was so severe, and his blackthorn so heavy, that thus exposed to its weight, the hitherto trusty weapon of O'Sulevan yielded to the blow, and broke almost in two right over his head. A shout of triumphant rage resounded from the friends of O'Glyn; whilst O'Glyn himself, scarcely believing in the success of his blow, stood still for a moment to recover his weapon and his surprise.

'Hit him again, his stick's broke in two,' shouted Long Turret; 'level him now—down with him, I say, with another stroke like that!'

But Turret had not counted on the quickness of the French-taught swordsman. O'Sulevan perceived in an instant that his weapon was broken, and could no longer withstand the onslaught of a sound uninjured blackthorn; but seeing that his stick, though bent and twisted, still held together by a few tough ligaments, he wound it rapidly round his head, as if it had been a flail, and struck the astonished O'Glyn such a blow with the loose half on the side of the head, as sent him reeling to the edge of the road, where, tripping on the heathery turf, he rolled over and over down the steep slope of the mountain. His friends rushed after him, and in a moment raised him up to renew the combat. But it was in vain. He remained senseless in their arms, bleeding profusely from mouth, nose, and ears.

'Begad he's done for,' said Long Turret in dismay. 'Sorra stroke he'll hit again for some time any way. Well, that was the best stroke I seen hit this many a day, and troth I didn't think O'Sulevan had it in him at all. We may go home, boys, now. Make a litter of your sticks as best ye can, and let us carry O'Glyn home before the daylight comes on us.'

'Didn't I tell ye he'd get it from the young

masther?' cried Teague, almost mad with delight. 'I knew well he would. Why I'd bate O'Glyn myself easy, and why wouldn't he bate that bragging thief? But bedad, that last stroke bate all—oh, but it was a darlin'! and troth it floored him in airnest. Well, I hope it's all over now any way, but faix I've my doubts of it, as I see some of these chaps lookin' ugly enough at us. But never mind, we'll be up to any of them yet.'

O'Sulevan's friends congratulated him heartily on his success, and the general was especially warm in the praises of his dexterity and pluck.

'And faith, after all, I'm glad ye fought that chap, though myself wanted to prevent ye. Had it been known that ye were against a rising of the boys, there's no saying but it might be hard to keep some rough hands off ye, but, bedad, after the batin' ye gave O'Glyn to-night they'll be quiet enough before they challenge Donald O'Sulevan again.'

Donald appeared to make light of the whole affair, and taking his coat from Teague, and arranging his dress for his long walk home, he shook hands with the general and others, and started across the mountains with the faithful Teague beside him.

They had not gone far when a boy, with his trousers scarcely reaching to his knees, and without either shoes or stockings, came running like a hare after them.

‘What way is his honour going home?’ asked the boy. ‘Maybe he don’t know the shortest cut up the glen, and I’d guide his honour by a track that few knows but myself, and which would save him a good mile or two before he reaches Derreen.’

Teague looked at the lad, and when his scrutiny was over he said quietly, ‘Thank you, my boy; may I ask who told you to come on that errand to-night?’

The boy looked up cunningly in Teague’s face, and without another word bounded like a deer down the mountain.

‘We are waylaid, master,’ whispered Teague, ‘or what is more likely they are following us, as they couldn’t tell what way we’d go, and they sent this rascally boy to lead us into trouble. But never mind, I’ll be up to them. They’ll not catch Teague in a hurry without his eyes behind him; and if I see a sight of one of them at a distance, bedad, I’ll mistake him for a hare or a deer, and as sure as I’m a living man I’ll bring him down.’

‘You must not fire rashly, Teague,’ replied O’Sulevan. ‘I will not allow it on any account. If they come on we are well able to fight them fairly. Have your eyes about you, however, and see that they don’t come upon us unawares, as I also have my suspicions that we are followed.’

The foster-brothers continued their walk for some distance, cautiously but silently, Teague taking care to keep a few yards behind his master, when suddenly he exclaimed; ‘tear alive, there’s a rabbit!’ and as he spoke he fired in the direction of a little stream which ran in a hollow of the mountain side.

‘Bedad, he’s down any way,’ said Teague as he deliberately loaded the discharged barrel again, and then walked over, as he said, to pick up the game.

‘Teague, you have done for me,’ cried the boy, who a short time before had offered to show them the way. ‘But I deserved it well, and maybe after all I’m not killed outright, but the shot is all in my head and face, and I’m bleeding like a pig.’

‘Stand up, man, till I see if you’re dead,’ said Teague. ‘No, by the powers you’re not, and that’s a comfort, as I never killed anyone yet, and I’d be sorry to make a beginning. Ye’ll be

all right soon again, ye young villain, as the shot didn't touch your eyes, and it was only snipe shot was in it. But tell me now, or I'll murder you outright, who put you up to this, and what were you following us for, as I knew well you were doing all along?'

'Sorra word I'll tell ye,' said the boy, 'good or bad; ye'll get neither truth nor lie out of me about that same, only one thing I'll warn ye, and I wouldn't tell ye that only my name's O'Sulevan as well as his honour's. *Don't go in at the grand gate.* That's all I'll say. If ye do, ye are dead men if ye had twice as many lives as ye have.' And so saying he washed the blood from his face in the stream and bounded again down the mountain and was out of sight in a moment.

'That lad's telling truth for once in his life,' said Teague. 'There's no use in tempting Providence. Let us go round to my cabin on the off side of the water and I'll pull your honour across in the boat, and no one will know a ha'p'orth about it.'

O'Sulevan somewhat unwillingly assented. But he had had enough of danger and fatigue that night; so he yielded to Teague's sensible advice and reached his home in safety.

CHAPTER III.

DERREEN

‘DONALD is somewhat late this morning,’ observed the younger of two sisters who sat at the breakfast-table at Derreen, on the morning after the occurrences described in the last chapter.

‘I am not surprised at that,’ returned the elder sister. ‘He did not come home till nearly five o’clock this morning. I was alarmed at your faithful Leogaire growling and barking so furiously, and walking backwards and forwards between the house and the gate, as if some people were prowling about there. So I got up to ascertain the cause; but Leogaire would do nothing but growl, and then run again down the approach towards the gate; and just as I was meditating whether I should not call up one of the servants, I saw a boat crossing from Teague O’Hanlon’s house, with two people in it. This attracted my attention, and continuing to watch them from my window

I saw them land at the bottom of the lawn, and make their way towards the house. Thinking these must be the people at whom Leogaire was barking, I drew back, so as not to be seen myself, but still watching the motions of the new comers. I soon observed Leogaire dart down to meet them, and fawn and leap on the foremost as if to welcome him. As they drew nearer I perceived to my astonishment that the strangers were Donald and Teague. The latter did his utmost to keep the dog quiet, and spoke to Donald only in whispers. At length, just as Donald was about to enter the house privately by the parlour window which had been by chance left open, I saw Leogaire give one more furious rush down the approach towards the gate, and return again growling and angry, with his hair all standing straight up along his back.'

'What a strange story, dear Kathleen!' exclaimed Ierne,¹ the younger sister. 'I am seriously alarmed and uneasy at what Donald

¹ 'Ierne' is the most ancient name of Ireland. See 'O'Connor's Dissertations on the Ancient History of Ireland,' from whence the following quotation is taken:—

'This island was also called *Ierne* by the Græcians, which, denoting the Holy or Sacred Island, was a name imposed in honour of its humane and pious inhabitants.

can have been doing. Pray say nothing to him about all this when he comes down. Meet him with a little gentle raillery about his having overslept himself, and I will try to coax it all out of him during the day. It is not mere curiosity which makes me anxious about Donald's doings; but I have observed him changed of late. He is silent and reserved, and though trying to be as cheerful as ever when I am with him, yet he is often absent in his thoughts. I do hope that nothing is on foot amongst those Phœnix men which he will think of joining. No doubt we have much to complain of, and I would be the last to hold him back if the Americans really came over, and if Ireland was prepared to rise and throw off for ever the yoke of England. But these wretched petty conspiracies, watched as they are by hundreds of spies and informers, can lead to nothing but misery and disgrace.'

To this name Festus, a Latin poet of the third century, alludes, by the express title of *Insula Sacra*.

'The Romans also made use of this Greek name of *Ierne*, as may be seen in the Panegyrics of Claudian, who boasts of the victories of his countrymen over the Scots in Britain.'

—*O'Connor's Dissertations*.

The name is also sometimes used as that of one of Ireland's daughters.

The two sisters whose conversation has been given above were no ordinary young women. Their father had been a chieftain amongst his people. True, the patrimony of his forefathers had been diminished by the several confiscations which had from time to time taken place, and especially that which had occurred under Cromwell. True also he now paid a head rent, where his ancestors possessed the fee simple of the lands, or held them under the ancient tribal or patriarchal rule. But though shorn of these honours in their full and primeval grandeur, he still possessed much influence amongst his people; and this was increased by the inaccessibility and remoteness of the district in which he lived. This local chieftain was naturally of a high and imperious disposition, and nothing annoyed him more than to see what is now called 'civilisation' creeping into his district. The beautifully engineered roads which enable the traveller or the tourist to visit the remotest valleys of the Kerry highlands were the object of his special detestation. He did not like schools, but he hated roads still more. The great county road now open through the entire of these regions—from Kenmare to Castletown Beare-Haven—at last almost broke his heart:

and his death was hastened by vexation and annoyance that the public were admitted to the very questionable advantage of a free passage through his estates.

He left four children to the care of a delicate, but refined and cultivated mother—two boys and two girls. The boys were older than their sisters. They were both of them athletic young men, whose boyhood was passed in active exercise on the mountains, or in boats on the adjoining sea. Their mother had but little control over them. They imbibed at an early age the feelings and sentiments of the Celtic population around them, and though not badly taught in local schools, the masters of which were fully competent to instruct them in classical or scientific knowledge, yet their views were necessarily confined, and their prejudices riveted by constant intercourse with those who rarely looked beyond one side of the question. They were keen shots, good riders, and nimble followers on foot of their active greyhounds or beagles. Few could row with greater skill or lustier arms, and none understood more thoroughly the management of a sailing craft, or yacht, when coasting round the dangerous headlands, or caught out in a storm on the Atlantic. Donald,

the elder, had been sent to travel in France and Germany, and having obtained some good introductions, he offered his services to a French general as a volunteer or unpaid aide-de-camp; his offer was accepted, and thus he both saw and suffered most of the hardships and severities of the Crimean war. His views were much extended, and his education promoted by his intercourse with highly educated Frenchmen. But he never lost his bitter prejudices against the English, nor could anything induce him to work amicably with the then allies of the French army.

Redmond, the younger, had some of the qualities of his brother, but having lived more at home, or at least more in Ireland—for he seldom stayed long at home—his education had not been so liberal. He felt keenly what he considered the wrongs of his race. A Catholic, as all his family were, he abhorred the Protestant establishment, extending as it did over the territorial district which he still considered—with feelings as fresh as if the confiscation had only happened the year before—belonged by right to his ancestors; and he resolved from almost his earliest youth to devote his health and strength and what little means he possessed or could acquire, to the recovery of his ancient patrimony.

At the time we speak of, he was away on a mission to the United States, to test the amount of sympathy there existing towards Ireland, and to find out if there was indeed any chance of America giving aid to assert 'the national cause'—in other words, the independence of Ireland as a republic separated from England.

Kathleen, the eldest daughter, was of a thoughtful and studious disposition. Her mother had died when she was young, but she had lived long enough to sow the seeds of knowledge in a refined and educated mind. Having a natural taste for literature and the use of an excellent Irish library, comprising many of the most valuable books on Irish history and antiquities, she had made these her chief studies, and became quite an oracle in the family on subjects relating to Ireland.

Kathleen's appearance was striking rather than handsome. Her hair was jet black, as were her eyebrows and eyelashes. Her eyes were large, dark, and lustrous. Her countenance was always calm and collected, not from want of feeling, but from habitual control and self-command. She passed most of her time in her 'study' as she loved to call it, and her chief pleasure in life was in teaching her

younger sister, whose governess she had constituted herself. Her love for and admiration of Ierne was unbounded. And though it was impossible to watch her very closely, except in her appointed school hours, yet she felt no anxiety for her in those many hours which Ierne took to herself. The country for miles around was almost all their own. The religion of the people corresponded with their own. And she had good reason to believe that there was not a peasant in the glen who would injure Ierne, or who would not risk his life in her defence.

Ierne, the youngest, differed both in appearance and character from the other members of her family. Her age was about seventeen at the period our tale commences; but she was, as most Irish girls are, rather advanced in womanhood for her years. Her stature was tall. Her appearance was very singular, and she seemed to partake of qualities belonging both to Saxon and Celt. Her hair was auburn, or what might be more correctly termed chestnut, falling in thick rich folds from her head, and reaching below her waist. It had always been allowed to hang in the wild beauty of nature, its own weight and luxuriance gene-

rally retaining it in its place. But though her hair was Saxon, her eyes were purely Celt, large, dark, and rich ; and the contrast between her chestnut hair and dark eyes, eyelashes, and eyebrows was very striking. Her nose was Grecian, and her upper lip short and expressive ; her slight though well-developed figure possessed that beautiful grace derived from the extreme suppleness of youth which is so charming in early womanhood, and which (amongst the lower animals) is exhibited to perfection in the fawn.

Ierne was quick and clever beyond her sister Kathleen. She was deficient in steady industry, but she made up for it in brilliancy of fancy and rapidity of thought. Her natural knowledge of character was remarkable. She could, in a moment, detect the least deception, if attempted by the peasants around, all of whom admitted that there was 'no use in trying to deceive Miss Ierne.' Her beauty and her kindness of disposition rendered her an universal favourite in the glen. She could manage her little skiff with the ease of a practised rower, and could ride her mountain pony, shoot with her tiny rifle, or walk the steepest mountains with any stripling in the glen.

Such was Ierne—tender, loving, and kind. Accustomed from circumstances to depend much upon herself in all active exercises, or in any difficulties which might arise, she had acquired a certain dignity of manner which became her well, and which she knew how to assume to a degree almost amounting to haughtiness—where she fancied there was danger of too great freedom in her presence. Her brother Donald was her favourite and companion, and from him as well as from all the influences around her, she had imbibed those deep sentiments of romantic nationality which pervaded all her family.

Donald entered the breakfast room with as much cheeriness and heartiness as if he had been in bed all night.

‘Good morning, girls,’ he exclaimed. ‘I fear I have kept you waiting; I see, I am dreadfully late. However, neither of you are oppressed, I suppose, with any great burden of business just now, so I am sure you will forgive me.’

Kathleen and Ierne exchanged glances. But neither of them made any observation. They only welcomed their brother kindly.

When breakfast was over Donald joined Teague in the yard.

‘Arrah, masther, what was Miss Ierne about this morning? As sure as I’m a livin’ man she has got something into her head about what happened last night. I wish ye seen the look she gave me as she went into the house a while ago, when she was waiting for you to come down; and the way she shook that little hand at me as much as to say, “Teague, you’re a villain, so you are.” How in the world did she get at it, masther, for surely she knows more than she ought?’

‘Really, Teague, I have not the least idea,’ replied Donald, ‘she is as sharp as a needle, and suspected something, I suppose, because I was late at breakfast.’

‘Miss Ierne is nigh as cunnin’ as my ould mother herself,’ observed Teague thoughtfully.

‘Why, Teague, has your mother found out all about it too?’ asked Donald.

‘In troth she hasn’t, your honour, but there she is snuffin’, and smellin’, and runnin’ breast high after the scent, for all the world like one of your honour’s beagles after a hare. And faix she’ll never stop till she comes up with it; and then she’ll track us out, and no thanks. Not that I’m afeard of her tellin’ tales. She’d sooner suffer at the stake than give the smallest

bit of information to anyone alive against your honour, or anyone of the family. But she is vexed with me, and I think with your honour too, for doin' things which she calls rash. She says, "*the time is not yet come*," and I raally believe she would scowld your honour as she does me if she could get at you, for she says that some of those informers are lookin' out to get you into a hobble, as they knows well enough how your "sympathies," as they call it, are.'

'Your mother is right enough, Teague, and I only wish I had attended to her advice a little more than I did. But then she can't know all the ins and outs of it; and she only bothers me by telling me "*the time is not yet come*," whenever I see her. I wish it *was* come, as we have waited long enough. If this weary waiting goes on much longer I shall be an old man before the time comes of which your mother speaks. But any way I am going to tell all about it to Miss Ierne. She is true as steel, and is a fine plucky girl as any in Ireland; and thoughtful too—more so than I am myself; and her advice would be good many a time when I am in trouble. So I am resolved to take her into confidence, Teague, and let her

know all I know myself, which after all is little enough. I see also she is fond of going down and talking with your old mother, and maybe she might get out of the old woman something that might be good to know, though she would not tell it to either you or me. So, all things considered, I won't keep anything back from Miss Ierne any longer. What do you think, Teague?'

'In troth, masther, I think ye are right. Sorra fox in the country is cuter than Miss Ierne, not excepting my ould mother herself. Truth's best, they say, though it's mighty hard to believe it, and I see no rason why your honour should not take Miss Ierne into all your counsel. That is barrin' one thing, your honour, which I hope you'll forgive me for mentioning,' said the faithful Teague after a moment's thought; 'would it be well to let her know anything which could get herself into trouble hereafter? They might hang up my ould mother if it would do them any good, and sorra much harm it would do her either, for sure she can't live very long now, and she might as well die for her country as die in her bed. But Miss Ierne—well now, I would be sorry to think that she should ever get into these troubles at all.'

‘I understand you, Teague,’ replied Donald. ‘You are right to think of all this. I will be on my guard. But there are many things I may as well tell her; in fact I can’t conceal them from her; yet I will take care and not allow her “to get into trouble” as you call it. We are going out on the mountains to-day, and I want you to come with us. I am going over to the county of Cork side to talk to young O’Dempsey, and as I’m not sure of coming back to-night, I want you to escort Miss Ierne home. I am by no means sure that O’Dempsey will not come over himself to meet me, and should I miss him on the mountain, tell Miss Ierne to bring him to Derreen, as in that case I’ll surely be back by nightfall.’

‘Bedad, I wouldn’t ask better sport than to be with your honour, and to see Miss Ierne safe home afterwards. But I’m thinking there will be no need to tell her to bring young O’Dempsey home, as faix he’s the right sort of a boy that a young lady like her would wish to have about her. Sure wasn’t he questioning me all he could think of one day I met him out shootin’, and there wasn’t a ha’p’orth about her he didn’t ask, and troth I tould him the truth about her in everything but one, for “truth’s the best,” says I to myself, ’specially when it suits one to tell it.’

‘Highly correct morality, no doubt, Teague,’ observed Donald; ‘but pray may I ask what was the one point on which you thought it best to tell the lie?’

‘Well now, masther, I wouldn’t call it a lie if I was you,’ said Teague in a deprecating manner; ‘sure everything that’s not exactly the truth needn’t be out and out a lie.’

‘We won’t argue on principles so delicate as these,’ observed Donald; ‘so let me know the only point on which you say you did not exactly tell him the truth.’

‘Well, ye see, masther, he began to ask me if money was very plentiful down in these parts. “Why wouldn’t it?” says I. “Becase,” says he, “it’s not over plenty at our side of the mountain; and if anything were to happen that would make a body want a trifle, it might be well to know where to look for it.” “Oh, bedad,” says I, “money is in lashin’s at our side, that’s a fact, but why would you want to be comin’ to look for it? Sure it’s not wantin’ to borrow any from the young masther you are? Faix it’s puttin’ by all he can for Miss Ierne he is, and I don’t think he’d like to lend any he could help.”’

‘Well, really, this is too bad, Teague,’ ex-

claimed Donald, 'to tell such a monstrous untruth as that I am putting by money for Miss Ierne, when you well know I am hard enough set every day in the year to keep matters going at all. And this moment I believe your own wages are unpaid these three months, merely for want of cash.'

'Ah, whisht, masther!' said Teague. 'What do I care for wages? Sure haven't I plenty of potatoes and meal in the house, and two good cows grazing for nothin' on your honour's land? and what do I want with more? But I knew well what he was asking for, so I just towld him the same as that Miss Ierne was rowling in goold, so she was.'

'This is intolerable, quite intolerable,' again exclaimed Donald hastily. 'I don't much like young O'Dempsey myself; though I believe he is an admirer of my sister. But to deceive him thus is too bad. I desire, Sir, when next he talks of such subjects, that you will tell him she has not one farthing. And you may tell him, moreover, from me, that I consider him excessively impertinent to ask such questions at all. Just tell him all that, Teague, and let him put it in his pipe and smoke it. I would tell him so myself to-day, but that these are not

times to allow absurd nonsense like this, or private quarrels of any kind, to interfere with the serious projects that we have on hand. But as to Ierne, I would sooner see her enter a convent for life than see her betrothed to such a fellow as that.'

'Very like you would, your honour; but do you think Miss Ierne would agree with you?' asked Teague, with a sly look towards his master.

'I am perfectly certain she would,' said Donald, 'or at least I am certain of it if she thought for one moment that he was trying to worm out of you what fortune she was likely to have. And therefore I insist on it that you tell him at once, on the earliest opportunity, that she has none.'

'Faix, masther, I'll do nothing of the sort,' replied Teague. 'O'Dempsey is no bad match; and though he looks after the shiners a little—and small blame to him for that same, and I wish we had a few more of them among us—yet I raally believe he has a great liking for Miss Ierne. And though, no doubt, he would be glad to get the shiners along with her sure enough, yet I'm sure and certain he'd marry her without a farthing sooner than lose her. But he's

doubtful if Miss Ierne likes him, and that's another thing he wanted to get out of me, and sorra much satisfaction I gave him on that score either.'

'Let us have no more of this,' said Donald abruptly. 'I have half a mind to quarrel with him should I meet him on the mountain side to-day. But never mind, let him court Miss Ierne, and win her if he can. I warrant him she will take his measure, and send him about his business quick enough if she don't like him, or if he is unworthy of her.'

'Bedad, that's the way to take it, your honour, and I'm glad to hear ye spake with so much sense,' said Teague. 'And now when will your honour and Miss Ierne be ready for the mountain, and I'll attend ye to the minute?'

'In half an hour we shall be ready to start. Bring my gun with you. And hark ye, Teague! Bring my revolver with you too. These are times when it may be no harm to have a shot in one's locker.'

'All right, your honour. I'll take care that none of them misses fire anyway.'

Donald returned to the house, and told his sister to get ready to accompany him—a command which she joyfully obeyed.

CHAPTER IV.

THE SAXON STRANGER.

IERNE was soon ready to accompany her brother. Her dress was of simple grey, which hung in light folds from her waist, reaching to an ankle of unusual symmetry and beauty. She wore a leathern girdle, beautifully embroidered, round her waist ; a little short jacket ; and a Swiss hat attached to her head by a red ribbon. In her girdle was placed a highly wrought dagger, and beside it a tiny revolver, both of them, from the smallness of their size, seeming rather for ornament than use. A few miniature cartridges were in her belt, and her equipment was completed by a silver whistle hanging by a chain of the same material, and a beautiful little rifle of the lightest and smallest size. This latter was slung by an embroidered strap upon her shoulder, so managed that it could be recovered in a moment, and yet need not impede her motion when walking.

‘How do you like my accoutrements, Donald?’ she said, as she displayed to him her dagger and her rifle.

‘Your weapons are more suited to the times than to the hand that wields them,’ he replied.

‘But, Donald, they are your own gift,’ exclaimed Ierne. ‘I am surely bound to wear them.’

Donald smiled as he gazed on his beautiful sister, so delicate in her slender proportions, while decorated with such warlike implements.

‘Come,’ he said, ‘we have a long walk before us, and I fear a hot one too; so let us be moving. I wonder where is Teague?’

‘I sent him for Leogaire and Pilot,’ replied Ierne. ‘I never walk the mountains without those two faithful friends.’

Teague soon appeared with the dogs. Leogaire was a splendid specimen of the ancient Irish wolf-dog—an enormous shaggy greyhound. But few of this fine race of dogs now remain in Ireland. The extinction of the wolf appears to have been the precursor of the extinction of his natural antagonist.* Some fine

* The following quaint remarks will be found in Campion’s ‘Historie of Ireland,’ published in the year 1571 :—

‘Cambrensis in his time complaineth that Ireland had

specimens of the same animal are now to be seen in Scotland, and a few in Ireland, of great size, activity, and strength—maintained chiefly in the deer forests for pulling down a wounded stag. Leogaire was devoted to his young mistress, and would take notice of no one else whenever she was present. He was of the true Irish breed, who are said to be more faithful and attached to man than the Scotch: the former being kept more as companions to man than the latter.

Pilot was also a favourite, though scarcely so much so as Leogaire. He was a pure-bred Irish water-spaniel or retriever. He also was

excess of wood, and very little champaigne ground, but now the English pale is too naked: Turffe and Sea-coales is their most fuell; it is stored of kyne, of excellent horses and hawkes, of fish and fowle. *They are not without wolves, and greyhounds to hunt them, bigger of bone and limme than a colt.* The kyne, as also their cattle, and commonly what els soever the countrey ingendroth (except man), is much lesse in quantity than ours of England. Sheepe few, and those bearing coarse fleeces, whereof they spinne notable rugge mantles. The country is very fruitefull both of corne and grasse; the grasse for default of husbandrie groweth so ranke in the north parts, that oftimes it rotteth their kyne. Horses they have of pace easie, in running wonderfull swift. Therefore they make of them great store, as wherein at times of need they repose a great peice of safetie.'

of a race well known, and much valued in Ireland. His colour was brown approaching to a dark chestnut. His countenance exhibited unusual sagacity. His form was long, low, and strong, and he would leap boldly into the sea off almost any height if commanded to do so by his mistress.

Accompanied by these two favourite dogs, Ierne was in the habit of wandering over the mountains, or wherever she pleased in the glen; nor did she ever feel lonely when these two trusty friends were by her side.

‘Come along, Teague,’ exclaimed Donald; ‘let us be off. We must not lose time, as we have a long walk before us.’

The dogs bounded round them as they started, and Leogaire exhibited his joy by clearing at a leap the gate of the approach, which stood at least six feet high, a performance of which Pilot did not at all approve, as he stood barking at him from the inside, whilst Leogaire roamed over the fields exulting in his wonderful powers of locomotion.

‘Bedad, Miss Ierne, you have the two finest dogs in the country anyhow, and both of them of the true Irish breed. You towld me once why you called the water-dog Pilot. But I’d

be glad to know, Miss, why you call the big dog "Leogaire," as it seems to me a quare name for a dog.'

'You are not the first who has asked me that question, Teague,' returned his mistress; 'and probably you won't be the last, as but few Irishmen, even of those supposed to be educated, have made themselves acquainted with the history of their country. As to Englishmen—at least the few I have seen—they know more of Kamschatka than they do of Ireland. Leogaire was once a famous king of Ireland. He lived and reigned over Leinster when Saint Patrick first preached the Gospel on the famous hill of Tara. And so I call my beautiful big dog by the name of Leogaire, because he is the king of Irish dogs, as his namesake was king of Irish men.'

'An elegant rason no doubt,' replied Teague, 'and faix I'll try and remember it. And won't I puzzle many a gentleman with that same yet, and they'll think I am so larned in Irish history that if ever they begin to abuse Ireland I'll give it to them well about Leogaire and Saint Patrick. But didn't they want to kill Saint Patrick about that time when he was preaching up at Tara, and wasn't them Saxons, Miss, that wanted to waylay him? I suppose I'm safe in

saying they were, as no Irishman would ever attempt the life of such a holy saint as him.'

'I think it would be prudent not to go beyond your depth in such matters, Teague,' replied Ierne. 'They were not Saxons, but true Irishmen; but they were Pagans or heathens in those days, and did not know what a holy man Saint Patrick was, or they never would have thought of killing him.'

'Bedad none but a hathan, sure enough, would ever have gone out to murder Saint Patrick. It's bad enough to shoot a landlord, as they do sometimes up the country when they're vexed with him, though none but born hathans would do that itself. But sure Saint Patrick was no landlord, and why would they want to kill him?'

'And so, Teague, you think none but landlords should ever be waylaid or murdered!' observed Donald. 'Well, I quite agree with you, only I would exempt the landlords too. But—as you and I know—landlords are not the only people who are waylaid now-a-days. We ourselves, Teague, had a narrow escape last night, though it wasn't as landlords they were down upon us.'

'Well now that's the truth,' said Teague,

‘and a mighty great shame it was. But no matter. We’ll be up to them yet, your honour, and maybe we won’t make them chaps smart for it, for I’m thinking I know them well. However, I suppose it was only a batin’ they wanted to give us.’

‘What are you speaking of, Donald?’ asked Ierne anxiously. ‘I never heard of this before. Do you really mean that you and Teague were waylaid last night, and an attempt made upon your lives?’

‘True enough, dear, or at least to give us a “batin’” as Teague says; and it was partly to tell you all about that and other serious matters that I brought you with me to-day. You have, I know, plenty of pluck and a real high courage within you, and as there is no saying when it may be called into action, I think it well to trust you with secrets which are rarely confided to those of your sex or age. I may depend upon you—may I not, Ierne—that you will neither blench nor show the white feather if I entrust you with matters which are generally only known to men, but in which you might yet be of service if you are silent and courageous?’

‘I am shocked to hear you speak so, Donald,’ exclaimed Ierne, her colour changing rapidly at

the same time, though she spoke with calmness and dignity. 'You need not doubt my courage or firmness. I have had plenty of opportunities to try these, when I have been in more danger than ever I thought it prudent to tell to anyone. You may thoroughly trust me in that. But I am indeed distressed to think that you are engaged in matters which require secrecy at all. Donald, are you wise in this? I would be the last to endeavour to hold you back if a real opening came to further the cause of Ireland. But you cannot think any good can possibly come of the foolish, or worse than foolish, Phœnix men. I know more about them than you suppose. I do hope you have not identified yourself in any way with them.'

'Ierne,' replied Donald, 'when I talked of trusting you with secrets, I did not promise to take you as my guide; you are too young to be capable of seeing all the phases of so serious a matter as this. Perhaps it were better that I should keep all these things to myself.'

'No, Donald, no; tell me all, and you may thoroughly trust me. Perhaps I did wrong in speaking so earnestly as I did. But I have heard much of these people of late from Teague's old mother, Aileen O'Hanlon; and I have always

dreaded lest anything should induce you to join them. She says, and I believe it, that they are surrounded by traitors, whose only object is to draw such men as you into the conspiracy, and then turn round and make their fortunes as informers, and go off with "the blood money," as she calls it, in their pockets. But no matter how all this may be, dear Donald; tell me all, and depend on it your own Ierne will not fail you in a difficulty.'

Donald told her all. How he had been induced by young O'Dempsey to join the meeting at the Priest's Leap Mountain. How wild, and vague, and hopeless all their projects seemed, and how childish to suppose that such an organisation as that he had witnessed there could lead to anything but failure and disgrace. He told her also of his quarrel and fight with O'Glyn, and how he had reason to believe they were waylaid on their return, and how he had only escaped by Teague's having shot the boy in the face who in his fright had warned them not to return by the ordinary gate. He also explained how they had crossed the arm of the sea in a boat, and that Teague and he had landed cautiously at the bottom of the lawn.

Ierne listened to his tale with the deepest

interest. 'And where are you bound for now?' she asked. 'For well I know this is no idle walk over the mountains.'

'You are right,' replied Donald. 'I am going to see young O'Dempsey, and tell him what a reed he is leaning on if he thinks the Phoenix men can further the cause of Ireland. I promised I would report progress to him as soon as I had been at the Priest's Leap gathering.'

'And why did not O'Dempsey meet you there, if he was so anxious to know all about it?' asked Ierne. 'I trust and pray he will be found true. I have always doubted him, and earnestly hope you will not trust him too much.'

'You need not be uneasy about O'Dempsey,' returned Donald. 'He is at least as deeply implicated in the matter as I am. But I will be upon my guard.'

The party had now proceeded some three or four miles along the new mountain road leading from Derreen to Kenmare. Noon was fast approaching, and Donald had a long way to go; so, springing over the fence, he faced straight up the mountain side towards Glen-trasna, as the easiest and quickest way to reach the top of the Caha Mountains. Ierne and Teague followed him rapidly and silently

up the hill. At length the great flat on the top of the mountains was gained, and walking on towards the boundary of the county of Cork they passed the 'Lockspit,' or March drain, which the Royal Engineers in the Ordnance Survey have set down as the boundary between the counties of Cork and Kerry. Proceeding onwards a little further, the magnificent panorama of Bantry Bay lay in all its splendour before them. Glengariffe to the left and Beare-Haven to the right, and the broad Atlantic—with nothing else between them and America—in their front. It was a view to stir the inmost soul, and one which no lover of nature or of Ireland could behold without emotion.

Long and wistfully they both gazed upon the scene, whilst Teague remained respectfully behind, caressing Leogaire and Pilot.

'Bantry Bay!' exclaimed Donald at length, speaking almost unconsciously to himself. 'Bantry Bay! How many aspirations have been raised, how many hopes blasted by fatal Bantry Bay! But it may all come round yet. They say there is a good time coming, so we must only hope for the best. Good bye, Ierne, for awhile. I must now hasten down to O'Dempsey, whom I am most anxious to con-

sult in this matter. Teague, have a careful eye on your young mistress going home, and mind you don't lose sight of her till you see her safely lodged at Derreen.'

'Never fear, your honour,' replied Teague; 'I'll be as careful of as if she was made of china.'

A moment more and Donald was bounding from crag to crag down the steep side of the mountain. He had scarcely gone a hundred yards when he heard Teague shouting after him.

'Wait a bit, masther, wait a bit; I had a message which I want to give you.' And down leaped Teague after his master, to deliver his message.

'Your honour is going to see young O'Dempsey, I heard you say awhile ago. Visit him and welcome, masther—but don't trust him. Mind what I say, masther; don't trust him. And see,' he continued after a moment's reflection, 'it may be courting Miss Ierne he'd be if he was let. Don't let him, masther. I'd as soon see her married to Old Nick, and troth I'm beginning to think she's of the same mind herself.'

'Never fear, Teague,' replied Donald cheerfully. 'I'm nearly of the same mind about

O'Dempsey as you are. I won't trust him more than I can help. But remember—he knows that we were at the meeting at the Priest's Leap. In fact it was he that chiefly induced me to go there. It is probable I may bring him back with me this evening, as I want to find out what he is up to. If he is inclined to betray the cause, hanging or drowning would be too good for him. As to Miss Ierne, never fear her. She will show him the right about, I warrant; and in good style too, whenever the time comes.'

'All right, your honour,' replied Teague; and he again ascended the rocky cliff to join his young mistress.

'Well, Teague,' said Ierne when he returned, 'what was that grave secret you had to give Mr. Donald, and which you remembered at such a convenient moment just as you got me out of the way?'

'Murther! murther!' cried Teague. 'What will I do at all! Never a slip of the tongue I make but, bedad, she knows it as well as if she was lookin' in my vitals. Sure it wasn't a word from any one but myself I wanted to tell him. And that was to keep on the weather side of O'Dempsey. I don't trust him, Miss Ierne;

I don't trust him ; and the mather is so open in himself, I'm afeared he may get into trouble, so I just gave him the wink to keep on his weather side whatever else he did.'

'Are you telling me truth this time ?' asked Ierne.

'The raal truth, Miss, as sure as I am alive,' replied Teague.

Ierne was silent, and commenced her walk towards home. It was now far past noon, and she had a long walk before her ; so crossing the boundary line again, and then stopping for a moment to take a brief survey of the mountain to ascertain the shortest way, she was about to hand her rifle to Teague to carry, when to her surprise she heard two shots in rapid succession close behind her. She started and looked round, but could see no one ; but close over her head, scarcely able to rise over the ridge on which she stood, flew a wounded grouse. The bird was evidently hit hard, and had only strength to fly some twenty yards beyond her, when its strength failed, its power seemed suddenly to collapse, and it fell quite dead on the heather.

The sportsman was not long in making his appearance. But as he suddenly came in view

of Ierne standing alone within a few paces of him upon a little rock on the ridge—Teague having gone forward to pick up the bird—he was startled as if he had seen an apparition. He recovered himself in a moment, however, and at once perceiving that he was in the presence of no ordinary person, he doffed his cap respectfully, and approaching Ierne, though not without some little hesitation, he addressed her in accents which were plainly those of a well-bred Englishman.

‘I fear I have committed what must appear to be an unpardonable breach of courtesy,’ he said, ‘in firing a shot so close to a lady; but I hope you will believe me when I say that I was not in the least aware of your presence. The cliff completely concealed you from my sight.’

Ierne did not stir from the little eminence on which she was standing as he approached her, but being addressed thus courteously by the stranger, she bowed slightly, and replied,

‘No offence, I assure you. I am aware none could possibly have been intended, as the cliff must have hidden me from your view, though your shot whistled close over my head. You have succeeded, however, in killing your enemy, for see—my attendant has just picked it up.’

‘You use a stronger term than I am accustomed to,’ replied the stranger smiling, ‘in calling the grouse my “enemy ;” I have been accustomed to look upon the bird rather in the light of a friend, who affords me considerable sport.’

‘And is it the habit in your country to shoot your friends ?’ enquired Ierne.

‘Nay,’ replied the stranger, ‘I must confess you have the advantage of me there. It is certainly not a crime of which I would have ever thought of accusing myself before.’

‘Well,’ replied Ierne smiling, and advancing towards the stranger, ‘let us be friends, at least so long as we remain together on the mountain top. You are most welcome to shoot over this side of the boundary, and if you will permit me, I will lead you to our best ground. My brother, who has just left me to see a friend in the county of Cork, would I am certain be most happy to allow you any shooting which his mountain affords.’

‘You are too good,’ he said. ‘And I feel much indebted to you, not merely for your great kindness in allowing me to shoot over your brother’s grounds, but also for showing neither vexation nor alarm at my having

unintentionally fired a shot so very near you. It is not every lady who would view such an act so coolly or so kindly.'

The stranger who thus spoke was not one whom maidens would in general be disposed to treat with discourtesy or unkindness. He was a singularly good-looking young man, tall, active, and muscular. His face was fair almost as a woman's; a slight down had become visible on his upper lip, in embryo significance of an approaching moustache. His hair was light and curly, cut rather short, and his blue laughing eyes, finely chiselled nose, and firm though sometimes playful mouth, showed him to be a youth that, however full of fun and frolic he might occasionally be, could yet encounter danger with firmness and courage. He was dressed in a complete suit of grey, had a double-barrelled gun in his hand, and a belt of cartridges round his waist. A game bag was carried by a country lad who attended him.

His amazement at seeing Ierne at such a time and in such a place standing on a projecting rock like a fairy queen in some stage extravaganza, calmly awaiting his approach, was unbounded. He could scarcely believe his eyes. And his admiration of her beauty and

of the singularity and yet appropriateness of her costume and equipments was such, that he could not attempt to conceal it.

Ierne felt her little triumph—what beautiful girl would not? and, perceiving also on her part that he was no common visitor, she was naturally induced to show him more than ordinary courtesy.

The stranger was unattended, except by the lad before mentioned, and by two beautiful red setters who incessantly ranged the mountain in search of game.

‘Your dogs are more obedient than mine,’ he observed, as he saw how closely Leogaire and Pilot remained at their mistress’s side. ‘And yet,’ he continued, ‘I bought those wild rovers, who seem to set all order at defiance, from a man who assured me they were the true Irish breed, and as obedient as English pointers. I confess I can make but little of them, and they seem to me to hunt for themselves rather than for me. But what a splendid animal that large hound is that keeps so close to you; he evidently eyes me with a suspicious look as if I meditated some evil intent towards his mistress.’

‘He is one of the few remaining speci-

mens of the old Irish wolf-dog,' returned Ierne. 'He is a noble fellow. He can catch a hare—when I allow him to pursue it—or pull down a stag, with a strength and courage which even his formidable antlers cannot resist. And I assure you,' continued she, smiling, 'he sometimes becomes almost dangerous. He leaped on my brother's chest the other day and had almost seized him by the throat, because in joke he threatened me with the vengeance of an Irish chieftain.'

'And are Irish chieftains so wild in their vengeance,' asked the stranger, 'as to excite the animosity of your dog? I see I must be cautious how I act in this country, or my demeanour may be as much mistaken by the people, as your brother's was by your powerful shaggy protector.'

'You speak more truly than you are perhaps aware,' replied Ierne. 'But here is our best shooting ground. Had you not better call in your dogs? they will do more harm than good, as they are ranging so wide they are sure to spring the birds.'

'You are right,' observed her companion; and beckoning to the lad who accompanied him he told him to call in and tie up the dogs.

The young Englishman and Ierne now walked on silently over the heather across a deep gorge of the mountain, where the grouse frequently lay in the heat of the day, previous to their evening feeding time. At length a pack sprang from the heather almost under the feet of the stranger. He was taken a little by surprise, fired both barrels at random—scarcely taking aim—and missed. Not a bird fell to his shot.

‘I am unlucky,’ he said, ‘to-day,’ as he re-loaded his gun. ‘I have killed nothing but the one poor bird which I shot over your head. But do not you shoot? surely you are fond of sport, as I see you are equipped like a modern Diana—a rifle instead of a bow, and cartridges instead of a quiver full of arrows. Pray take the next shot yourself. I see the grouse have scattered into yonder brake, and you will be sure of some single shots.’

‘I never kill anything for sport,’ returned Ierne, ‘nor can I see any sport, as it is called, in doing so. I know men like it, so I accompany you. But I can see no sport in the agony of a dying animal.’

‘But the sport is not in killing,’ returned the stranger. ‘It is in the skill and quickness

necessary to shoot well. There is also a pleasure in pitting the sagacity of the man against the instinct of the beast, as when one succeeds in bringing down a noble stag after a long and difficult stalk. Surely a mountaineer like you, and equipped as you are, cannot deny all this.'

'I do not deny a word of it,' replied Ierne. 'I see plainly the intense pleasure and excitement it gives so many of your sex. But excuse me for saying that the real pleasure *is in killing* all the while. Otherwise, a few shots at a mark, and a walk up the mountains such as I have had to-day, would afford as much pleasure and excitement as the longest and most successful deer stalk.'

'But,' replied the stranger, 'shooting at a mark does afford thousands the utmost pleasure and gratification. See the various rifle clubs which exist in such numbers over England.'

'Quite true,' said Ierne. 'But carry your mind a little further in advance and you will perceive that even in this, it is the ultimate prospect of *killing* that creates the emulation and excitement. Our soldiers and our militia must be the defenders of our country in case of invasion, and it is right and proper they should learn to shoot accurately and well. But I

doubt if they are themselves aware of the ultimate though concealed idea that all this practice can be of no possible use unless for the purpose of *killing*. Man is a killing animal, and takes a pleasure in killing, no matter how we may endeavour to hide it from ourselves. And when not engaged in war and killing one another, he calls it "sport" to kill the meaner animals.'

'You certainly judge us severely,' returned the stranger; 'but may I venture to ask—excuse me if I am intrusive—for what purpose do you carry that miniature rifle and belt of tiny cartridges?'

Ierne smiled as she replied, 'I fear I shall fall infinitely low in your estimation when I confess that I am armed rather as a caterer for our table than for sport. Ours is rather an uncertain household; and truth to say we have sometimes to depend as much on the gun as on the sheepfold for our supplies. I was warned by my sister to bring home something to-day as we expect a visitor at our house. But I do not see much chance of any game at present.'

'And can you hit a bird on the wing or a hare on foot with that little beautiful plaything?' asked the stranger.

‘You shall see,’ she replied, ‘the next time you miss a shot.’

She had scarcely spoken when a large cock grouse leaped on a tussock near them, and giving a loud crow of challenge, sprang into the air facing down the glen in his flight. He was quite close to the walkers when he got up. The young man levelled his piece and fired both barrels—one quickly after the other. The bird was evidently hit, but being old and strong he crowed again lustily in defiance, and continued his flight.

The stranger turned his look upon Ierne, intending to apologise for his awkwardness in missing another shot, when to his surprise he saw her unsling her rifle in a moment, and taking deliberate aim at the now distant bird, she fired. The report was little louder than a pop-gun, and the smoke no more than a cigar would have produced in a single puff from the smoker, but the bird dropped at once to the shot, and fell dead, nearly one hundred yards distant amongst the rocks.

The stranger was astonished. The two dogs stood behind her, perfectly still, except that they trembled with excitement—their heads and ears erect, and tails motionless and extended.

‘Pilot,’ said Ierne, addressing her beautiful retriever, and making a slight motion with her hand, ‘go, fetch me that bird.’

The dog went off at racing speed. The bird had fallen amongst some split and loosened rocks, and it was no easy matter to find it; but with nose close to the heather, and unerring eye and scent, he soon discovered it, and taking it delicately by one wing, so as not to injure it, in his mouth, he brought it back with head erect and wagging tail, and laid it with intense delight at his mistress’s feet.

‘That is wonderful,’ said the stranger; ‘I know not whether to admire most the sagacity and training of the dog, or the unerring skill of his mistress. I will shoot no more to-day.’

‘I am glad to hear you say so,’ observed Ierne. ‘But I think you hit the bird yourself.’

‘Only wounded it,’ he said. ‘It would certainly have got off but for your extraordinary shot.’

Ierne took up the dead bird which the dog had laid at her feet.

‘Only wounded it!’ she repeated sadly, ‘only wounded it! and that is what is termed “sport.” Let us for once overcome our re-

pugnance to dwell on sorrow, and examine the wounds which this poor bird must have borne, without surgeon, ambulance, or attendance, had not my cruel bullet—for such I must and will call it—put an end to his sufferings. Look at this “only wounded” bird; his leg is broken, and adheres merely by the skin. And one eye protrudes, almost drowned in blood. Poor thing,’ she continued, as she laid the bird down gently on the ground, ‘you must have borne all this in your agony and solitude, and died in misery, or lived maimed and wounded for life. And this,’ she said, reproachfully looking up into the stranger’s face, ‘is what you call “sport!”’

‘I do not think I will ever shoot again,’ said the stranger.

CHAPTER V.

GHOSTS AND FAIRIES.

EVENING began now rapidly to close in. The time had passed so pleasantly, and so many subjects of interest had been discussed between them, that neither Ierne nor the stranger had perceived it.

‘I must take my leave,’ he said ; ‘I have a walk of some ten or twelve miles before I can reach my home for the night, and I have but an indifferent guide over the mountains.’ He stopped and hesitated for a moment, and then said, ‘I wonder shall we ever meet again ?’

‘Probably,’ she replied. ‘If you are living in this neighbourhood, we shall no doubt meet again upon the hills. Should we do so I will promise not to be so severe upon your shooting. Indeed, I ought to apologise for what I have already said ; but somehow it came home to my heart at the time, and indeed I could scarcely help it.’

‘You do not know how grateful I feel for all you were good enough to say,’ returned the stranger. ‘I will confess to you I had never looked upon what is termed “sport” in that light before. I cannot say how I shall feel concerning it when the effect of your presence and manner is removed, but now I feel as if I never could shoot again.’

Teague called his young mistress apart and whispered something to her. She blushed, and shook her head. But he seemed earnestly to press his point; and then receding respectfully to a little distance from her, he left her standing alone.

She hesitated but a moment, and then again approaching the stranger, she said: ‘My brother will, I know, be home this evening. I scarcely think you could find your way back some ten or twelve miles across the mountains to-night. It would require a more practised mountaineer than you can be to effect this. If you would do my brother the favour to pass the night at our poor house, I know it would afford him the greatest pleasure. It is only a few miles distant down upon the coast in the wood; you can plainly see it from this. I will be your guide, and Teague can go on before,

and tell my sister you are coming. We shall not be wholly unprovided, as I know another visitor is expected.'

'You are very kind,' returned the stranger. 'I cannot resist your invitation, though I much fear it may be an intrusion. May I ask to whose house I have the honour of being invited?'

'My brother's name is O'Sulevan,' replied the lady. 'Our ancestors were once princes here, and owners of nearly the whole country round. We are little people now, almost foreigners in our own country. But we have still a home, and a welcome for the stranger, and I can promise you a kind reception if you will accompany me.'

'I thank you most heartily, Miss O'Sulevan—for that I suppose is your name—for your hospitality. I feel almost ashamed to accept it, as it might imply an acknowledgment on my part that I was unable to cross the mountains to Bantry to-night. But other motives influence me; and if you will permit me, I will accompany you.'

'Teague,' said his mistress, 'will you please go on, and tell Miss Kathleen that a stranger will dine and sleep at Derreen this evening, and to have a room prepared?'

‘In troth then, saving your presence, Miss, I’ll do no such thing,’ replied Teague. ‘Mr. Donald’s last words to me were, as he leaped down the cliff—“Teague,” says he, “don’t lose sight of her till you land her in the house at home.” “Never fear,” says I. And faix, Miss, I’ll stick by my word. I’ll engage there’ll be meat and drink and good lodging enough in the house, without messengers running like mad to tell Miss Kathleen.’

Ierne smiled at Teague’s obstinate refusal to leave her, even on so reasonable an errand, and turning to her companion, she said,

‘Teague is O’Sulevan’s foster-brother, and privileged accordingly. You must excuse his disobedience to my commands, but he has received his orders from his superior officer, and I presume he is right to adhere to them.’

‘He is perfectly right,’ replied the stranger, ‘and I admire his faithfulness beyond measure. May I presume to call you Miss O’Sulevan in future?’

‘No,’ she replied, ‘call me *Ierne*; it is my real name, and that by which alone I am known in the glen. “Miss O’Sulevan” sounds strangely to my ears. I am an O’Sulevan no doubt. Ierne O’Sulevan, if you will, but in no case Miss O’Sulevan.’

‘Be it so,’ said the stranger, ‘I will call you as you wish. I trust my doing so will not appear a freedom on my part.’

‘Quite the reverse,’ she replied. ‘But see, what is here? A poor little hare has been recently killed, and lies here stark and stiff. Look to it, Teague, and see how it came by its death.’

Teague went over and lifted the hare in his hand. ‘Bedad, it was shot,’ said Teague, ‘not a doubt of it. I feel the shot in its skin. I wonder what vagabonds were shootin’ here without lave. She is fresh killed any way.’

‘Very odd,’ observed Ierne. ‘But look here, Teague, here is a quantity of blood on the sod near the little stream. What can all this mean? There was something more than a hare killed here. There is blood enough for half-a-dozen hares.’

‘Very quare indeed, Miss,’ said Teague dryly, ‘but as there is no remains but the blood, I suppose there was no great harm done. Any way we may as well take home the hare, as his honour here has not added much to the supplies, and it will make elegant soup.’ And so saying, Teague, with a sly look at the stranger, took up the hare,

and passed by the place as if nothing material had happened there.

It was dusk as the party arrived at the gate of Derreen, which Teague took care to examine all round, lest anyone should be lying in wait near at hand. They were met on their approach by Kathleen, who, thinking that Ierne was accompanied by her brother, came running down to join them. She started, however, when she saw the stranger ; but Ierne formally introduced her to him as her sister. Then turning to the stranger and blushing slightly, she said,

‘ We have not asked your name, Sir Stranger. You are our guest, and we should almost consider it rude to do so. No doubt you had some good reason for not telling it to me before now, so pray keep your secret ; only let us have some name by which we can call you in the household. What shall it be ? Shall we call you the Saxon ? Your speech and your manner both betray you. “ The Saxon stranger ” shall be your name,’ continued Ierne gaily, ‘ unless you prefer some other designation.’

‘ You have named me truly,’ said the stranger ; ‘ I am indeed both Saxon—or rather Norman—and stranger. Perhaps I acknowledge a deep dereliction of duty in admitting the latter title,

as I ought to have been less a stranger in Ireland than I have been ; but I cannot deny it. I will confess to you I should prefer retaining the incognito for the present, if it be not discourteous to any of your family. You need not fear me ; I am no secret spy. I am come to see Ireland for myself, and were I to give you my real name, I feel confident you would trust me.'

'We trust you fully as it is,' replied Ierne. 'Though we live in a remote region here, we require no formal introduction to assure us you are an Englishman and a gentleman. It is enough. No one here will presume to pry into your secret.'

She led him into the house, and desired the servant to show him to his room.

'Your room is prepared,' she said ; 'when ready, you will find us in the drawing room.'

The Saxon soon after joined the ladies in their sitting room. It was not large, but it contained many articles indicative of cultivation and refinement. A book-case containing some interesting and valuable works, chiefly relating to Ireland and Irish history, was fixed against the wall. On the table were the latest modern works well selected from a Dublin library ; also

the more recent magazines and reviews. A harp from Errard's famous factory, and a piano, occupied one portion of the room ; and a drawing table, on which lay several unfinished sketches, stood near the window.

The view from a bow window which projected into the pleasure ground was exquisite—containing to perfection the three requisites of scenic beauty—wood, water, and mountain. A fourth might perhaps be added—a favourable foreground. Derreen possessed them all, and the stranger was captivated by its beauty though seen only in the evening twilight.

‘I think my brother will scarcely come home this evening,’ said Kathleen. ‘Dinner is prepared, and your walk must have given you an appetite.’

She rose as she said so, and accepting the stranger's proffered arm, they entered the dining room.

Dinner over, the ladies moved to retire.

‘We seldom sit long at meals,’ observed Kathleen, ‘but let not our habits influence yours. You will find cigars on the side-table, and if you will say what wine you prefer after dinner, it shall be sent you.’

‘Excuse me,’ observed the stranger, ‘I never

smoke, and seldom take any wine. With your permission, I should prefer accompanying you into the next room.'

'Just as you please,' replied Kathleen. 'We shall be happy to receive you when it is your pleasure to join us.'

'Let it be now then,' said the Saxon ; and he followed the ladies to the drawing room.

'Are you fond of music ?' asked Ierne. 'We are sadly in want of something new here, though perhaps some of our old Irish ballads may be new to you.'

'I must confess to my ignorance of Irish poetry, and still more of Irish music. And yet the Irish have been long noted for their love of, and skill in music. A celebrated writer seven hundred years ago bore testimony to this, and he was no favourer of Irish habits in general—in fact a most harsh and unjust critic. I allude to Giraldus Cambrensis ; you have probably heard of him before ?'

'I have not only heard of him, but have read his works,' replied Ierne. 'One can hardly conceive a greater slander upon our country. But you are right in saying he bore testimony to the beauty of Irish music, and especially that of the harp. His description of the Irish harper

playing on his harp is almost the only beautiful passage in his book.¹ I fear I am but an unworthy musician and unable to draw forth the

¹ 'The only thing to which I find that this people apply a commendable industry is playing upon musical instruments; in which they are incomparably more skilful than any other nation I have ever seen. For their modulation on these instruments, unlike that of the Britons, to which I am accustomed, is not slow and harsh, but lively and rapid, while the harmony is both sweet and gay. It is astonishing that in so complex and rapid a movement of the fingers, the musical proportions can be preserved, and that throughout the difficult modulations on their various instruments, the harmony is completed with such a sweet velocity, so unequal an equality, so discordant a concord, as if the chords sounded together fourths or fifths. They always begin from B flat, and return to the same, that the whole may be completed under the sweetness of a pleasing sound. They enter into a movement, and conclude it in so delicate a manner, and play the little notes so sportively under the blunter sounds of the base strings, enlivening with wanton levity, or communicating a deeper internal sensation of pleasure, so that the perfection of their art appears in the concealment of it.

'From this cause, those very strains which afford deep and unspeakable mental delight to those who have skilfully penetrated into the mysteries of the art, fatigue rather than gratify the ears of others, who seeing do not perceive, and hearing do not understand, and by whom the finest music is esteemed no better than a confused and disorderly noise, and will be heard with unwillingness and disgust.'—*Giraldus Cambrensis*. He wrote on Ireland, A.D. 1187.

full beauties of the instrument. But as it is my favourite, you may like to hear how it suits our national airs.'

Her touch was beautiful and delicate in the extreme. There was no attempt at 'execution.' It was all tenderness and pathos, relieved occasionally by some stirring martial airs.

'Moore's Melodies appear to be your chief favourites,' observed the stranger after she had sung one or two of those charming airs. 'I do not wonder; they are the most exquisitely beautiful of all national music, and to an Irish-woman they must be almost enchanting.'

'You judge us rightly,' said Iérne. 'What can more exquisitely touch the feelings than that lovely air, "The meeting of the waters"? Where can be found an equal to "The last rose of summer"? or how could the sympathies of a descendant of our ancient race be more moved than when reminded in poetic language of the harp that once stirred the kings of Ireland in the noble halls of Tara? I rarely play now, and when I do I find it always turns to sadness. I feel as the children of Israel did of old when as captives in Babylon they were asked to sing one of Zion's songs. "They that carried us away captive required of us a song, and they that

wasted us required of us mirth, saying, Sing us one of the songs of Zion." But they could not ; they only wept and hung their harps upon the willows. The captive children of Zion expressed our Irish feelings.'

'You speak sadly,' observed the stranger, 'and in a tone I have not been accustomed to. Sing for me what is in your heart.'

'Then I will sing a sad song indeed,' replied Ierne. 'It is one I have lately learned. The scene is supposed to be an emigrant ship far out on the Atlantic. It is very sad, and written in homely words.

"Lift me up, Nelly, Mavourneen,
Out of this darksome place ;
For here I can't think of dying,
Tho' death comes on apace.
Let me look into the sunset,
That I never again shall see ;
And list to the roar of the surges
That shall soon roll over me !

"Nelly, I know I am dying ;
But oh ! 'tis hard to die,
Far out on the foamy billow—
Betwixt the sea and sky ;
With the spirit's last yearnings borne
Away on the hurricane's breath ;
And the waves in their mad mirth mocking
The struggle 'twixt life and death.

“What would I not give, dear Nelly,
To see Ireland's hills again ;
And to list to the linnets' warblings
Far down in our leafy glen ;
To be watching the kine in the evening
Thro' the pastures homeward go ;
And be breathing the beautiful fragrance,
Where the winds thro' the walnuts blow ?

“But the fire of the fever, Nelly,
Is easy for one to bear ;
And one, after all, may calmly
Meet death, no matter where ;
But Nelly, 'tis hard to meet him,
When he comes as he comes to me,
To blot out the holiest yearning
Of my soul, astore machree.

“You know I would wander, Nelly,
The wide, wide world all o'er,
To see our poor absent Mary—
To look in her face once more.
Full many a summer has faded
Since she sailed the ocean o'er ;
But till now I had hoped I'd meet her,
Some day, on America's shore.

“'Twas the only hope that was left me,
'Twas the only joy that I knew ;
'Twas the Pharos-light ever shining
The dark of my life-time thro.'
But now I am dying, dying,
As sure as the ship sails on
To the haven where Mary's waiting,
To welcome her long-loved one.

“ I know she will meet you, Nelly,
When you land on America's shore ;
But what will you say to soothe her,
When she asks for me, astore ?
'Twill kill my poor tender darling
To tell her that I am dead—
That my shroud was the seaman's canvass,
And my grave, the ocean bed !

“ Lift me up, Nelly, Mavourneen,
Out of this darksome place ;
For here I can't think of dying,
Tho' death comes on apace.
'Tis growing still darker, Nelly,
I'll soon sleep under the sea ;
But the billows may wash me inland,
To where Mary and you will be ! ”

The voice ceased. It was rich and musical, but abounding more in pathos than heroics. All were silent, and the silence was unbroken for some minutes. At length Ierne looked at the stranger. His face was turned away, and he appeared to be looking out steadfastly on the sea which glistened in the moonlight through a vista in the wood. She could see a tear trembling in his eye.

‘ Shall we take a little walk ? ’ he said, ‘ or are you too much fatigued after your exertions of this morning ? The evening seems balmy and warm, and we need not wander far.’

‘With pleasure,’ exclaimed Ierne, ‘and Kathleen will accompany us. Suppose we go across the bay, and visit Teague’s cottage; his mother is a remarkable old woman. My skiff lies at the bottom of the lawn; it is not two hundred yards across.’

The evening was indeed charming, and such as is rarely felt, except in the south-west of Ireland where the gulf-stream from the Atlantic first strikes the western coast. The ladies wrapped themselves in shawls, lest there should be a chill upon the water, and the three walked slowly down to the strand. A little skiff lay upon the beach with a pair of light oars beside it. It was easily shoved down into the water, but when the stranger proceeded to take the oars he was requested with a smile to submit to superior authority, and sit quietly in the boat, as Ierne would row them over.

‘No one is allowed to row this skiff but myself,’ she said gaily, as she took the oars in her hands; ‘and you will excuse my unwillingness to allow my rule to be broken through. Even Donald dare not touch my little skiff. The fairies would overturn it if anyone attempted to guide it but me.’

‘Under these circumstances I shall certainly

acquiesce with all due submission,' replied the stranger. 'Are the fairies numerous or powerful in these quarters?'

'Both!' exclaimed Kathleen. 'Both numerous and powerful. I could tell you such wonderful tales of the influence they exert in these glens and mountains that you could not doubt either their numbers or their power.'

'Indeed! I hope you will favour me with some of your wildest legends.'

'Legends!' exclaimed Kathleen, 'they are truths, facts, realities—such as cannot be doubted or denied. As a juror you would convict any man for murder who had such undoubted evidence brought against him as I could bring in favour of the fairies. But it depends in some degree on what you call fairies. May I ask are you a believer in spiritualism?'

'I have witnessed exhibitions which I must admit have both puzzled and surprised me,' replied the stranger. 'But do you consider what are termed fairies, and these strange spirits which spiritualists deem they can conjure up and converse with, are of one and the same nature?'

'Undoubtedly,' replied Kathleen. 'And we have far less right to blame the poor Irish for

being what those who claim a better education are pleased to call "superstitious," because they believe in fairies, than to blame the intellectual leaders of fashion in the saloons of London, who profess to talk with, and even to grasp the hands of the spirits of their departed friends.'

'I must confess I have not been in the habit of classing fairies and those table-rapping spirits which exhibit such marvellous powers at well-known intellectual seances, in the same category,' observed the stranger seriously; 'and yet it does strike me, now you mention it, that fairies are but the poor countryman's idea of those spirits, which in London demonstrate themselves in seances and table-rappings, which lift men up into the air, support them whilst floating out of windows, and perform such wondrous deeds that they might almost be considered as miracles.'

'Quite true,' observed Kathleen. 'In old times many "mediums," as they are now called, have suffered at the stake, and have been burnt as witches, for exercising powers which are now sought for and exhibited in the intellectual circles of London, Paris, and New York.'

'I shall be more respectful to fairies in future,' said the stranger; 'but you have not yet told me

of any of their performances in this wild region of romance. I should think if fairies could inhabit anywhere they must dwell in yonder gloomy valley.'

'That is the valley of Coomeengira,' said Ierne, 'and you are quite right in supposing it is a favourite haunt of the fairies. There is a place called "The Pocket," far up in the valley, so shut in by cliffs and high rocks on all sides, except the north, that the sun never shines there. The fairies delight to dance and whirl around in this "pocket" of a moonlight night; and so rapidly do they move, that I am told they jostle and push about any unfortunate mortal who may chance to wander there in search of stray sheep or cattle! I should like much to go there some moonlight night. I am sure they would not push me rudely, and they might perhaps whisper some strange sounds into one's ear, and tell one secrets which would be worth dozens of those curious manifestations one reads so much of in the spiritual magazines. But there is Teague's cabin, within a few yards of the landing place; and there he is himself, sitting beside his old mother like a dutiful son as he is, winding her worsted on his hands.'

They all now landed, and Ierne having re-

quested Teague to pull the skiff high up upon the beach out of danger of the flowing tide, they approached old Aileen O'Hanlon, who sat knitting at the door of her house.

'Good evening, Aileen,' said Ierne. 'We had expected Mr. Donald home, but he has not come; and we were anxious to see Teague, as perhaps he can tell us something of him.'

'I doubt if it was to see Teague that brought ye to my door this blessed night,' replied Aileen—for such was the name by which Teague's mother was generally known in the glén. 'Ye came for a walk, and a paddle in the little skiff in the warm moonlight, with the fine young gentleman who is with you. And why should ye not? Sure isn't youth the time for pleasure? I was once young myself.'

'You seem to read our thoughts and divine our motives so clearly, or at least so much to your own satisfaction,' observed Kathleen, 'that I think you ought to be able to tell us all about Mr. Donald. Do you think he will be home to-night, or when?'

'Mr. Donald will not be home to-night,' said Aileen; 'you may take my word for that. And I doubt if he will be home either to-morrow or the next day; but that is not yet certain.'

‘In troth, then, I’ll go back with the young ladies and stay at the big house beyond, till he does come,’ said Teague. ‘It would be well to have some one with them, who is accustomed to their quare ways, and I don’t think Mr. Donald would be plased unless I was there while he was away.’

‘Do, Alannah,’ said old Aileen. ‘Peggy will be enough to stay with me ; she is always kind and attentive.’

‘And why do you suppose Mr. Donald will not be home for two or three days?’ asked Ierne in some anxiety. ‘Do you know where he is, or what he is about?’

‘I know both, Miss Ierne,’ said the old woman, ‘and it’s myself wishes he was somewhere else than where he is. But it is not fitting we should be talking of such matters here before this fine young man. Young gentlemen will be wild sometimes, and do foolish things in spite of all the likes of me can say against it, and I’ve spoken often enough to Mr. Donald about that same, till I’m almost afeared I have driven him from my door, as he does not come to see me now as he used. But I love him still, as never mother loved her own babe. Did he not lie in my bosom and drink

my milk, so that he has my own flesh and blood in him as well as Teague? Go down to the water's edge, Teague, and launch the skiff for the young ladies, it's time they were at home and asleep in bed; and mind, Teague, you don't leave them again, wherever they go or stay, until the master himself comes home.'

'Will you permit me to add a trifle to your few comforts?' said the young stranger, advancing towards the old woman and slipping a sovereign into her hand. 'You are not so young now, you know, as you were when you could climb the rocks and walk the mountains like these young ladies; and this trifle may supply you with some little matters which will make age less burdensome to bear.'

The old woman looked at the gold and then at the giver. She looked long and steadfastly at the latter, till at last he could not refrain from smiling at the length and earnestness of her gaze.

'You are a young man, and an honest man,' she said, 'and a gentleman bred and born, though you are a Saxon. I see by your face—and I was rarely deceived in a face yet—that you are not come here to do us harm. You are no spy, or base informer, as they told

me. Come here till I spake to you,' she continued in a lower tone, as she beckoned the young man close to her. 'You pitied the old woman, so you did; I saw it in your eye the moment you came here. I don't want pity, nor gold either, though I take it. I have other gold and plenty beside it, but it may all, and more than all, be wanted yet. Mark me, young man. You have been received and treated as a gentleman ought to be in the hospitable home of an O'Sulevan; you have been trusted too as older people would not trust a stranger. Never betray that trust, but be a friend to them when they want it, as they are like to do soon enough. Mark my words, young man; do this and you will not regret it. Go now. We may perhaps meet again when you least expect it.'

She stood up as she spoke, and walked with more firmness than the stranger could have believed possible from her aged appearance inside her cabin door.

'Aileen has been telling you some fairy secrets,' said Ierne, as the young man joined them at the water's edge. 'Some say she rules them all in their wild glen of Coomeengira, and can dance as merrily as any of them when she pleases. What say you, Teague? Confess now,

did you never see your mother riding on a broomstick, and leading the wild dance in the pocket of Coomeengira glen ?'

'Whisht, Miss, whisht!' replied Teague, 'it's not lucky to be talking of the fairies in that slightin' way. And as for my mother—faix she's fairy and witch enough without a broomstick at all to help her. She seems to know everything, and who should tell her but the fairies ?'

'And do you really believe in ghosts and fairies and all that kind of thing, Teague ?'

'Of coorse I do,' replied Teague, 'and so does most others in their hearts, though they are loth enough to confess it in the daytime. Put them to pass the night in a churchyard, and see whether they will like it. And sure, a churchyard would be as safe a place as any to pass the night in, if one was not afraid of ghosts.'

'You enlarge the circle wider and wider,' observed the stranger, 'and have now introduced churchyard ghosts also into the fairy and spiritual community. Do you consider them in the same category as fairies and spiritual manifestations ?'

'Undoubtedly,' replied Kathleen. 'Fairies, ghosts, witches, and spiritual manifestations, are

all different exhibitions of the one great fact—the existence and nearness of a spiritual world to ourselves. Why should we scoff at these things, or pretend that we don't believe them? I think it is Doctor Johnson who says, when speaking of the appearance of ghosts, "that which we deny with our words, but confess with our fears."¹

'Perhaps I am addressing some distinguished "medium" in the spiritual world,' said the young man, bowing respectfully to Kathleen. 'May I presume to enquire whether you have made up your mind as to the beneficial results, or otherwise, to those who engage deeply in such wondrous speculations?'

'I am no "medium" I assure you,' replied Kathleen, 'nor can I say that I have absolutely made up my mind upon the subject. In one respect, however, I have arrived at a very definite conclusion, and that is, that it *cannot* be all

¹ Can anyone read that strange book of Mr. Home's, which has been so widely circulated—the experiences of his spiritual manifestations; or that most interesting account printed by a youthful heir to an earldom and circulated amongst his friends, together with the wonderful preface of his noble father, and deny the existence of the strange spiritual manifestations which are there so vividly described?

“humbug,” as so many to this day maintain. My knowledge of the subject is derived mainly from books and publications, but I cannot for a moment doubt that the manifestations which have been made in the presence of so many witnesses of undisputed authority, who have earnestly testified to them, and have sometimes exhibited these manifestations amongst friends and relations who are incapable of deceiving one another, must be true and real. It is plain, in fact, that if these manifestations be not real, those friends must have joined in deceiving one another in this one point, who have never been deceivers on any other.’

They had now arrived at the opposite shore. Ierne had slowly paddled them across the bay in her skiff, and the boat slid gently with grating sound up the loose shingle at the bottom of the lawn. It was a delightful evening, and, as they sauntered slowly through the wood to the house, they silently reflected on the strange subject of such deep interest which had been mooted. Ierne now proposed that tea and fruit should be laid out on the high rock before the door. This was soon done, and in the full enjoyment of lovely scenery, youth, beauty, and refined and thoughtful conversation, they sat there till after midnight.

Teague at length disturbed them. He said: 'Mr. Donald would be mad if he found them out this time of night,' and insisted on their all retiring to the house. They did so, slowly, and, it must be admitted, somewhat unwillingly.

'I little thought,' said Ierne when about to retire, 'that old Aileen and her fairies would have led to such subjects as we have discussed to-night.'

CHAPTER VI.

FACTION FIGHTING.

‘MR. DONALD has not yet come home, I fear,’ was Ierne’s first salutation to Teague, as on coming out of the hall-door in company with the stranger, she saw him standing on the walk outside.

‘Not a bit of him, Miss,’ replied Teague, ‘and, in troth, I’m getting uneasy, so I am, lest anything should happen him or go wrong. And besides all this, to-morrow is the pattern at the holy lake at Kilmakilloge, and I’d wish him, if possible, to be there, as I hear there is some of the Derryquin boys comin’ over to challenge the boys of Derreen. It would be no harm if the masther was here to stop them, or to see fair play between them, if they’re bent on fightin’.’

‘And what makes you think they will fight at the pattern?’ asked Ierne. ‘Surely at the holy

lake, of all places, peace and good will should prevail.'

'Very true, and that's the way it should be, Miss,' replied Teague; 'but somehow or other it doesn't, and as sure as the pattern comes round there's some divilment or other going on. The O'Gallivans and O'Sheehans of Dunkerron will be down upon our boys this time, and I hear they've been wheeling¹ and practising among themselves, and they say they'll bate our lives out.'

'But surely the police should get notice,' observed the stranger. 'They could be upon the spot when the attack was expected, and take the ringleaders into custody if they attempted any outrage of the kind.'

'Well, I don't know about that,' replied Teague. 'I wouldn't wish them low-bred chaps from the other side of the bay to say we demeaned ourselves to call in the polis to help us. The O'Gallivans would have it against us for many a long day to come. Bedad, I'd rather fight it out, go which way it would, than give them such a hould over us as that.'

¹ 'Wheeling' means whirling a shillelagh over the head with such rapidity that it resembles the spokes of a wheel in motion. It is considered as a challenge.

‘Why do you call the O’Gallivans and O’Shehans “low-bred chaps?”’ asked the stranger. ‘Are they in a much lower class of life than the Derreen men?’

‘Not a bit of it, your honour. They are the raal ancient stock, just as much as we are ourselves. And sure, there’s no better blood in Ireland than the O’Sulevans, the princes of Beare. But if you want to vex a man and put him in a roarin’ passion, there’s no way so easy—at least in this part of the country—as to tell him he is low-bred, and that neither he nor his ever come of decent people.’

‘But the O’Gallivans are not here at present,’ observed the stranger. ‘What is the use of calling them names when they are absent, especially when you admit the names are scarcely fair ones?’

‘Oh, well, your honour, sure a body must keep his hand in, ’specially when he expects to be fightin’ for the dear life within a day or two,’ replied Teague. ‘But no matter, anyhow. We are well able for them, and, bedad, if they come wheeling and challenging us, I’ll warrant they’ll meet their match.’

‘Well, certainly,’ said the stranger, turning to Ierne, ‘your people *are* a little remarkable in

their ways. Here is a faction fight, I believe it is called, well known to the whole country as about to come off in a day or two, and all parties prepare for it as openly as if it were a cricket match! And when I suggest the calling in of the police to put a stop to it, I am told that they would not demean themselves to do so cowardly an act; and that the other side would have it against them for many a long day to come! And thus they prepare in open day to break each others' heads, as if there was no law in the land!

'I cannot say that I see anything very wonderful in all that,' replied Ierne. 'The Irish are a singularly imitative race, especially apt to imitate the faults and follies, as well as the virtues, of those placed socially above them. They are only acting now as gentlemen have shown them the example. Are not duels carried out exactly upon the same principle? Two gentlemen quarrel with each other, sometimes for no other earthly reason but because one thinks the other "crows a little too loud upon his walk," as it is termed. This was explained to me the other day, as the cause of a recent case of challenge. And if one of these combatants were to call in the police to protect him and

keep the peace, he would be branded as a coward, possibly posted as such, and condemned by many who call themselves gentlemen and men of honour, because he declined to transgress, in the most flagrant manner, the laws of God and man! Is it any wonder then, when duelling is scarcely yet banished out of gentlemen's society, that faction fighting is still continued; and that rather than call in the police on either side, they would allow half the heads in the country to be broken? *Gentlemen* would commit murder outright.'

'I humbly crave your pardon,' replied the stranger gravely. 'I admit the justice of your remarks, though I must confess that faction fighting in Ireland had never struck me in this light before. What right, indeed, have we to reproach them, when even at this moment it would be considered by many as an act of cowardice in this country were one gentleman to refuse to meet another in deadly combat! But do you really think that the one practice has in any way led to the other?'

'I am convinced of it,' replied Ierne. 'How often have I heard my own brothers and other young men, and old men still more, talk of the duels of former days—if not with admiration—

at least as gallant deeds! How often have I heard the details expatiated on, and the courage and coolness of the principals lauded, as if they had performed some noble or philanthropic act! Nay, it is not so long ago since it was considered in this country that until a young man had proved his courage in a duel he had not taken that place in the society of his county which became "a young man of spirit." I am told that frequently the conversation in the dining-room, after the ladies have retired, turns, even now, upon such deeds—not in horror and condemnation of those engaged in them, but as interesting and exciting stories. Servants and followers were allowed to hear these recitals without any attempt to conceal them. Ask Teague, and he will tell you the details of most of the duels which have taken place in Kerry for the last half century or more, and I'll promise you he will not conceal his admiration of the courage and dexterity of the victor who "killed his man," or, in other words, committed a barbarous and wilful murder. Is it any wonder, then, that he should not think of "*demeaning*" himself by calling in the police to put a stop to the expected fight to-morrow, when no gentleman would demean himself to hand over his adversary to the authorities?'

‘These things should be more considered than they are,’ observed the stranger. ‘One ought to see and know Ireland for oneself before pronouncing judgment upon her people.’

‘Well, Teague,’ said Ierne, addressing her follower in an altered tone, ‘what do you intend to allow us to do this afternoon? I suppose the fight at the pattern, even if it does come off to-morrow, need not hinder us from enjoying ourselves to-day. The weather still holds up, and our guest has seen nothing of the beauties or wonders of the Kerry side of the mountains yet. Can you suggest nothing for us to visit in which you can be our guide and companion?’

‘Faix, Miss, I know of nothing would please his honour better than a visit to the caves of Ardgroom. The day is calm, and the sea easy in itself, and ye could go right through them, in at one end and out at the other, in the boat, which ye can seldom do on account of the swell.’

‘Let us visit the caves by all means,’ exclaimed Ierne. ‘I have not been there this long while, and the last time we were there we could see nothing, as the swell was so heavy we had to return home without entering them

at all. What say you, Kathleen?' continued Ierne, addressing her sister, who had joined them at the hall-door. 'Shall we visit the caves to-day, and show their wonders to our stranger guest?'

'I should like it of all things,' replied Kathleen. 'Let the whale-boat be prepared, Teague, and four stout boatmen besides yourself. We must trust to you to pilot us, and as the tide will be against us coming home, we shall need good men in the boat.'

'I'll see and have all ready,' returned Teague, 'and I'll leave word at the gate, should Mr. Donald chance to come home while we are out, that we are away at the caves of Ardgroom.'

Breakfast was soon served, and as the party rose from the table, Kathleen addressed the stranger: 'You are your own master here,' she said; 'you will find books and newspapers should you wish to read, as we are not so far removed from civilised life as not to have a daily-post. Or should you wish for a ramble before luncheon, Teague will be at your command and accompany you. He knows every rock on the mountain, and every gorge and stream in the glen. My sister and I usually pass our mornings alone. We shall all meet at

luncheon time. And if you are inclined for a boating expedition to the caves in the afternoon, the whale-boat and men will be ready. I see your boy who accompanied you here last night is waiting outside for orders. Should you wish to send him across the mountains to Bantry for anything you may require, you can do so, and you will find writing materials on the table in the sitting-room. My brother has not yet come home, and as we intend to detain you forcibly till he does, which we hope will be in a day or two at farthest, you might perhaps wish to send for your letters. Adieu. My sister and I hope to meet you at luncheon, about two in the afternoon.'

She vanished as soon as she had spoken, and the Saxon stranger was left standing alone at the hall-door.

He stood for some time motionless, gazing on the scene which lay before him. He ascended slowly to the top of the rock which projects in front of the house and from which the most exquisite view of wood, water, and mountain can be obtained. Before him lay the woods of Derreen. Beneath them stretched the arm of the sea which extends some distance inland. The tide was flowing, and the sea lay glistening

like silver as it slowly filled every creek and nook along the shore. The great valley of Glenmore, bounded by Hungry Hill in the distance, was spread out in all its beauty, due south before him; whilst a little to the west lay the valley of Coomeengira—a wild and rocky district, in the far-off dark ‘pocket’ of which the fairies were reputed to hold their nightly dance. To the north rose up the lofty peak of Knockatee; and across the bay, which is there about five miles wide, might be seen the celebrated McGillicuddy’s Reeks, with Carran-Tual, the highest mountain in Ireland, presiding over their splendid range.

Beneath him due south lay the bridge over the Glenmore river—its picturesque arches still visible over the flowing tide. Whilst a little above the bridge, on a green patch of land, was Teague’s cottage—where they had visited his mother, old Aileen O’Hanlon, the night before.

The stranger stretched himself on the smooth dry rock from whence this lovely view could be seen. It was almost the first occasion on which he had time for reflection since he came to that fairy land, and strange and conflicting thoughts chased each other through his mind. He lay there, basking in the sunshine, his

thoughts sometimes wandering far away, and sometimes dwelling on the inmates of the lodge close by, and the more he thought, the more he was perplexed and troubled.

‘Well, this is an adventure!’ he said almost aloud to himself. ‘I wonder what they would think of it at Bantry, if they knew where I am now. Sooner or later, I suppose, they will find it out. I wonder I never heard of this place before, though I have some recollection that Glandore told me of its beauties when I saw him last year in London. I had no conception, however, of what it was, nor do I think anyone I have spoken to of the beauties of Kerry has the least idea of the loveliness of this romantic glen. And as to its inhabitants—well, perhaps, I had better not think of them. How *can* they have lived so long and not be known? though indeed that is no great wonder, as that beautiful girl is scarcely past seventeen. How astonished they would be in London if they saw her! She would create a perfect furor. And, however disagreeable the Irish brogue may be in some people, I can never hear that sweet musical Kerry accent from that beautiful mouth, and not be charmed to listen to it. But where, or how, did they acquire all their

education and refinement? The whole thing is a mystery to me. But I am to be kept a prisoner here, it seems, until the brother comes home. Well, be it so. I wonder much what the brother is like, or what he is about at present, that they make such a mystery of his return. I must only resign myself to my fate, and let circumstances develop themselves as they may. Lucky I am not pressed for time. But, come what may, I can't do without some clothes.

He rose lazily from his hard but smooth bed upon the rock, and seeing his boy still waiting, he said, 'Tell me, my lad, do you know the way across the mountains to Bantry?'

'I does,' said the boy.

'Could you take a letter there for me, and bring me back a parcel before night?'

'I could,' said the boy.

'How many miles is it?'

'Fifteen there, and fifteen back,' said the boy.

'And could you run all that way before night, and bring me back my parcel besides?'

'I could,' said the boy.

'And what shall I pay you, my little chap?' asked the stranger.

'A shillin', Sir,' said the boy.

'I'll give you five if you bring me the parcel back to-night,' said the stranger.

‘Yis, Sir,’ said the boy.

The stranger went into the lodge, and wrote a few words to his servant.

‘Now my little fellow, here is the letter, and give it as it is addressed. Can you read?’

‘No, Sir,’ said the boy.

‘All the better so far. Give this letter to the person to whom it is addressed. Show it to anyone in the town of Bantry, and they will tell you where to find him. You need not say who gave it to you.’

‘No, Sir,’ said the boy.

‘Do you know who gave it to you?’ said the stranger, turning on the boy a scrutinising glance.

‘No, Sir,’ said the boy.

‘Then it will be hard for you to tell, I suppose. Do you know the name of this place?’

‘Yis, Sir,’ said the boy. ‘That is—no, Sir,’ and he evidently hesitated, and took a sharp look at the stranger.

‘Well—you need not say exactly where you came from. Just say you came from the Kerry side of the mountains, where I am staying for a few days’ sport, and that will be enough.’

‘Yis, Sir,’ said the boy.

‘Well, run away now as fast as you can.

Here is a shilling to get something to eat when you get to Bantry, and you shall have five shillings when you return here with the parcel.'

'Thank you, Sir,' said the boy.

He got Teague to pin the letter in a secret place inside the breast of his jacket where no one could possibly see it, and taking his stick in his hand, he set off in a round trot without saying another word.

'Will he do my message, do you think?'

said the stranger, addressing Teague.

'Bedad, he will, Sir,' replied Teague. 'I know that chap well. You would think he was an innocent, or something of that sort, but he knows as well what your honour's up to this minute as I do myself.'

The stranger was rather startled at Teague's apparently unconscious acknowledgment that he was perfectly up to the whole drama which had just been enacted before him. But he could not help laughing as he said,

'And pray, Teague, may I ask what is your idea of what "my honour is up to," as you call it?'

'Oh, faix, not a one of me knows a ha'p'orth about it,' replied Teague. 'Only I suppose you just don't want to let any of the great folks

at Bantry know exactly where you are at this present minute. It mightn't suit your plans, d'ye see. And sure the boy saw all that just as plain as myself; and faix you need not fear him. Sorra one of them will get a word out of that chap. Did you see how he said "yis" and "no," hesitatin' like, when your honour asked him whether he knew the name of this place? Right well he knows it, for he was often here before. But he thought it would be pleasin' to your honour to say he didn't.'

'Well, Teague, both you and the boy have taught me a lesson that I shall not soon forget. There seems no want of needles in Ireland, for everyone I meet seems nearly as sharp as one—from Miss Kathleen and Ierne down to yourself and the boy.'

'Troth and they'd want it, Sir,' said Teague. 'Where would they all be if they wasn't purty sharp? Sure haven't they lost the land their fathers used to live by in ancient times—not so long ago either but that it might be got back yet—and what have we now but our wits to live by? You're a cliver gentleman, so you are. It's plain to see that; and whatever is bad in us, may be it's *ye* that have taught us, for sure we couldn't live at all if we didn't strive to plase *ye*.'

‘I have learned more since I came here, Teague, short as the time is, than I learned for twelve months before. Put that gold piece in your pocket, or give it to your old mother—which you please. It’s not much to me, as I have a few more left, so don’t think anything about it. It’s right I should pay my school-master;’ and he slipped a sovereign into Teague’s unwilling hand.

‘You’re a raal gentleman bred and born, so ye are, and I said so from the very first,’ said Teague, looking at him as steadily as he had often done furtively before. ‘I’m sure and sartin you’re not come here for any harm, let them say what they will. I wish ye could see Mr. Donald; at all events, it wouldn’t do for ye to lave until he has seen you, or may be he’d think ye were what ye are not, and what others say ye are. So I was glad to see ye sending for a few trifles, as ye are in company with the young ladies.’

‘Upon my word, Teague, I am much obliged to you for your thoughtful care about my wardrobe,’ said the stranger. ‘But tell me, what or who do the people say I am? for I observed your mother made allusion to the same subject.’

‘Shall I tell your honour the truth?’ asked Teague.

‘Of course,’ replied the stranger; ‘I should expect nothing else from you.’

‘Well, no matter about that,’ said Teague, with a quick twinkle of his eye. ‘But you shall have the truth this time, any way. They say your honour is an informer! and in troth I am not over ’asy about you myself on that account. “He’s an informer,” says O’Cronin to me this mornin’. “You lie,” says I, “he’s not.” “He is,” says he, “and if anything bad comes of it we will make you pay for it in airnest,” says he. “I don’t care *that* for you,” says I, snapping my fingers in his face. “The gentleman’s an honest gentleman, so he is, and I’ll stake my life on it.”’

‘You are quite right, Teague,’ said the stranger; ‘and though I don’t want to get into a row, yet I will brand the word liar on the forehead of the best man in the glen that says I am not a true man.’

‘Whisht, your honour, wisht! There’ll be fightin’ enough for us all to-morrow, though I wouldn’t say but I’m glad to see ye have got some spunk in ye.’

‘But what do they suppose I can come to

inform about?' enquired the stranger. 'I am wholly ignorant of anything going on. Is there any secret conspiracy on foot, or what on earth do they suppose I can have come here for?'

'Och, whisht, your honour, whisht! Sure there is more going on than either you or I dar' speak of. Just keep quiet and 'asy, and don't be getting into any rows or quarrels or the like of that; for surely if they get a houl't of ye, it wouldn't be 'asy to stop them.'

'Well, Teague, I am much obliged for your caution. I will be upon my guard; although I am forced to confess it is all mystery to me.'

Luncheon time had now arrived, and Kathleen appeared at the hall-door with a little silver bell in her hand.

'There is no need, Sir Stranger, to ring the bell for you—you have not wandered far, or exerted yourself much, either bodily or mentally, this morning. If I mistake not, I saw you lying on the rock since breakfast, that favourite resort of all idle gentlemen. However, we must not ask you to be busy the first day you are here. Luncheon is on the table. I am compelled to announce it myself, as our little maid has gone to get some cream for the wild strawberries she has gathered.'

‘I fear I have been very idle,’ said the stranger, ‘and yet I am not sure that I ought to admit it. Do you consider a person idle when he is learning?’

‘It depends upon what he is learning,’ replied Kathleen. ‘If the person you allude to is only learning to smoke, or to lie more comfortably on the large smooth rock on which you were stretched, then I cannot give you credit for anything but idleness, no matter how diligently you may have studied these important subjects.’

‘Well, indeed, Kathleen, I think you are too severe upon our stranger guest,’ interrupted Ierne laughing. ‘I saw him myself lying most uncomfortably on the rock, and shifting his position so often that I am sure he must be in pain all over. But I suspect he was learning lessons from Teague, rather than from the rock, as Teague seemed highly flattered at the deference which was paid to his opinions.’

‘You do me but justice, Ierne,’ said the stranger; ‘I have learnt much since I came here, and Teague has been one of my preceptors.’

CHAPTER VII.

THE CAVES OF ARDGROOM.

LUNCHEON was soon over, and the party adjourned to the sea-side, where four stout oarsmen awaited their orders in the whale-boat.

There is no safer boat, or one more suited to a pleasure party on that coast, than what is termed a whale-boat. It is suitable both for fair weather and foul, is light and easy to move, and, when manned by four good oarsmen, can live in seas that would swamp an ordinary pleasure boat. It is sharp at both ends, so that it can be backed in a moment, if required.

‘I hope you have brought your gun with you, Sir,’ said Teague, ‘and plenty of cartridges along with it. There is the finest sport shooting the grey rock-pigeons in the cave. They goes dashin’ through it like wildfire, and when you fire at them, you’d think it was a cannon, with the echo it makes all round.’

‘Well, I have brought my gun, Teague,’ re-

plied the stranger, 'though I am by no means sure that I shall trouble the rock-pigeons much.'

The day was warm and calm, and the voyage to Ardgroom was rapidly made. The caves are very fine. But it is impossible to venture into them when there is any swell outside, as the sea then rushes and surges through these narrow apertures with such violence that no boat could live; and if upset, almost certain death must overtake the crew, as the sides of the rocks are smooth and perpendicular, affording but little hold, and reaching down to unknown depths in water as clear as crystal. The rock-pigeons, as Teague had said, were flying about in terror at the sight of the boat; few parties ever ventured inside their rocky homes, and those few seldom spared them. The sides of the rocks were covered with numerous species of shells; sea-urchins in numbers were there, sea-anemonies and jelly fish floated about, and vast conger eels could sometimes be seen like little sea-serpents, winding their way in the crystal water beneath. One of the caves might more properly be called a tunnel, inasmuch as there is a passage quite through the ledge of the rocks, and light can be seen through the aperture at the other side facing the shore. Into this passage

they now entered, and the men laying aside their oars and pushing forward the boat with their hands against the sides of the perpendicular cliffs, they soon found themselves on a shelving beach inside the range of rocks.

‘Here must be our dining place,’ said Kathleen; ‘I am cook to-day. You two must act the company; so you may go and sit upon the rocks out of sight of my performances, as I can allow no one into my kitchen; and when all is ready, I will ring my little bell for dinner.’

‘I suppose we must submit to orders,’ said the stranger, addressing Ierne. ‘Shall we take our seat upon the rocks as directed?’

‘I always obey Kathleen,’ replied Ierne. ‘Come—let us get high up so as to have a view of the mouth of the Bay; I love to look upon the broad boundless Atlantic.’

They scrambled up the rocks together. Ierne, to the astonishment of the stranger, leaping like a kid from rock to rock, and reaching the summit by a shorter but more difficult route far sooner than he could accomplish it. The view was splendid. The Bay lay placidly beneath them some hundred feet below. The woods of Derryquin rose from the water’s edge, reaching high up the mountains on the opposite side,

whilst that gem of the river, Garinish Island, lay in all its beauty some three or four miles distant across the water.

The stranger and Ierne sat beside each other for some time in silence, each looking upon the scene—each lost in thought.

At last the stranger spoke. ‘Ierne—for so you have told me to call you—I have learned much in the short time I have been here. But there is one thing I do not understand. It seems a settled point, not only in Teague’s mind, but also in yours and your sister’s, that Ireland has been unjustly treated by England. It seems to be *taken for granted*, in a manner that I must confess I am wholly unaccustomed to. I am well aware that what are termed “Irish nationalists” profess to believe all this. But it is new to me to find educated people, of refined and cultivated minds—and I pay no compliment when I say that—holding these opinions; not holding them as novelties of the day, but deeply impressed with them as admitted and acknowledged truths. May I ask if I have at all overstated the case, or if you and your sister really do hold these opinions for which I have given you credit?’

‘And can you for one moment doubt it?’ ex-

claimed Ierne. 'Can one like you, to whom I will return the compliment you have paid me by saying that you are of a fair and candid mind, hesitate to acknowledge that England has acted harshly, cruelly, and unjustly towards Ireland for so long a period, that she thinks we ought to have forgotten it, or to have become so accustomed to it as not to feel it?'

'And how long has that been?' asked the stranger.

'For nearly seven hundred years,' replied Ierne. 'It is now almost seven hundred years since Henry the Second, King of England,¹ landed in Ireland with a vast army to support his usurpation; and from that day to this there has been nothing but wrong and injustice upon the unfortunate people of Ireland. War, rapine, slaughter, and confiscations have prevailed almost without intermission, followed up in the last century by those odious penal laws, even more aggravating and insulting than all which had gone before. Such has been English rule. It is not denied, it is scarcely palliated. It is admitted by all historians. Some, indeed, lament it as having been necessary to subdue or extirpate the native Irish,

¹ Henry II. landed at Waterford on Oct. 18, 1171.

as a race which had no business to live upon the earth. Others justify it on the plea of absolute necessity. But *none deny it*. Can you then wonder that we of the ancient Irish race, whose forefathers ruled as lords and princes over the very lands on which we are now merely tenants, should take it for granted, as a thing which cannot be denied, that English rule has been cruel and unjustifiable in Ireland?'

'I must confess,' replied the stranger, 'that I am not as well informed as I ought to be in all these points of Irish history. And I will also frankly confess that Irish history has not been read and studied generally in England as I think it deserves and ought to be. It is, I fear, avoided as an unpleasant subject. But surely, even according to your own showing, these injuries were perpetrated long ago, and have we not done all we could to repair them since? Why should we not both of us forget and forgive, and live now in peace and harmony?'

'Aye,' replied Ierne, 'I admit that as Christians, we ought indeed to forget and forgive—that when we have been smitten on the one cheek we ought to turn the other also. But we are human beings as well as Christians, and I do not find that either Saxons or Normans are apt

to adopt these principles themselves. It is all very well for those who have driven us out of our green fields, and have seized on them for themselves, and still occupy them, to tell us to forget and forgive, and to let all that is past be sunk for ever in oblivion. I am but a young girl, and do not pretend to know or estimate these feelings, but I fear not to appeal to your own sense of right and wrong, and to ask, would *you*, under similar circumstances, be content to forget and forgive, and to kiss the hand that smote you ? ’

The stranger turned and looked at Ierne as she spoke these words. He saw her bright eye sparkling with enthusiasm, her heightened colour, and quivering lip, and he could not question for a moment the reality of the feelings which animated her, nor doubt that every sentiment she expressed had taken deep root in her heart. He laid his hand gently upon hers, and said :

‘ Ierne, I freely grant you have the advantage of me in your knowledge of these things, and of the wrongs which you say were inflicted by England upon Ireland. I know there have been some cruel wrongs. I know there have been robbery and confiscation, but I have not studied those details which seem to be so trea-

sured up in Irish hearts. I hope to do so. *It is right the truth should be known, whatever it may be.* And if the wrongs the English have committed upon Ireland be as great as you and your countrymen affirm, we should endeavour to remedy them the more earnestly as they are deeply felt; and if that cannot be wholly done, the knowledge of these things should at least make Englishmen patient, and enable them to account for, and understand, what would otherwise appear to be inexplicable. Had the study of Irish history been attended to in England as it ought, I doubt not the Irish character would have been better appreciated than it has been.'

As he said this, Kathleen appeared at the foot of the rock, and rang her little silver bell for dinner. The stranger and Ierne rose, each more grave and thoughtful than before, and slowly descending the steep rocky path, they were met by Kathleen on the grass.

'How grave you both are!' she said; 'you must surely have seen some sea monster from your perch on high! But come and look at my repast. Is it not inviting? We have salmon fresh from the sea, and roasted in true Killarney style, on sticks beside a fire of turf. Wild strawberries and cream are in abundance,

and champagne to cheer you up, grave as you both still look. So now sit down, and Teague will wait on us, and I have plenty for him and the men when we have dined, and abundance of whisky to cheer their hearts up too.'

So the stranger and Ierne threw off their grave looks, and entered with spirit into Kathleen's mood; they praised her cookery in the most convincing manner, by doing it ample justice; and a glass or two of champagne set all wonderfully to rights. After dinner they strolled up the country, which is bleak and wild enough, but the air felt pleasant and refreshing after the extreme heat of the day.

But an unexpected difficulty arose when at length they proposed to return. The tide had gone out during their stay upon the land, and the boat lay high and dry above the rocks—the sea having receded far away from the shelving beach.

Teague was in dismay.

'Bedad, I don't know what we'll do at all!' he ejaculated in much perplexity. 'What's here of us could never lift her over the rocks to the sea, and where are we to get help in this wild place? Away wid' you, Tim Downing, to the nearest cabin, and see if you could get a boy or two to come here. The tide is going

out fast, for it's a spring tide and a high strand, and maybe we'll be left here all night.'

Tim ran away up the mountains, and in less time than could be expected came down with four or five 'boys'—stout able men—who did not hesitate to go up to their waists in the water, and they lifted the boat bodily down, with the aid of the boatmen, until they put her afloat again.

The difficulty now was to get the ladies on board over the wet and slippery rocks, and in the almost total darkness of the cave. This was a service of some danger, but at length it was accomplished by the aid of the boatmen and the stranger. The latter now enquired whether there would be much difficulty in getting the whale-boat out of the cave to the sea.

'Troth will there, your honour,' said one of the men who was well accustomed to the dangers and sudden turns of the wayward sea in the caves. 'A sea turn has come on, and the wind is beginning to blow fresh from the west. It will be as much as ye can do to get her out at all, and it will put ye to your best to get home when ye are out. If it would not be making too bold, I would ask the young ladies to stop in my poor cabin for the night, sooner

than see ye chance it. And sure the men would not mind a night in the cow-house or out in the open air.'

The stranger looked uneasily at Teague for his opinion on what he saw was a case of considerable difficulty. He was answered by a cheery look of confidence, not unmingled, however, with excitement.

'Bedad, Sir, we'll try it any way—that is if the young ladies don't object. Sure the pattern is to be to-morrow, and if we spent the night here, maybe it would be hard to be there in time in the mornin', and I wouldn't give them blackguard O'Gallivans the crow over us to say we were afraid to come home. They are bowld seamen themselves, and they would have the laugh agin us for many a day to come. What do ye say, young ladies? Will ye chance it with us and his honour here, or will ye stop all night in the cabin, and get home across the country in the mornin' as ye can?'

The stranger looked towards Ierne, and in the obscure darkness of the cave he caught the glance of her sparkling eye.

'I vote for trying it by all means,' exclaimed Ierne. 'It will be glorious—and see, the swell is rising higher every moment!'

‘I also vote for trying it,’ said Kathleen, more quietly, but with equal firmness.

‘Push her off, boys! out with her, on the top of the next swell that comes in!’ shouted Teague. ‘Lie down for your lives, young ladies, in the bottom of the boat as low as ever ye can, and never stir an inch though a few buckets of water come tumbling over ye. Come up, your honour, with me to the bow of the boat, and kneel low as ye push her off with your hands when she plunges agin the rocks. You mind one side, and I’ll mind the other. Tim Downing, go down to the stern, and try and keep her all free there. Unship the rudder, and let the other two men kneel down amidships, to keep her sides from being broken in. Now bóys, in with the oars—it’s your hands, and hands only, that can soften the boat, and get her out of the cave to-night. Here’s the swell coming—are ye all ready?’

Not a word was spoken: each man was at his place and held his breath as they saw the great swelling wave come rushing into the narrow aperture.

‘Push her off for your lives!’ shouted Teague.

The boat rose high upon the swell, and

seemed to balance for a second or two on the summit as if doubting which way to go.

In another moment she plunged full twenty yards forward with a rush that was perfectly terrific.

‘Well done, boys!’ shouted Teague. ‘Ye kept her well off the sides of the rock that time. Mind her again next swell. It will be higher and bigger, but the cave is a trifle wider. In the meantime push her forward like mad.’

Encouraged by the success of their first effort, the men gave a hearty cheer, and almost tore the skin off their horny hands in their efforts to get her into safer ground to meet the swell which they saw coming on again.

On it came—and again the whale-boat gallantly breasting it, rose to a vast height as if shot up suddenly by some unseen power from beneath, and stood as before balancing and almost motionless on the top of the enormous wave.

‘Once more, boys!’ cried Teague. ‘Once more, dash her forward, and mind your hands, or they’ll be cut off as with a saw, if ye let them get between the boat and the rock.’

In the midst of this fearful scene the stranger turned round for a moment to see how the

sisters bore it. To his surprise, he saw Ierne kneeling up in the boat and watching the scene with the most intense delight.

‘Now!’ cried Teague. ‘Now!’ And again the light whale-boat with its precious freight plunged forward, but this time with a grating noise that sounded horrible to all within her.

‘All right, boys! all right!’ shouted Teague again. ‘It was only her side scraping against the shells upon the rocks. She’ll be never a bit the worse, barrin’ the paint. And now boys, out with the oars, for here’s the open sea within a few perches before us, and, bedad, it will put us to our best to keep her afloat with the sea that’s running outside.’

‘Thank God, we are out of the cave at all events,’ said the stranger; and stepping across to the ladies he assisted them to rise and put them once more sitting in their places in the whale-boat.

‘Oh wasn’t it glorious!’ cried Ierne, her colour high, and her features beaming with enthusiasm.

‘It was grand and terrific,’ said Kathleen more quietly.

The stranger gazed for a moment with undisguised admiration on the lovely face of the

young girl before him; and then silently passed back to Teague, who had placed himself at the helm.

‘Give way, boys!’ cried Teague, ‘give way steadily and well. We must see how she can bear it, before we put up the sail. The white horses are leaping high to-night.’

‘She stands it well,’ observed the stranger. ‘Get her into proper trim and there is no danger. She must be let to run before the wind, or some of the white horses will leap into her.’

‘Steady, boys—up with the sail,’ said Teague; and in a minute or two they were scudding away before the wind at the rate of nine or ten miles an hour.

The sea birds screamed, and the cormorants whirled round the boat as she tore along through the water.

‘We are past Curravaniheen rock any way,’ said Teague. ‘Murther alive, your honour, but see how she dashes along! Well now, I never knew before that the whale-boat had so much life in her.’

‘We are nearing the point,’ observed the stranger, as she swept along, ‘but we shall have to gibe her before we get into Collorus; and that will be no easy matter.’

‘Your honour’s right,’ replied Teague, anxiously. ‘It will be tight work to get her round. Better take in a reef or two first, or bedad, she’ll surely capsize. Take the helm a bit, till I go up and reef her myself.’

Teague crept cautiously along the boat and with no little difficulty managed to take in the last reef, and then creeping back he whispered to the ladies to be sure and lie down in the bottom of the boat when he gave them the word. All now sat anxiously awaiting the moment when Collorus Point must be turned.

‘Will she do it?’ whispered the stranger.

‘I think she will,’ said Teague.

The moment came. ‘Down ladies, down for your lives!’ cried Teague, and in a moment the two ladies slid off their seats into the bottom of the boat.

‘Now your honour, mind the main sheet—GIBE!’ he cried, as he put down the helm, and the boat yielding to the rudder, the sail went over with a terrific swing to the other side.

The whale-boat rocked for a few seconds under the shock, as if hesitating whether to capsize or not, and then away she dashed on her new course; and in less than a minute she had rounded the point and was safe in calm water within the harbour of Kilmakilloge!

‘Bedad, your honour, ye done it well!’ exclaimed Teague, drawing a long breath. ‘Well now, it was a near thing enough, and bravely the young ladies stood it out. Well, well, it’s all over now, and we can go in quiet and ’asy, and, troth, it’s myself will not be sorry for that same. God be praised for all his mercies.’

‘Thank God!’ said the stranger fervently.

No other words were spoken. Spanish Island was soon passed. Eskadower Point loomed to their right in the dusk, and in a few minutes more they had landed safely at Derreen.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE PATTERN.

ON the morning after the expedition to the caves of Ardgroom the sisters and the young stranger met as usual at the breakfast-table. The conversation turned upon the 'pattern,' which was to commence that day at the holy lake, near the old church of Kilmakilloge.

'I do not understand the meaning of the term "pattern,"' observed the stranger. 'Can you give me any information about it?'

'I believe,' replied Kathleen, 'that it is a corruption of the word "*patron*," and that it was originally instituted as a gathering in honour of a patron saint. I am sorry to say it has degenerated into the most extraordinary mixture of folly, vice, profligacy, and—strange to say—religion, that it is possible to conceive in any civilised country.'

'You certainly do not give a very favourable account of this pattern on which Teague's mind

is so much bent. But is fighting amongst the numerous pastimes which abound in honour of the patron saint?’

‘Fighting is not necessarily a part of the programme,’ replied Kathleen. ‘But it sometimes happens that the people on this side of the bay quarrel with those on the other side—generally some dispute about the antiquity of their several families or such like folly. And then the pattern being the great day for the gathering of the tribes, they fix upon it to fight it out—the O’Gallivans against the O’Hanlons, or the O’Sheas against the O’Sulevans, and such like. And when once they commence, broken heads are generally the result; and sometimes very serious consequences arise from these disputes concerning ancient respectability.’

‘I understood Teague to say that the pattern lasts two or three days. Pray where do the people sleep or put up during that time?’

‘I cannot say,’ replied Kathleen. ‘Of course I never was present during any portion of the revels; but I have heard from others that numerous tents are brought there; some by publicans who come to sell whisky, and others, strange to say, by gentlemen who come over

from the other side of the bay to enjoy the wild festivities which go on upon such occasions. I confess I think it very disgraceful; but so it is. And then there are plenty of people who sell bread and other victuals, so that what between bread and whisky, the fine weather which usually prevails in August, and numerous tents, and even blankets put up for the occasion on a ditch, the people manage well enough, though indeed I am afraid very bad things go on there. I hear the bishop is doing his utmost to do away with the pattern altogether.'

'Well,' observed the stranger, 'you have certainly given me rather a curious account of your Irish proceedings in honour of a patron saint. May I ask is there anything carried on in the religious line, or that could at all be deemed as partaking of that nature?'

'Oh, yes!' replied Kathleen. 'That is the strangest part of all. There is a small lake, or rather pool, near the old Catholic church of Kilmakilloge, and in this pool are several tufts of rushes and coarse grass, which, strange to say, float or move about in some unaccountable manner on the pattern-day, each year, when the people are assembled. That the tufts do move I have from undoubted authority, and the

moment they begin to float the people rush down into the water, sometimes up to their knees, in the hope of being cured of whatever disease they have; and if they have none, of a safe preventive of disease. One side of the pool is sometimes crowded with hundreds of people waiting for the movement of the tufts.'

'And do the tufts really move?' asked the stranger in surprise.

'Well, I really believe they do,' replied Kathleen with some hesitation. 'The people generally believe the movement to be miraculous; and certainly when large numbers are collected on the edge of the pool the tufts are observed to shake. A general cry is then raised that they are about to float. Whereupon numbers rush down to the edge to take advantage of the movement, and enter the pool at the proper time. This general gathering, it is supposed by some, makes a pressure on the sides of the boggy pool, which are at all times soft and elastic; and whether from this cause, as some people think, or from any other, I really am unable to say, but there is no doubt that frequently when the great gathering of people comes on one side of the pool, the tufts

float off to the opposite side, and this satisfies them all that a miracle has been performed.’¹

‘I should like much to go there myself and see all that goes on,’ observed the young Saxon.

‘You can easily do so,’ said Kathleen. ‘It is scarcely more than a mile from this house, and you can go either by land or water. I dare say Teague is waiting outside; I know he is very anxious about the pattern, as he expects some fighting. So if you are curious to see or mix in an Irish row, you have only to go with Teague, and you have every prospect of being gratified.’

‘Well, I should certainly like to see what is going on at such a rare place,’ said the stranger; ‘and, with your permission, I will accompany Teague to the scene of action. I only hope I shall not come back with a broken head.’

‘We will endeavour to mend it for you if you do,’ replied Kathleen; ‘we are pretty well accustomed to breakages of that kind. There seldom is anything worse in these parts, I am happy to say, which is more than can be said of other parts of Ireland.’

During this conversation Ierne had said nothing, but she looked anxiously from one to

¹ The pattern is still carried on, but not to the same extent as formerly, at Kilmakilloge.

the other, and her colour came and went as she heard of the stranger's resolution to accompany Teague to the pattern. On his rising from breakfast she accompanied him to the hall-door, where, as they expected, they found Teague waiting for orders. .

‘Well, Teague,’ said the stranger, ‘this seems a fine day for the pattern. Have you heard anything of your young master yet?’

‘In troth, I have not, Sir,’ replied Teague; ‘I wish I had, as the people are coming fast, and I think it's likely there will be a big gathering. I wish the young master was here. He is the only one they would mind—if they would mind him itself—when they gets angry. There'll be a fight to-day as sure as two and two make four.’

‘I hope you will take me with you, Teague,’ said the stranger. ‘I should like to see a good Irish row of all things; so mind and don't go without me.’

‘Was your honour ever *in* an Irish row, as you calls it?’ asked Teague.

‘Well, I admit I never was,’ said the stranger; ‘but I hope you will initiate me; and Miss Kathleen says she will mend my broken head, should I come out with such, as I am sure you fully expect.’

‘In troth, your honour, I would as soon you came out with your head whole, and still better plased I would be that you never went into it at all,’ said Teague gravely. ‘Let me tell you, it’s no joke, and there’s harder hitting there than I suspects your honour is accustomed to. Just take my advice and stay quiet here, and take care of the young ladies, and don’t be mixing yourself up in anything that will be going on to-day at the pattern, for there may be wilder work than you think.’

‘Teague gives sound advice,’ said Ierne anxiously. ‘I trust you will not go.’

‘Well,’ replied the Saxon, ‘I confess you view the case more seriously than I thought. I will go, with your leave, fair Ierne, but I will promise to be cautious, and not to get into any row if I can possibly avoid it. Of course if I am attacked, you will not object to my defending myself.’

‘Well,’ said Teague, ‘as your honour seems determined to go, the sooner we are on our way the better. The people are beginning to gather already, and it is better to be early and see how the wind is likely to blow from the beginning, than be caught all of a sudden in a storm.’

‘Quite true,’ returned the stranger ; ‘I will be ready in five minutes.’ And he ran into the house to prepare.

Ierne took the opportunity during his absence of calling Teague aside.

‘Is there any danger to him in going?’ asked she anxiously.

‘Every danger, Miss,’ was Teague’s reply. ‘And double danger to him above all. No man can go to the pattern and be sure he may not get into a row some how or other, as drunken chaps will always be kicking up a shindy. But the people are not satisfied about him or what he’s doing here at all. Some says he’s an informer, and some says a Government spy, and there’s bad talk going. And faix, if any of those Phœnix chaps comes across him, it will be hard enough to get him out of their hands—especially as Mr. Donald is not over great with them ever since the night at the Priest’s Leap. But sure we must only do the best we can, Miss. He’s a fine young gentleman, able and stout, and it will be hard if we don’t get him out of it some way or other, as I have plenty of the Derreen and Lauragh boys at hand ready to do my bidding.’

Ierne looked pale and anxious, but said, no

more ; and immediately after the stranger appeared ready to start. He bid the ladies adieu, told them gaily he hoped to be home to dinner, and in the meantime requested their kind wishes for his safety.

‘Bedad that’s not a bad shillelagh your honour has anyhow,’ observed Teague, as he took the stranger’s stick and balanced it carefully in his hand. ‘It has hit a stroke or two before now I think. May I ask where your honour got it?’

‘It was given me by a celebrated stick-man from Thurles, down in Tipperary,’ replied the stranger, ‘and you are quite right in supposing it has seen service. He told me it had been in many a faction fight, especially in Borris-o-leigh—a noted place in that country. They say down there that “wherever the devil is in the day, he is sure to pass the night in Borris-o-leigh!”’

‘Bedad they are wild chaps down there sure enough, so far as I hear tell,’ said Teague ; ‘but I believe it’s not trusting to sticks they are in those parts, but they sometimes use the pistol and blunderbuss too, or they are much belied.

‘Quite true, as I hear,’ observed the stranger
‘I am told a man down there should never go

out without arms, though I doubt if they can be required as far as my safety is concerned. I am beginning to think they might be as much wanted in this part of the country now as anywhere.'

'You are not so far wrong there, your honour,' said Teague anxiously. 'And I wish wid all my heart you had something of that kind in your pocket this minute, as I am not 'asy about you, for fear they might say you were an informer, as I told you before; and bedad, it would be hard enough to save you if they once got that notion into their heads.'

'Don't be uneasy on that score,' said the young man firmly. And pulling a revolver out of his pocket, he showed it to Teague loaded and prepared. 'I can't think they will so mistake a stranger who comes amongst them with the best and truest intentions. But should they dare to attack me, you may depend on it five men shall lie on the ground before they kill me or pull me to pieces, as I really believe they would do if they once got it into their heads that I was an informer.'

'Lord be praised!' said Teague, rather frightened than gratified as he looked at a weapon which was seldom seen, and still more

rarely used, in Kerry. 'I hope your honour will be careful how you handle such a thing as that. Five men did you say! Oh bedad! we might bid good bye to the pattern evermore if the likes of *them* were known to be brought into it. The sticks is bad enough, but as for killin' five men at one shot! Lord save us, I hope they won't take you for an informer!'

The young man laughed at Teague's evident dismay at the appearance of the revolver, and replacing it in the inside breast-pocket of his coat, he told Teague to be of good comfort, as he had not the least idea that he should ever be called on to use it. They had now reached Bunaw, by the mountain road which leads to the ill-contrived pier of that name, and it was evident already that something particular was going on near at hand. The pool or lake, as it is called, lies a few hundred yards from the village or hamlet of Bunaw, which consists only of some four or five houses occupied principally by fishermen. Already some low class mummers and dancers might be seen in their quaint outlandish dresses loitering about. 'Thimble-riggers' were also busy with little crowds around each, plying their tricky trade. And numbers of young women and young men were arriving every moment at the scene of the pattern.

A vast number of old and decrepit men and women also came in by degrees. Some walking or limping along on crutches, some in strange boxes on wheels, drawn by dogs, goats, or donkeys ; and others carried on the shoulders of good-natured lusty young men, who volunteered in the cause of charity to bring them to the holy pool. The stranger and Teague walked about looking at these various groups. The stranger was dressed in a plain grey suit of clothes, and as it was the habit of those in the upper classes frequently to come to the pattern for the fun of seeing what was going on, his appearance, though evidently not that of a peasant, excited no particular observation.

By twelve or one o'clock the crowd had immensely increased, and the various groups began to swarm round the edges of the pool, and watch the tufts with the most intense interest. At last, as the crowd increased and pushed forwards towards the edge, one of the tufts was observed to move, when immediately a shout was raised that the tufts were about to swim. In a moment hundreds ran down to the pool. Some waded into the water almost up to their waists, others up to their knees and ankles, and all seemed anxious to wet, at least, their feet ;

whilst crowds around were to be seen on their bare knees on the grass or rocks, with their beads, engaged in prayer. The tufts meantime began absolutely to float, and moved off gradually to the opposite side of the pool!

During this process the excitement was intense, and prayers, ejaculations, and lamentations resounded on all sides. When the tufts had touched the opposite side of the pool, the excitement seemed to subside, and by degrees most of those who had immersed their legs or feet in the water retired, leaving the place open for others who had not been fortunate enough to get down at the proper time.

It may reasonably be supposed that the whole idea was derived from the Scripture narrative of the angel moving the waters at the pool of Bethesda, when whoever stepped down first after the moving of the waters was healed of whatever disease he had.

At about three o'clock in the afternoon, the whisky, which had been swallowed in large quantities, began to tell, and various parties of men were seen from time to time moving off in knots and gatherings as if discussing or arranging some general plan of action.

‘They are at it now,’ whispered Teague to

his companion. 'They are gathering their faction sure enough. It's time our people were alive also. Tim, my boy, away with you down to where the Derreen and Lauragh men are waiting, and tell them they'll be soon called on, for surely there is mischief brewing.'

Tim Downing ran off to do his mission, whilst Teague still kept an anxious eye on the enemy who had come over from the other side of the bay.

At length one of the party of the O'Gallivans came forward, and standing on a little grassy mound, he addressed the people in a loud voice.

'Boys,' said he, 'we are all here at the pattern, and well we may, and long may the pattern reign! And boys, let me tell ye that everyone has as good a right to be here as every other one. And we, from the other side of the bay, has as good a right to be here as any from this side—for the pattern is open to all—isn't it, boys?'

A murmur of applause ran through the crowd, and 'It is,' 'It is,' was said in short but determined sentences.

'Very well, boys, that's what I says myself. And why would the low-born spalpeens at this side of the water want to deprive us of our

ancient rights and privileges? I say, I dar' them to do it. Here am I, Alphonso O'Gallivan,¹ of Derryquin, of the true breed of the O'Gallivans of Dunkerron, and I dar' any of them low-born Derreen or Lauragh chaps to stop us comin' here; and if they do, let us fight it out this day, for we are ready to meet them, let them be few or many, and to show them what the O'Gallivans of Dunkerron can do.'

There was a cheer when he had done speaking; but silence was immediately restored when Teague O'Hanlon was seen to leap on a high knoll or mound, on the opposite side of the little valley which lay between them, and hold up his hand to show he was about to address them.

'And who dar' tell the O'Gallivans of Dunkerron or any other neighbours, let them live where they may, that they were hindered from comin' to the pattern? Right well ye know that the like was never brought to ye from our side. I tell ye to your teeth, O'Gallivans of Dunkerron, *that* is not what ye are comin' here for this day. Not a bit of it. But I'll tell ye what ye are come for. Your backs are still

¹ Many of the Spanish Christian names are still in use amongst the peasantry on the coast of the Kenmare Bay.

smartin', so they are, with the batin' ye got last pattern but one. And ye are come here this day to revenge it. Aye, and ye'll meet your match this time as ye did afore, and we'll drive ye back again across the water with such a batin' that your nearest relations won't know ye when ye return !'

The Derreen and Lauragh men had been gathering whilst Teague was speaking, and the best men from Glentrasna to Coomeengira were now at his back, and stood listening to their spokesman and leader with angry and determined looks. When he had finished, they gave a loud cheer or rather yell of defiance, and wheeled their sticks over their heads.

But the O'Gallivans were in no wise daunted, and the leader who had at first spoken, suddenly taking off the frieze coat he had hitherto worn, throwing down his stick upon the ground, and exhibiting a strong muscular and active frame clothed only in shirt and trousers, again addressed them.

'Ye spake well, so ye do. Let me see if your deeds are equal to your words. Is there any man among ye dar' wrastle a fall with me—just to make a good beginnin'? Come out there, the best man among ye, and try a fall with me

if ye dar'.' So saying he stood in an attitude of defiance, and stripped his arms above the elbow.

The stranger had stood silently beside Teague during the whole of this extraordinary parley. He saw plainly that both sides were becoming dangerous. But when the leader suddenly laid down his stick and took off his coat, and challenged the best man amongst them to 'wrestle a fall'—as he called it—he whispered to Teague:

'I am pretty well up to that sort of thing, and have often done it before. Let me have a try at him, and see if I don't give him enough to do.'

'Whisht! whisht! man,' said Teague. 'If ye were thrown, as most like ye would be, they would have a big crow over us; and if ye threw him, by the powers I doubt if we could keep them from eatin' you alive, they'd be so mad.'

But Teague's caution was lost upon the stranger, and before he could interfere to prevent him, the young man had stepped forward boldly, and to the astonishment of the crowd and the horror of Teague he said aloud:

'You have challenged the best man on this side the bay to wrestle with you. I have no objection to try a fall if you will, provided fair play is given to both, and that no one interferes between us.'

His lithe and active form, his fair complexion and open brow, and his English accent, which told in a moment that he was a stranger, excited the attention of everyone present; and when he handed his coat to Teague, with a whisper to take special care of what was in it, and stripped his arms for the encounter, a murmur of applause ran through the crowd in admiration of his youth and courage.

‘And who are ye?’ asked the leader of the O’Gallivans, ‘that comes forward on an occasion like this, when so many better men are behind ye?’

‘No matter who I am,’ replied the stranger. ‘You have challenged anyone on this side to wrestle; and here I am for one, and no doubt twenty better men behind me, ready to try a fall with you after I have done. I suppose you don’t go back from your challenge!’

‘Ye shall see that, young man,’ replied Alphonso O’Gallivan, as he stepped down from his mound, and walked into the little valley or grassy hollow between the two contending parties.

The stranger instantly stepped down to meet him, and they stood for a moment looking at each other, each scanning the strong and weak points of his antagonist.

‘Fair play, fair play!’ shouted Teague. ‘Give them plenty of room, and let no man interfere between them. Let no man pass these lines; any man that does, by the powers I’ll break his head with my stick if it was as strong as an iron pot.’ And so saying, he scored out a large circle with his stick upon the grass within which no one was to intrude.

O’Gallivan appeared to be some thirty years of age, strong, firm, and muscular, and nearly six feet high, dark hair and eyes, and brawny neck and arms. The stranger was his equal in height, about eight years younger than his antagonist, light, lithe, and active. But it appeared to most of the bystanders that he had scarcely a chance with O’Gallivan.

After walking round each other for nearly a minute, amidst the breathless silence of the crowd, like two tigers ready to spring, they suddenly closed, and O’Gallivan seizing the young man—one arm round his waist and the other over his shoulder—swung him round and round, the stranger scarcely touching the ground in the evolution, but allowing his antagonist to swing him without the least resistance on his part—till just as O’Gallivan was apparently about to throw him on the ground, the young man

managed to entangle one of his feet between his adversary's legs, and suddenly placing the other firmly under him, he gave O'Gallivan such a jerk as to force him to step back. In doing so, he found his leg caught in that of his opponent, and to the astonishment of every one present, after a desperate effort to recover himself, O'Gallivan fell heavily—almost helplessly—on his back to the ground, his head striking a stone embedded in the hard tramped sod, and the young man falling over him. The fall was so sudden, and his head came with such a shock upon the ground, that O'Gallivan lay completely stunned, whilst the young stranger sprang to his feet and stood over his prostrate foe.

A wild cheer burst from the Derreen men, and as wild a shriek of defiance rent the air from the men of Dunkerron. Sticks were brandished and grasped, and both parties seemed inclined to close in deadly combat, when Teague bounded down into the arena, and before any one had time to raise the prostrate O'Gallivan, he hurried away the stranger into the midst of his own party, telling them to close around him, and to let no one interfere with him, as he had acted like a dashin' gentleman.

'Tear alive!' cried Teague in ecstasy, 'how

did ye manage it at all? By the powers, I never seen a cleaner fall. But they'll go mad about it just now; so boys, mind what ye are about. Don't attack them until they attack ye, and when they do, hit hard and strong, and mind they don't touch the gentleman—mind that above all things, for they will surely go at him first if they can manage to get a stroke at him at all.'

'Never mind me,' said the stranger; 'I am well able to protect myself. Give me my coat, Teague, it contains a friend I would as soon have by me just now.' And so saying he put on his coat and hat, and felt for his revolver to see that it was all right and in its place. Having satisfied himself on that head, he remained coolly watching the heaving and angry crowd, as if he were an indifferent spectator of the scene.

At last a body of five or six young men broke their way out of the surging mass of the O'Gallivans, and walking straight up to where Teague and his party were standing, as it were on the defensive, one of the young men addressed Teague and said:

'O'Gallivan was fairly thrown—we don't deny that; but we are told that him that

threw him is a Government informer and spy. If that be so, give him up to us this minute, and we will show him what the likes of him should get. If he be none of that sort, prove it to us now. Let us know who he is, and we will all go home in peace, and let there be no fight between us to-day, for O'Gallivan's lying senseless still, and we promised not to fight without him.'

'By the powers that's what I dreaded all along,' cried Teague. 'I knew well they would say that; and good right they had, when not one of us can answer their question. Young man,' continued Teague, turning to and addressing the stranger, 'will ye not now say who ye are, and tell them ye are a raal gentleman, or more—as I am sure and sartain ye are; for if ye don't, I fear all I can do won't save ye.'

'We'll fight for ye to the last man,' said one of Teague's supporters who stood behind him, 'and to the last drop of our blood, if ye will only show us you are the right sort and true to Ireland; but if ye have come amongst us as an informer or Government spy, by all that's good ye may take care of yourself, for we will never hit a stroke in your defence.'

'Gentlemen,' said the youthful stranger, put-

ting his hand quietly into his breast-coat pocket, and not showing the least symptom of fear or anxiety, either at the attitude of his opponents or that of his now somewhat doubtful friends—
‘Gentlemen, I came here a stranger to visit Ireland, and see your country for myself. I am no informer, no Government spy. I am an English gentleman, and what right have you to accuse me of being an informer, because I do not choose to tell you my name? I will tell it to no man until I choose myself. I am here alone, but I will not allow myself to be ill-treated. You all saw that I threw my opponent fairly. Is that what a spy or informer would be man enough to do? Let me go in peace. I have always heard that strangers are treated courteously in Ireland. I have not injured you, and I trust and expect that you will not injure me. Should you attempt to do so, I am prepared to defend myself.’

So saying, he took his revolver slowly out of his pocket, cocked it, and stood alone between his enemies and his friends.

There was a momentary pause. Both sides were evidently puzzled how to act—when Teague settled the matter his own way.

‘How dar’ ye come here to touch a guest of

the O'Sulevan, and he stoppin' in his house, eatin' his mate, and drinkin' his liquor? Back wid ye to your own people, ye spalpeens, or by the powers I'll drive ye back myself. Whoop!' cried Teague—spitting in his hand, as an Irishman does when he means real business, and grasping his blackthorn with a gripe of iron. 'Whoop! There's nothing like the first stroke any way!' and springing upon the astonished deputation of the O'Gallivans, he gave the foremost of them such a blow on the head, as cut through hat and hair, and laid him prostrate on the ground in a moment! His companions now dashed at Teague, who defended himself with astonishing skill against such heavy odds, whilst the clatter of sticks in the air was perfectly amazing, and far beyond anything one could suppose to arise from such an unequal combat.

'O'Sulevan aboo!' shouted the Derreen men as they rushed to the fray, each spitting in his hand and grasping his stick firmly, and giving it a shake or two in the air to make sure he had a hold of it in the right place. 'O'Sulevan aboo! here's at ye.'

'Dunkerron aboo!' shouted their opponents. 'The O'Gallivans are the boys was never slack!'

and whirling and grasping their blackthorns—not forgetting the usual necessary precaution—both parties were on the point of engaging in a deadly combat, when a young man galloped up on horseback, dashed in between the opposing forces, and suddenly reining up at the very spot where Teague was still fighting furiously, he cried,

‘What is all this, boys? What madness is this?’ and forcing his horse between Teague and his opponents, he gave Teague a stroke on the head with his stick to keep him quiet, whilst he faced those who were attacking him and whose blood was now thoroughly up.

‘Have done, I tell you—I will have no fighting here. Who struck the first blow?’

‘Teague O’Hanlon did,’ cried one of the O’Gallivans; ‘and we must have blood for blood.’

‘You shall have no blood to-day,’ said the new comer. ‘Here I am, Donald O’Sulevan—and I tell ye there must be no more blood drawn to-day. I will see Teague punished myself as he ought to be, but there shall be no more fighting or there will be more blood spilt than ye think of now. Have done, I say. Has Ireland no enemies to fight against that

you must spill one another's blood!' And coolly drawing out his revolver, he added in a calm but determined voice, 'I will shoot the first man that hits another stroke.'

There was a dead silence—when the stranger, who had not hitherto been perceived by O'Sulevan, came forward, and bowing with grace and dignity in his youthful but manly form, he said: 'I fear, Sir, this is my quarrel. One of the men opposite challenged any of our friends to wrestle with him, and I was unwise enough to take up the glove. I happened by an accident to throw him heavily, and I fear he is hurt, and now his companions are angry, and accuse me of being a spy or informer. I need scarcely say I am not. Our friend Teague here has gallantly taken my part, and a serious fray was on the point of beginning when you arrived just in time. I do hope your presence will prevent bloodshed; and I shall be quite willing to entrust to you, at any time you please, my real name and rank, though I refused to give it to those men who so angrily demanded it.'

'Sir,' replied O'Sulevan, 'your presence may no doubt have aggravated the wild passions of these men who are met here to-day to fight.'

But it is an old and foolish quarrel, and they would probably have fought more or less had you not been here at all. No doubt the false impression under which they lie regarding you has made matters considerably worse. But when they are assured you are no informer, I doubt not they will all go home peaceably enough.' And then raising his voice, he said, 'Boys, you all know me well. And I would hope the O'Gallivans of Dunkerron and their friends will believe me when I say that I am nearly as much a friend to them as I am to my own people here around me. Let there be no fighting here to-day, boys. We may one day have to join and fight for Ireland, and then you will see whether I bid you to hold your hand! I will guarantee this stranger's honesty. He threw your man fairly when challenged. That was a manly and dashing thing of a stranger to do amongst ye. No informer ever did the like. He is my guest, and I will stand by him through thick and thin. Three cheers for Ireland, boys! Hip, hip, hurrah!' and he waved his cap in the air.

'Hip, hip, hurrah!' shouted the Derreen men, and in a moment after the cheer was taken up by their opponents—sticks were

lowered and loosened in their hands, and all seemed about to settle down quietly again.

‘Teague, come along with me,’ said O’Sulevan, ‘and you Derreen boys, either throw your sticks into the lough, or, at least, be content to use them as walking-sticks, and not as weapons. Once more, boys! Three cheers for the O’Gallivans of Derryquin!’

‘Hip, hip, hurrah!’

This last cheer settled the question, and one of the O’Gallivans coming up to O’Sulevan shook his hand warmly.

‘Let us be friends,’ he said. ‘You are right, O’Sulevan. Ireland may yet want all the blood that’s in the veins of her sons to fight for her. But, who is your stranger friend? That he is no spy or informer I well believe. If ye had seen the fall he gave our best man, ye would never forget it! Sure he left him for dead on the ground, and I doubt if he will be the better of it for many a day to come.’

‘I do not know who the stranger is as yet,’ replied O’Sulevan. ‘But I am sure and certain he is a true man—either a friend or an honourable enemy—you may depend your life on what I say for that, for I have it from a sure hand at home, or I would not be here now just as ye were all going to fight.’

‘In troth ye saved a power of blood this day,’ said O’Gallivan. ‘My blessin’ be with ye for it. There’s peace between us and ours now, I suppose?’

‘Undoubtedly,’ said O’Sulevan. ‘Good bye.’

The leaders shook hands heartily, and each led off his men lest any further collision should take place.

‘You seem to understand your countrymen,’ observed the stranger. ‘None but an Irishman could have turned them round as you did in so short a time. I am certainly astonished at the rapidity with which they changed from the fiercest determination to fight, to good feeling and hearty friendship.’

‘What you saw is not uncommon with them,’ returned O’Sulevan. ‘A little firmness and decision, if coming from one whom they have known beforehand to mean what he says, combined with kindness and good humour, rarely fails to bring them round; especially if there be an opportunity of turning their wrath into another channel common to them all; and in Ireland, unhappily, such a course is almost always open.’

‘You mean that of turning their passions against England?’ said the stranger.

‘I do,’ replied O’Sulevan. ‘I will not praise our wisdom in doing so. But I will justify and maintain our right. It is through England we have received all our wrongs, and it is through England we must be righted. Whether it will be by the sword, or the law, God only knows. But at present I see no hope through the law.’

‘And do you see any hope through the sword?’ asked the stranger.

‘That is a question, young man, which I am not bound to answer,’ replied O’Sulevan; ‘and especially so until I know whom I am addressing.’

‘You shall not long be ignorant on that point,’ said the stranger. ‘My name is——’ and he whispered the word to O’Sulevan, so as not to be heard by any of those near him.

‘Do you mean of —— in Tipperary?’ asked O’Sulevan in surprise.

‘Yes,’ said the stranger. ‘The same.’

‘I knew you were no base informer,’ said O’Sulevan, ‘though I confess I did not know who had done me the honour to visit me here.’

‘We are equals,’ said the stranger. ‘Equals in everything, and as such only can I remain for a moment in your house. And we *are* equals, O’Sulevan,’ he continued. ‘The Irish

prince is not less noble than the Norman lord.'

'I know it,' replied O'Sulevan. 'I know it well, and *feel* it. But it is not always acknowledged by your countrymen; and still less so by the Cromwellians and Williamites who have settled like vultures on our lands.'

'We understand each other thoroughly,' said the stranger. 'I leave my secret in your keeping. You are at liberty to divulge it or not, as you please.'

'Better not at present,' observed O'Sulevan. 'You want to see this country for yourself. You can do so better as you are. We are equals and friends, and as such must treat each other as long as you remain. I hope you will stay some time; there are many things in this country which are not devoid of interest.'

'*Everything* interests me here,' replied the stranger earnestly.

The two young men had walked together from the late scene of action to Bunaw. Here they found a seine-boat,¹ with some men idling about; some mending their nets, and some lounging lazily on the pier, talking over the events of the day.

¹ A kind of fishing-boat used in that district.

‘Boys,’ said O’Sulevan, addressing a small knot of these idlers, ‘will you give us a pull home in one of your boats?’

‘With pleasure, your honour,’ replied the men; and instantly getting out the oars, and pushing the boat down the beach to the sea, the crew were at once in their places.

O’Sulevan handed the bridle of his horse to Teague. ‘Take him home carefully, Teague, and mind you don’t get into any new trouble on the way.’

‘Never fear, your honour,’ replied Teague. ‘We are well over this day’s work any way, and we may thank you for that.’

‘Give way, boys!’ said O’Sulevan, addressing the crew of the seine-boat: ‘you shall each of you have a glass on your arrival.’

O’Sulevan took the helm. The stranger sat by his side, and both were silent until they reached the shore at Derreen.

CHAPTER IX.

THE CASTLE OF DUNBOY.

A WEEK had passed by at Derreen. The stranger enjoyed his visit immensely. Everything was so fresh and new to him, so utterly unlike anything he had ever met before—so unconventional, and yet so intellectual and refined, that it charmed him more and more every day. *Everything* interested him at Derreen. Their days were passed in visiting the different places and antiquities around, and their evenings in still more interesting discussions on Irish history, Irish wrongs, Irish rights, and the various phases of Irish character which came out so prominently on numerous occasions during his stay. Old histories were hunted up, and ‘the story of Ireland,’ from the earliest ages to the time when the English first came over, and from that to the present day, were discussed with a fairness and liberality of sentiment on both sides, which withdrew the topics under consideration from the disagreeable field of

argument to that of the most interesting conversation.

On one day they visited the beauties of Blackwater and Dromore, each well worthy of note. On another they wandered over the lovely island of Garinish, or lost themselves in the woods of Derryquin. And on a third they explored the ancient castle of Ardea, once a stronghold of O'Sulevan Beare, the ruins of which still boldly overhang the cliff on the edge of Kenmare Bay. It was to this fatal castle that O'Sulevan went to meet the Spanish envoys when his own castle of Dunboy was invested by Carew, and ultimately blown up and destroyed.

From these interesting expeditions they rarely returned home until after nightfall. Their mornings were spent in reading and drawing, and filling up the sketches made during the preceding day.

Their last visit was a boating excursion to the celebrated rocks called the Cow, Bull, and Calf. These wondrous rocks stand out in the Atlantic, some miles from the Dursey Sound, and present a strange appearance to the beholder. Thousands of sea-birds build there, and wheel and shriek with astonishment as they see a boat approach their dwelling-place. Ierne,

as usual, was the chief promoter of these somewhat dangerous expeditions—dangerous especially in a small open boat; for if a change of weather should come on, and the boat be caught out, even in a half gale of wind, she could scarcely live in such a wild sea as that which runs along that dangerous coast.

‘Well, girls,’ said O’Sulevan, one lovely morning at breakfast, ‘where shall we go this afternoon? I vote for a land expedition. Really those sea exploits of Ierne’s are becoming quite too dangerous and exciting. Do pray, Ierne, name some place of interest on land that we can visit in peace, without the screaming of the sea-birds around us, or the danger of being capsized in a squall.’

‘Well, I will release you from all dangers in our projected expedition to-day,’ replied Ierne. ‘Kathleen and I were proposing to give up our books this morning, and to start early on a visit to Dunboy, the ancient castle of the princes of O’Sulevan Beare. It is one of the most celebrated and interesting spots in all our Irish history. It is at least sixteen miles from this, so we must start early to give us time to examine the ruins.’

‘A capital plan,’ said O’Sulevan. ‘I should

like beyond measure to visit this ancient hold of my forefathers once more, where the most gallant defence ever sustained against the English foe was made. Kathleen shall make herself up in all the ancient lore connected with it before we start. What say you, Sir Stranger? Are you inclined to join the expedition?’

‘I should like it of all things,’ replied the stranger. ‘I have often heard of Dunboy, and, if I recollect aright, of the Spaniards who defended it along with Prince O’Sulevan Beare. There is some terrible story too of an attempt to blow up the castle—besiegers and besieged—with gunpowder. I shall be too glad to hear the details from Kathleen, who is so thoroughly up in Irish historical records.’

‘Done then!’ exclaimed O’Sulevan, rising from the breakfast-table. ‘I will go to the stable, and see how we can best manage to get a conveyance to our ancient possessions.’

The stable at Derreen was not kept in artistic style. The stud consisted of one good horse, for O’Sulevan’s own riding, and a pair of shaggy mountain ponies. These were wonderful little animals, fit to ride over the roughest places in safety, or to go any distance drawing a little open carriage on the road.

The road from Derreen to the bounds of the county of Kerry, a distance of about four or five miles, is very beautiful ; it skirts along the harbour of Kilmakilloge, showing the various points to great advantage. It then crosses over the Collorus ridge, near the old coast-guard station, and from thence to Castletown-Beare-Haven it is fine wild scenery ; the sea and distant mountains to the right, and a rocky and uncultivated country on the left.

After some miles the road suddenly turns to the left, and leaving the sea-coast, passes over a poor-looking promontory, till it eventually terminates in the village of Castletown-Beare-Haven.

Here they put up their carriage and ponies, and having agreed to walk to the ancient castle of Dunboy, a distance of about two miles, the shaggy ponies were allowed to take care of themselves at the inn.

The ancient castle of Dunboy—once so celebrated in history that on hearing of its fall King Philip of Spain countermanded an expedition to Ireland of 15,000 men—is situated on a bold promontory at the mouth of the famous harbour of Beare-Haven. It was the last stronghold in Munster that held out for

King Philip against Elizabeth, and was utterly destroyed by the English under Carew in the year 1602.¹

The visitors wandered over the ancient ruins with interest. O'Sulevan was grave and silent. It was there that nearly 300 years ago his namesake, Donald O'Sulevan, had held high state in the ancient halls of his ancestors. It was there that the last and most gallant defence of Ireland against her cruel queen was made. And as he beheld the ruins, proud even in their

¹ An interesting account of the siege and destruction of Dunboy is to be found in 'Pacata Hibernia,' showing the English side of the question. Mr. Sullivan, in his 'Story of Ireland,' gives a more full detail, showing, as might be expected, something of the Irish feeling on the occasion. *The facts*, however, are not in dispute. The castle of Dunboy, the most important fortress in the south of Ireland, was utterly destroyed by Carew, and its garrison massacred, in the year 1602.

I visited the ruins lately (Nov. 1870). Only a small portion of this once celebrated castle now remains. The outworks must have been extensive, and were made in the star form at present adopted in the fortresses round Paris. The foundation of the projecting points are still plainly visible.

Close to the ruins, Mr. Puxley, the present owner of the lands, has built a splendid modern castle.

A sketch of the ancient castle of Dunboy, previous to its destruction, is to be found in 'Pacata Hibernia.'—W. S. T.

desolation, he could not but feel melancholy and disheartened.

‘Kathleen,’ he said, ‘let us sit down and rest amongst these ruins. You shall tell us something of their former grandeur. What they were in ancient times. How they were defended; how they were lost; and what became of their well-known chieftain and owner, Donald MacDonald O’Sulevan, Prince of Beara.’

The stranger listened with silent respect to the words of young O’Sulevan. They all sat down on the grassy turf inside the walls of the castle, and after some little natural hesitation, Kathleen commenced—

THE STORY OF THE CASTLE OF DUNBOY.

‘It was in the beginning of that most disastrous year to Ireland, 1602, when O’Neil and O’Donel marched with all their forces from the north to relieve Don Juan D’Aquilla and his three thousand Spaniards at Kinsale, hemmed in by Mountjoy and Carew, that Donald MacDonald O’Sulevan Beare, the owner of this castle and the surrounding lands, first determined to join the Irish cause. He was a man of singular abilities—calm, earnest, and cautious; gifted with undaunted courage, the highest

sense of honour, and with a deep attachment to his native country.

‘For a long time he had hesitated to take any step which could compromise him with the English Government, who were now masters of the south of Ireland. He had watched with intense interest the war which was being carried on by O’Neil and O’Donel in the north, but the means of communication in those days were so slow and uncertain, that he felt no confidence in the reports of their repeated successes. But as soon as he knew beyond a doubt that these Irish heroes had actually marched from the far north to the extreme south, with an army of some five thousand men to join the Spaniards at Kinsale, he no longer hesitated, and having once made up his mind, he determined to stake his all upon the national cause.

‘O’Sulevan had much to lose. He was a married man, and his wife and children were around him. He was on good terms with the English, and in a recent dispute with his uncle, Sir Owen O’Sulevan, who had claimed his patrimony as his own, Donald had been allotted, under the English Great Seal, the lordship, castles, and dependencies of Beara. He had

been always averse to a hopeless struggle against the power of England ; and on attaining to the chieftaincy, he had directed his attention to the internal regulation of his territory, and the bettering the condition of his people by the peaceful influences of industry. But when O'Sulevan perceived that the conflict had been developed into a truly national struggle, he never wavered for a moment in deciding what his attitude should be, and he adopted the cause of Ireland.

‘After the disaster of Kinsale, where the Irish forces had been so signally defeated, the three chieftains, O’Neil, O’Donel, and O’Sulevan, separated. But each resolved to do his utmost to repair the misfortune which had occurred. And it was finally agreed between them that O’Neil should march northwards with what forces he could command, that O’Donel should go over to the King of Spain to seek for further help, and that O’Sulevan should retire upon his castle at Dunboy, and endeavour to hold it in the interest of Philip until reinforcements should arrive. On these terms the three chieftains embraced each other and parted.’

‘It happened that one or two of the Spanish ships, filled with soldiers, which had failed to reach Kinsale with the main fleet, put in at

Castlehaven, close to the castle of Dunboy ; and these men were at once placed inside the castle to aid in its defence with all their arms and ammunition. But their general, Don Juan D'Aquilla, being cooped up in Kinsale by the English forces, lost temper and patience, and made proposals to Carew, the Lord President of Munster, to capitulate and surrender Kinsale on certain terms and conditions ; and finally it was agreed that all Spaniards then in Ireland should be allowed to depart in peace, provided they gave up to the English all the castles and fortresses of the Irish chieftains which had been garrisoned by them. This agreement was ratified on January 2, 1602.

‘O’Sulevan heard with dismay and indignation the terms the Spanish general had made. And knowing that a garrison of Spaniards was in his fortress at Dunboy, he pushed rapidly homewards, and appearing before the walls of his castle, demanded admittance. The Spaniards refused to admit him. They had heard of the capitulation which Don Juan had entered into, and though they regretted it, they felt bound to abide by it.

‘But Donald was not so easily repulsed. Taking advantage of his knowledge of the

grounds around the castle, and of a dark and stormy night, he mined his way through the outer wall, and effecting an entrance with a small body of determined men, he surprised and overcame the Spaniards within the fortress. He told them all that had happened, that O'Donel had gone over to the King of Spain for reinforcements, and he gave each of them the option of leaving or remaining to defend the place. A few decided to remain, and were amongst the most devoted defenders of Dunboy at the subsequent siege.

‘O’Sulevan now set about preparing Dunboy for the terrible trial before it. He strengthened the outworks, and laid in provisions and ammunition, and practised his men in every possible means of defence.

‘Carew meantime having got rid of the Spaniards from Kinsale, was desolating all Munster. Women and children were ruthlessly murdered, the corn burnt or destroyed, the people slaughtered where they could be laid hands on, and all provisions for their sustenance laid waste or driven away. A commission was issued by Carew to the Earl of Thomond to lay waste the whole country around Dunboy, and to examine how matters stood at the castle;

and he having reported that O'Sulevan was strengthening himself in his fortress, Carew resolved to march with all his force and reduce this important post. It seems to have been admitted on all hands that Dunboy was not only the one single place in the south-west which now held out against the English, but that it was the most important fortress in the whole south of Ireland; as it commanded the entrance to Beare Haven harbour, where any Spanish ship which came to aid the Irish would in all probability anchor. Carew therefore determined if possible to reduce it. He was warned that it would be a most difficult task, but he was brave as well as obstinate, and he resolved to persevere.

O'Sulevan was well aware of all Carew's designs, and he laid his plans accordingly. He distributed the forces at his command, some five or six hundred fighting men, so as to give unceasing annoyance to the enemy. He placed them on all the passes leading towards Dunboy, and desperately disputed every inch of the wild ground over which Carew was compelled to advance. Carew was at length reinforced by Wilmot, who successfully took a large body of men over Mangerton mountain in the middle

of winter, all the ordinary passes being held by O'Sulevan's friends. By this means Carew's force was raised to some four thousand men ; and having been joined soon after by Sir Owen O'Sulevan's sons, who had turned traitors against their uncle Donald, and were able to afford valuable local information, he resolved to proceed at once to attack the castle of Dunboy.

'Carew planned his attack judiciously. He made the whole army embark on board his fleet at some little distance off. He then landed them on the southern shore of Beare Island, and having marched them in a north-western direction across the island, he found himself with his army directly opposite Dunboy, in a good position and separated only by a narrow inlet of the sea, scarcely a mile in width.

'It need hardly be told with what dismay O'Sulevan beheld this terrible force arrayed against him. Four thousand men well equipped with arms, ammunition, and cannon, were upon the opposite shore. The sea was swept by their fleet, and within the castle he had only one hundred and forty-three men to defend it. But he never wavered or flinched. He knew that if he surrendered he could purchase safety and reward, and undisturbed possession of all his

ancestral dominions, as the English were most anxious to obtain possession of this important fortress. But he nailed his colours to the mast, and calmly determined to die sooner than surrender.

‘Carew made sundry attempts to bribe the Spaniards who were within to revolt and deliver up the place, but they resisted all his offers, though he made them large promises of reward. He then tried to corrupt Richard MacGeoghegan, the high constable of Dunboy; and for that purpose proposed a parley between him and the Earl of Thomond. MacGeoghegan came to the parley, but Thomond failed to make any impression on this brave and honourable man. Finding he could not succeed by corruption, he resolved to attack at once. At first he designed to cross over and land his forces on a smooth strand at Camatrangane, close to Dinish Island. But O’Sulevan had erected a battery at Camatrangane, and had his forces drawn up to meet the invaders on the shore. Carew therefore made a feint, as if to attempt to land there, but he directed the main body of his force to pass quickly over Dinish Island and effect a landing at the eastern end. This they accomplished unopposed. O’Sulevan soon discovered how

ably the enemy had effected their object, but he resolved to give them battle, which he did with such courage and audacity as to astonish Carew. His small force, however, was soon overwhelmed by numbers, so that he was compelled at length to retreat.

‘It was on the night of that severe battle when he had left several of his men dead upon the ground, that a messenger came with news to O’Sulevan that a Spanish vessel had arrived at another of his castles called Ardea, situated across the promontory in the Bay or River of Kenmare. This ship brought letters and envoys from King Philip of Spain, and aid to the Munster chiefs in money, arms, and ammunition—all of which were entrusted to Donald O’Sulevan to distribute. But besides this, and what was far more cheering still, intelligence had arrived that an expedition of some fifteen thousand men was being organised in Spain for immediate embarkation to Ireland! Under these circumstances, it was decided that O’Sulevan himself should proceed at once to Ardea, to meet the envoys, and receive the money, and arrange the important duties conferred on him by these messages from the king. Next morning accordingly, Donald O’Sulevan with all his picked men,

except the one hundred and forty-three left to garrison Dunboy, set out for Ardea castle, whilst MacGeoghegan undertook to defend Dunboy with these devoted heroes during his absence.

‘For eleven days MacGeoghegan fought Dunboy against Carew and his surrounding army of four thousand men. During the whole of that period, night and day, the battle was kept up continuously, until on June 17, the battlements and defences, as well as some parts of the castle itself, were knocked into a ruinous heap by the incessant bombardment of the English batteries. At length, when the walls were nearly shattered to pieces, the garrison offered to surrender if allowed to depart with their arms. But their messenger was instantly hanged by Carew, and the order for the assault given. Although the assailants attacked them in overwhelming numbers, they were resisted with the most desperate bravery. From turret to turret, and in every part of the crumbling ruins, the struggle was maintained throughout the entire day. Thirty of those gallant defenders, knowing the castle could not longer be held, attempted to escape by swimming; but soldiers had been placed outside in boats, who speared and killed them in the water. At length

the surviving portion of the garrison retreated into a cellar, the only access to which was by a winding flight of narrow stone stairs. MacGeoghegan was mortally wounded, his legs having been nearly shot off. Nine barrels of powder had been stored in the cellar, and these he determined to ignite, if the worst came to the worst, and blow up the castle—himself, the besieged, and the besiegers together!

‘Taylor, the next in command who was capable of active service, now offered to surrender if only their lives were spared, if not, he would ignite the powder and send all into eternity. But Carew savagely refused, and as night had come on he set a guard at the door of the cellar, determined to slaughter them all let what would come of the castle. At length the fire of the English became so severe that Taylor was forced to surrender unconditionally. On this being announced some of the English officers went down into the cellar, when to their horror they perceived the wounded MacGeoghegan staggering over with a lighted torch in his hand to throw it on the barrels of gunpowder whose tops had been removed. Captain Power, one of the English officers, caught him in his arms, and in this position the faithful, gallant, and

desperate MacGeoghegan was cloven to death by the swords of the other officers. The remainder of the garrison, nearly sixty men, were then brought out, and every man of them hanged that day, so that not one of the one hundred and forty-three heroic defenders of Dunboy survived.

‘On the next day, Carew laid a train to the barrels of gunpowder in the cellar, and on June 22, 1602, he blew the castle into fragments. It has remained so to the present day.’

‘A most deeply interesting story,’ exclaimed the stranger, as Kathleen concluded her tale. ‘But do tell me what became of O’Sulevan after he went to Ardea to meet the Spanish envoys.’

‘It seems,’ replied Kathleen, ‘that he and the party who accompanied him remained at Ardea until it was too late to attempt to go back to Dunboy. No clear account that I have seen has been given of why he did not attempt to return and aid the gallant band in the castle. But, in the first place, we may fairly suppose that such an attempt would have been utterly useless, as it was now surrounded on all sides by four thousand men commanded by his implacable enemy. And, besides this, large stores of money

and ammunition were entrusted to his care, and he had to see to the distribution of these, and try by these means to raise the surrounding chieftains to arms. He was also in full expectation of the arrival of reinforcements from Spain, and he thought he could be of more service to the cause in being ready to receive the expected Spaniards than cooped up again in the beleaguered fortress of Dunboy. Be this as it may, no one can accuse him of cowardice in not returning. But he never did return, or if he did, it could only have been to gaze on a smoking and blood-stained ruin, where once had stood the proud towers of his ancient line.'

'And what became of him?' asked the stranger. 'Do finish the story of Dunboy by telling what became of its owner.'

'The expected Spanish reinforcements never arrived,' continued Kathleen. 'News spread to Spain that Dunboy had fallen, and the king countermanded the enterprise. On hearing this O'Sulevan took refuge with some four hundred followers in the wild recesses of Glengariffe, where he defied the foe in the then inaccessible woods and rocks of that district. His wife, Lady Aileen, and her infant child, he had already placed under the care of his foster-

brother MacSwiney. And at length he resolved to fight his way through a hostile country to the north of Ireland, where he heard that O'Neil still held out against the English. This feat he accomplished. The story is too long and too wonderful to relate at present, but his wife was preserved at Glengariffe in a cave close to the eagle's nest, and mainly, it is said, by the food which the eagle brought her young ones, and which MacSwiney forced her to share with Lady Aileen and her baby. And here,' concluded Kathleen, 'my melancholy story ends.'

All now rose from their seats; they warmly thanked Kathleen for her 'story of Dunboy,' the more interesting for having been told on the very spot where the transactions occurred; and having returned to Castletown and packed themselves again into the little carriage, they started on their long drive home to Derreen.

CHAPTER X.

ENGLAND AND IRELAND.

THE drive to Derreen was charming. The weather proved to be perfection—one of those soft balmy autumn evenings when all nature seems hushed and at rest. No noise intruded on the stillness of the hour except the hissing sound of the wheels on the sandy road, and the rapid patter of the shaggy little ponies' feet. Sometimes, indeed, a momentary rush could be heard as they rapidly passed some little mountain cascade leaping down the rocks, and sometimes the deep boom of a heavy wave against the shore would make itself audible. But the pervading features of the evening were calmness, silence, and balmy warmth.

The ponies had trotted some six or seven miles before any of the party spoke. The tale of Dunboy had impressed them all more or less with melancholy, and the disposition to silence which so frequently pervades a pleasure party

after the interest of a long summer day's excursion—where, from mutual intelligence, silence will not be mistaken for stupidity—gradually crept over them all.

At length, however, the stranger broke the charm ; and evidently following up the thoughts which had been running in his own mind, he said—

‘It seems to me that the Irish never have forgiven, and almost never can forgive, the English conquest. I cannot understand why this should be. Almost all nations have been at one time or other conquered, but the conquerors have become amalgamated with the original race, and both after a time formed one united nation. The Normans conquered the Saxons ; but though in the beginning they were as bitterly opposed to each other as ever the Irish and English were, yet after a time all settled down, and now these distinctions of race are almost unknown and rarely alluded to, except amongst the ancient families, who, as a matter of pride, delight to trace their origin back to the Norman conquest. But there is no antagonism of races between them, and Saxon and Norman dwell together peacefully. Why should it not be so in Ireland ?’

‘The reason is plain enough,’ replied Donald. ‘It is now eight hundred years¹ since William the Conqueror first came from France and conquered Harold the last of the Saxon kings; whereas, it is only two hundred years since unhappy Ireland was not only conquered but confiscated.² Perhaps in six hundred years hence Ireland also may be at peace! But at all events until this time elapses the parallel will not be complete. The war between the Normans and Saxons raged for many a year after the first invasion. Granting, however, that the Saxon churls (as they were called by the Normans in those days) did not avenge the taking of their lands, and the subjugation of their country as bitterly as the Irish have done—granting that they were more submissive and yielded more readily to their conquerors—are we sure that it showed a nobler or higher spirit than has been shown by the Irish throughout the long and weary war they have waged against their conquerors? That undying love

¹ William the Conqueror fought the battle of Hastings, in which King Harold was slain, on October 14, 1066.—*Hume’s History of England.*

² The confiscations under Cromwell took place chiefly in the year 1660, or from 1658 to 1663.—*Prendergast’s Cromwellian Settlement.*

of country, which is stigmatised by one side as a restless tendency to rebellion, may be deemed by the other to be the noblest spirit of patriotism. The Poles have not been blamed by Europe for their patriotic feelings against Russia, and why should Ireland be blamed because she has never acknowledged the justice of the confiscation of her lands by English adventurers and undertakers, nor their right to exterminate or supersede the native population of the island?

‘But you admit it is now seven hundred years,’ observed the stranger, ‘since Ireland was first invaded by England. Strongbow landed just seven hundred years ago. Henry II. soon after came to Ireland, and you have still in Ireland abundant remains of the ancient Strongbow race. The Geraldines—now Fitzgeralds—the Butlers, the Fitzmaurices, the Le Poers, the Digbys, the De Courcies, the De Vescies, the De Burgos or Burkes (representing the Clanricardes and Mayos of the present day), and numerous other families, are all the descendants of the old Strongbowian conquerors. Surely a period of seven hundred years ought to have enabled their descendants to amalgamate, and live in peace with the native population.’

‘Aye,’ replied Donald. ‘Had there been no other invasions of Ireland since that which took place under Strongbow in the time of Henry II., then indeed there would have been peace, and a thorough amalgamation of the nations. But things in Ireland seem always to run contrary to those in England. Had Henry II. remained in Ireland as her king, and ruled her with justice and mercy as William remained in England and ruled her when he seized her crown, Ireland would have submitted at once, and become a loyal country to her Norman conqueror. She did indeed at once submit, when he came over in person and held his court in Dublin. Almost every Irish chieftain of note came forward and submitted to his sovereignty. His royal progress through Ireland was one scene of triumphant rejoicing amongst the natives. But Henry did not remain long, and those he left behind him to rule in his stead thought of nothing but oppressing the people, seizing their lands, and aggrandising themselves at the expense of the native population. The Norman nobles tried the same in England during the brief period of their king’s absence in the Holy Land at the time of the crusades. Read Sir Walter Scott’s account of the oppres-

sion committed by the Norman nobles on the native Saxons whilst Richard Cœur de Lion was fighting for the Holy Sepulchre, and you will have some faint idea of the English oppression in Ireland, where there was no king whatever to control these haughty warriors.'

'You allude to the novel of "Ivanhoe,"' said the stranger. 'But we must not accept all that is told in that beautiful novel as history.'

'Certainly not,' replied Donald. 'But though the details of the novel may be fiction, yet history acknowledges that he truly describes the feelings of the people, and the oppressive conduct of the Norman nobles of the day. The return of the king to rule his kingdom in person changed all this, and inasmuch as since then a king has ever lived and reigned in England, so no oppression has ever lasted long. The king has stood between the nobles and the people; or when he himself became a tyrant, as King John attempted to do, the nobles and the people combined, and forced him to grant those popular liberties secured by Magna Charta. But in Ireland all this was reversed. Henry II. indeed sent over his profligate son John to rule for a time in Ireland. But he could not have sent a worse or more insulting substitute to a

jealous and sensitive people. He and his insolent young courtiers endeavoured to show their superiority by laughing at the Irish chieftains, pulling their beards in derision, and mocking at their most cherished customs. He was soon driven from the island. Had William the Conqueror acted so towards England's Saxon princes, do you think they would have borne it for a day? Until the crown acted justly, and forced the Norman nobles to treat the native Saxons with kindness, there was no peace in England.'

'Still,' observed the stranger, 'all this was seven hundred years ago. Surely it might long since have been forgotten.'

'And so it would,' replied Donald, 'had not the English taken care to renew their aggressions over and over again. *You must not lose sight of the fact that no English king, or queen, has ever yet ruled in person in Ireland.* But even this the Irish would have borne. You have read Irish history in vain, if you are not aware that at length the old Strongbowians, oppressive and haughty as they were, did at last amalgamate with the Irish people. The great family of the Geraldines became, as everybody knows, "more Irish than the Irish themselves." The

southern or Desmond branch especially, became so wholly Irish, that in the great Desmond rebellion against Elizabeth, the natives adhered to the fortunes of that unhappy earl with an unflinching loyalty, devotion, and love, to which there is scarcely a parallel in history.'

'How came it then,' asked the stranger, 'that all this was changed, and that the love and devotion you describe was afterwards changed into that undying hatred which appears to last to the present day?'

'The change is easily accounted for,' replied Donald. 'For nearly four hundred years after the first English invasion, the religion of the nobles and the people was the same. Whilst this was so, the old oppression was forgiven, and the Geraldines, the Fitzmaurices, the De Burgos, and others held almost undisputed sway over the hearts of the native Irish. Then came the English "Reformation," which however sincere it may have been in Germany under Luther, was certainly brought about by strange devices in England, under the auspices of Henry VIII. I do not mean that the English people were not themselves sincere in their adoption of the Reformation. But what right had either king, lords, or commons of

England to force the Reformation upon Ireland, when we did not believe in the truth, nor understand the language of the new religion? From that day to this our quarrel with England has never ceased. Our Norman nobles, whose violent assumption of our lands had at length been partly forgiven, who had adopted our customs, and made themselves popular with the natives, we could have borne, and we did adhere to them with the truest devotion when they took up the people's cause. But when these Norman nobles turned Protestant to please the Protestant monarch of England, and acquired thereby fresh honours and emoluments; nay, when even some of our most trusted Irish chieftains followed their example, and urged on by the English, became the most terrible persecutors of their countrymen, then and then only was a war proclaimed which has lasted to the present day, and is as fresh at this moment in the hearts of the people as it was three hundred years ago.'

'Then you think it was not so much the confiscations which took place under the old Strongbowian Normans, as the attempt to force the Protestant religion upon Ireland, which has occasioned all this discord?'

‘The two combined,’ replied Donald. ‘We forgave the confiscations of the Geraldines, the Butlers, the Fitzmaurices, and the De Burgos ; and had they only stuck to the people, the people would have stuck to them, and did stick to them most faithfully. But when once they turned traitors to their religion, and made traitors of our Irish chieftains, not from conviction—for these wild chieftains did not affect anything of the sort—then the Irish felt that they were sold, plundered, and deserted, and from that day to this there has been no peace between the races.’

‘It is true,’ observed the stranger, ‘that the Irish had much reason to complain of the conduct of Henry VIII., but so had the English Catholics, and yet all has long since settled down. Many of the great English families, such as the Russells and others, who became enriched by the confiscated lands of the abbeys, are now amongst the most trusted leaders of the people.’

‘True,’ returned Donald. ‘But in England the king had the vast majority of the people on his side. The people changed their religion as well as the king, and therefore they winked at the severities which were committed in the

confiscation of the abbey lands. But in Ireland it was directly the other way. The people did not change, and yet the king acted towards them as if they did. What might have happened had he acted with prudence and judgment towards his Irish subjects, it is now hard to say. Our language was different from theirs. Had he sent over or employed men as pastors who knew our language, who could have conducted what they termed the Reformed services of the Church in Irish, who could have preached in Irish, or spoken to the people in Irish, it is possible that the people might have been drawn away from the ancient faith. But Henry did not take even this much pains. He sent over English clergymen to fill the places and occupy the lands of the beloved pastors of the people. He tried to force upon them at the same time not only a religion, but a language which they knew not, and placed these new teachers, whom no one understood, and who would take no trouble to make themselves understood, into the livings and emoluments of the ancient pastors of the nation. Is it any wonder then, that from that time to this, there has been enmity between the churches, enmity between the races, and

enmity between us and the usurpers of all that man holds dear?’

‘It was certainly most unwise of that monarch, who knew so well how to rule the temper of the English people, to act as he did towards Ireland,’ replied the stranger. ‘I have always thought that had he insisted on the services of the Reformed religion being held in Irish; had he appointed as pastors or teachers of the people those who could preach and teach them the value of the Reformation in a language they could understand, matters would have been very different, and that the people would, *en masse*, have joined their bishops, so many of whom went over, and that Ireland would now be a Protestant nation as well as England.’

‘How that might have been,’ replied Donald, ‘I cannot say. I doubt that the people of Ireland would have changed their religion under any circumstances. But certainly the plan adopted by Henry was exactly that to prevent their doing so. The severities he committed in England were sanctioned by the people, because he replaced a somewhat idle and negligent clergy by earnest pastors, who felt and believed what they preached, and who spoke to and taught the people in a language

they could understand. The clergy he sent to Ireland were anything, in general, but pious men. They were the refuse of England; for few others would come to Ireland, ruled as she then was. They knew not the language, and did not pretend to teach the people. Having thus no flocks to follow them, the clergy soon degenerated into idle and covetous profligates, and became as bad or even worse oppressors of the people than the nobles. Is it any wonder, then, that the people of Ireland, who have always been attached to their religion, should have repudiated these English churchmen, and clung to their beloved Irish and Catholic pastors through every persecution and sorrow?

‘I fear all you have said on that point is only too true,’ observed the stranger.

‘And then how was it followed up,’ continued Donald, ‘by Henry’s successor, Elizabeth? Henry had been hard, but Elizabeth was tenfold worse. If ever a scourge was let loose upon an unfortunate country, that scourge was Elizabeth. Raging with fury that the people still clung to the ancient faith, and covetous of the lands of Ireland as a bait to reward her English favourites, she resolved to exterminate all who would not adopt her

creed. And then commenced a war which is a disgrace to human nature, and a lasting blot upon the English name. No horrors, no atrocities that were ever committed by any one nation upon another have equalled or approached the horrors which Elizabeth committed upon Ireland.¹ English historians are

¹ 'Sir Peter Carew has been seen murdering women and children, and babies that had scarcely left the breast; but Sir Peter Carew was not called on to answer for his conduct, and remained in favour with the deputy. Gilbert, who was left in command at Kilmallock, was illustrating yet more signally the same tendency.'—*Froude's History of England*, vol. x. p. 507.

'Nor was Gilbert a bad man. As times went he passed for a brave and chivalrous gentleman; not the least distinguished in that high band of adventurers who carried the English flag into the western hemisphere,—a founder of colonies, an explorer of unknown seas, a man of science, and, above all, a man of special piety. He regarded himself as dealing rather with savage beasts than with human beings, and when he tracked them to their dens, he strangled the cubs, and rooted out the entire broods.'—*Ibid.*, vol. x. p. 508.

'The Gilbert method of treatment,' says Mr. Froude again, 'has this disadvantage, that it must be carried out to the last extremity, or it ought not to be tried at all. The dead do not come back; and if the mothers and the babies are slaughtered with the men, the race gives no further trouble; but the work must be done thoroughly;

in general unwilling to dwell upon these things. Hume almost ignores them, and talks of the "Irish wars" as if they were like other wars, or in any degree reasonable and just. The Irish people, though generally uninstructed in the details of the horrors which were then committed, still treasure up these wrongs as wrongs which must yet be avenged. It is only of late that the real facts have been brought to light, or at least have been brought prominently before the public. Spenser¹ and other writers

partial and fitful cruelty lays up only a long debt of deserved and ever-deepening hate.'

The work on this occasion happening not to be 'done thoroughly,' Mr. Froude immediately proceeds to explain:—

'In justice to the English soldiers, however, it must be said that it was no fault of theirs if any Irish child of that generation was allowed to live to manhood.'—*Froude*, vol. x. p. 509.

The same historian frankly warns his readers against supposing that such work was exceptional on the part of the English forces. From the language of the official documents before him, he says, 'the inference is but too natural, that work of this kind was the road to preferment, and that this, or something like it, was the ordinary employment of the "Saxon" garrisons in Ireland.'—*Froude*, vol. x. p. 512.

¹ 'The gentle poet' Spenser, who came over to Ireland as Secretary to Lord Grey of Wilton, and wrote his 'View of the State of Ireland' in 1596, having had three thousand

of the day have told of the condition to which the Irish were reduced in these miserable and

acres of land bestowed upon him by Queen Elizabeth in 'the countie of Corke,' where he finished the latter part of his 'Faëry Queene' (afterwards unfortunately lost), thus states his remedy for the ills of Ireland. That large masses of troops should be employed 'to tread down all that standeth before them on foot, and lay on the ground all the stiff-necked people of that land;' he advises also that war should be carried on against them not in summer only, but in winter; 'for then the trees are bare and naked, which use both to clothe and house the kerne; the ground is cold and wet, which useth to be his bedding; the air is sharp and bitter, to blow through his naked sides and legs; the kine are barren and without milk, which useth to be his food, besides being all with calf (for the most part) they will, through much chasing and driving, cast all their calves, and lose their milk, which would relieve him in the next summer.' (*State of Ireland*, pp. 158, &c.) Spenser proceeds to say that 'the end will be very short,' and in proof he describes what he himself had witnessed in 'the late wars of Munster;' 'for notwithstanding that the same was a most rich and plentiful countrey, full of corne and cattle. . . . yet ere one yeare and a halfe they (the Irish) were brought to such wretchednesse as that any stony heart would have rued the same. Out of every corner of the woods and glynnes they came creeping forth upon their hands, for their legges could not bear them; they looked like anatomies of death; they spake like ghosts crying out of their graves; they did eat the dead carrions, happy where they could finde them; yea, and one another soone after, insomuch as the very carcasses they spared not to scrape out of their graves; and if they found a plot of

exterminating wars; but it was only when access was obtained to the State Papers of the period that a full light has been thrown upon these horrors. No one who has not read the reports sent over to Queen Elizabeth by the English deputies and generals of the day, describing the frightful atrocities they committed on the Irish, could possibly believe that such things could have ever been; and for these they were praised and rewarded by Elizabeth.'

'I have read of these,' said the stranger. 'I can neither deny nor justify them.'

'And do you think,' replied Donald, 'that all these are forgotten or forgiven by our people? The English themselves took good care they should not; for no sooner was the Desmond rebellion quenched in the south, and that of the Earls of Tyrone and Tyrconnell in the north, than Elizabeth replaced the owners of these lands by a new English crew of "undertakers!" To them she portioned out the lands which her soldiers had wasted by fire and sword. And

water-cresses or shamrocks, there they flocked as to a feast for the time, yet not able long to continue therewithal; that in short space there were none almost left, and a most populous and plentiful country suddenly left voyde of man and beast.'—*Spenser's State of Ireland*, p. 166.

on these very lands the successors of these "undertakers," as they were then called, remain to the present day. Well might they be named "undertakers," for they undertook the funeral of the Irish race—they undertook no less than to bury the Irish people.'

'And are there many of these families still extant in Munster?' enquired the stranger.

'The lands of Munster are almost all monopolised by them,' replied Donald. 'The vast estates of the Earl of Desmond and of most of his numerous followers were all confiscated at this time, and their lands apportioned to English families by Elizabeth? The Brownes, the Dennys, the Herberts, the Blennerhassets, and numerous others in Kerry; and the Boyles, the St. Legers, the Norrises, the Beechers, and the Bernards in Cork, all came over at this time—noble names, no doubt, though they have risen to their nobility on the ruins of the ancient race. The Boyles are now ennobled, and have become Earls of Cork and Shannon. The St. Legers are now Lords of Doneraile; the Bernards Lords of Bandon; and the Brownes Lords of Kenmare. But though these things are now forgotten or ignored by the great families who have succeeded to those titles and estates,

they are not forgotten by the people, and when talking amongst themselves, the fact of how they came by their lands is still held in keen remembrance by the ancient families of Ireland.'

'Unhappy Ireland!' exclaimed the stranger. 'Can nothing ever save her from herself?'

'Yes,' replied Donald. 'One thing, and one only, can save Ireland—a thorough revision of the Church laws and the land laws, and a *Royal residence*, and a ROYAL RESIDENT IN IT, upon our shores. There is no people in the world with a higher sense of loyalty than the Irish. But as surely as these are denied us, so surely will there be a repeal of the Union, or a fresh rebellion to obtain it. The repealers are fast increasing both in power and influence. If England——'

'Hush!' exclaimed Ierne. 'I hear a strange wild shriek of agony. Listen!'

The shaggy little ponies were trotting briskly along, and having crossed Colurus hill, were running over the beautiful road which skirts the south-western shore of the harbour of Kilmakilloge. They soon approached the bridge over the Glenmore river, close to which Teague O'Hanlon's cottage was situated.

‘Oh, Donald!’ cried Ierne, after listening a few moments in suspense, ‘let us hasten on; I fear something dreadful has happened to Teague or some of his family. Such lamentations as those, and such angry voices, could not be, unless something terrible had occurred.’

Donald and the stranger had ceased speaking, and then they heard through the night air a shriek of such agony and sorrow, mixed with curses and loud angry voices, that he at once put the ponies into a gallop, and in a few moments they were at the scene of action.

Not far from the bridge, on the high road, about one hundred yards from his house, they saw four policemen in charge of Teague O’Hanlon. One walked on each side, whilst two more were close behind him. Teague was manacled and handcuffed, and from the disarranged appearance of his dress, as well as of the clothes of the policemen, it was evident that he had not submitted to be arrested without resistance. Teague’s mother stood upon the road, just under her house, giving vent to the most energetic lamentations, mixed with curses, upon the police who were carrying off her son a prisoner. Her hands were clasped in agony, her long black hair hung loose over her

shoulders, and from her eyes streamed—not tears, but flashes of fiery anger, that might appal even a policeman. Behind her stood Peggy, her adopted child, who took care of her and the house, and between whom and Teague a sincere attachment subsisted. She was quite speechless, her hands clasped, her face as pale as ashes, and a depth of misery on her countenance which might move the hardest heart.

All this was seen at a glance by the party in the little carriage, but they did not stop a moment ; they galloped on to where the policemen were walking away with Teague.

‘What is all this?’ demanded Donald, as soon as he came up with the party. ‘For what crime, and by whose authority, have you arrested my servant?’

The police sergeant touched his cap respectfully, and said, ‘Here, Sir, is the warrant for Teague O’Hanlon’s arrest. You will perceive it comes direct from Dublin Castle, and there can be no mistake about it. He is accused of having been present at a Phoenix meeting, on the night of the — inst. on the Priest’s Leap Mountain, and of having uttered disloyal and treasonable language there ; also of having violently

assaulted one O'Glyn on that occasion, in consequence of the latter having endeavoured to dissuade him from such illegal proceedings.'

'Is it possible I can hear you aright?' said Donald O'Sulevan. 'Please to show me the warrant and the information on which it is grounded.' The policeman handed him the papers, and to his amazement he saw that all was as the policeman stated. And that informations had been distinctly sworn against Teague to that effect.

'This is monstrous!' exclaimed Donald. 'I heard that informers were scattered through the country, but anything so audacious as this I had not dreamed of. There is no help for it, however, Teague; you must submit for the present. I need not say they cannot possibly make good the charge.'

'I fear, Sir,' observed the policeman, 'you are hardly aware of your servant's proceedings for some time past. We have been directed to have our eye upon him, and I think when his case comes to trial you will be surprised at what can be proved against him.'

'Don't mind them blackguards, masther!' exclaimed Teague, his usually placid countenance inflamed with passion and excitement.

‘Sure isn’t it well known they would swear away a man’s life for looking at them? Your honour knows it’s all false. But let them alone, and let them do their best. While it’s only me they has, what matter? And troth if I only got two minutes’ notice before they came upon me, I’d show them it was not so easy to take Teague O’Hanlon. I left my mark on one chap anyway, and if it hadn’t been for that black-guard sergeant that struck me from behind, I’d be a match for the whole of them together. Bad luck to him for that same, I hope he’ll come to grief for it yet.’

‘The prisoner was very violent, Sir,’ observed the sergeant. ‘He struck one of my men in the face, and severely blackened his eye; he tripped up another and threw him on his back in the kitchen; and was struggling violently with a third in the doorway, and was just about slipping off his coat to leave it in his hands and escape, when I was compelled to strike him a severe blow on the back of the head with the butt end of my carbine, which knocked him down. Had I not done so he would surely have got away. I have never come across any man in this country so violent or so difficult to arrest.’

The stranger could scarcely help smiling at the policeman's account of Teague's defence, and from what he had himself seen of him at the pattern he could well believe every word he said.

Whilst this conversation was going on between Donald and the policeman, Mrs. Aileen O'Hanlon had hastened forward, accompanied by Peggy, to the scene; she came up rather breathless just as the sergeant had finished his complaint about her son. She did not stop to gain breath before she poured out a torrent of the most energetic language against the ministers of the law.

'And why wouldn't he be hard to arrest, as ye call it, and why wouldn't he try to save himself from ye all, tyrants that ye are? Sure isn't he his own father's son and his mother's son, and why would he yield to the likes of ye? Oh that I had known ye were comin', and if I wouldn't bate out the brains of every one of ye before ye would ever lay a hand on my own son Teague. Sure isn't he my own son, and, woman as I am, that never yet shed a drop of man's blood, I'd fight for him to the last gasp, aye to the last drop of my own blood that runs in my own veins, sooner than let one of the likes of

ye take him. Oh, masther dear, it's not yet too late! Sure there's enough of ye in it now, and down, I say, down with the police if ye be men!' And so saying, she was on the point of making a rush at the police in charge of Teague, when Peggy, who saw her intention, held her back.

'Mother dear, don't,' said Peggy, sobbing as if her heart would break. 'Don't mother, don't! the gentlemen couldn't interfere now. The police have their warrant sure enough; the masther saw it and was satisfied. God's will be done, mother. Maybe all will go well yet, as he's innocent of the charge against him.'

'But it's *not* God's will, I tell ye, that an innocent man should suffer,' screamed Aileen O'Hanlon. 'I know well enough the crew of informers that's about us. I know well enough they will swear away his young blood for money. I knew they were at this all along, and the masther will have need to mind himself or they will swear away his life too. Oh masther dear, and you, young man, if you have a drop of the right blood in you, help and save us now, and relase my own son Teague, and then—away wid' ye all across the great sea to America while there is time, for surely they'll hang ye

all with false evidence once they get a hould of ye. Sure it's only man to man with two of ye, and I am a match for the other two myself, and we'll bate their brains out if they don't let him go fair and 'asy.'

'Whisht! mother, whisht!' cried Peggy in alarm. 'Don't ye see the police is cocking their guns—is it murder ye want to have on the high road, and there'll surely be murder if ye don't whisht.'

'Silence Aileen,' exclaimed Donald authoritatively, 'we know what a mother's feeling must be on such an occasion. But you must be patient. And you, policemen, do your duty and fear nothing. Not a hand shall be laid on you in the glen. Teague,' he added, 'go quietly with these men. I need not say that, knowing—as no one knows better than I do—you are wholly innocent of the charge, I will not desert you; you may fully depend on that.'

'Oh masther dear,' exclaimed Teague, 'don't think a hap'orth about me; sure all they can do at the worst is to hang me, and no one would miss me barrin' your honour, and my old mother there, and maybe Peggy too would cry a tear now and then. But sure she'd 'asy find another as good as me. But masther dear,

whatever ye do don't be riskin' your own life for the likes of me. If I could have got off from these chaps, well and good; but now that they has me, let me suffer, innocent or guilty, as becomes a man, and never fear I won't disgrace my own foster-brother that was ever and always good and kind to me. And now mother, darlint, go home, and be quiet; and you, Peggy, be a comfort to her while I am away, and may God bless ye both until better times comes round!'

So saying the poor fellow wiped a tear from his check with his manacled hands, and turning to the policemen, told them he was ready to do their bidding.

'Good bye, Teague,' said Donald. 'It won't be long till you hear from me and see me again.'

'Farewell, Teague, for the present,' exclaimed the stranger, and going up to the policeman he placed a five pound Bank of England note in his hand, and was about to speak to him when the policeman suddenly handed it back to him and said—

'Excuse me, Sir, I cannot accept a farthing. I am only doing my duty.'

'I did not mean to offer you money,' replied

the stranger. 'I placed it in your hand for the prisoner's use, that you may give it to him when his hands are loosed. He may want some trifles before his trial, and at all events it will cheer his heart a little to see that others feel for him. I believe him to be perfectly innocent.'

'Your kind intentions shall be reported to my officer, Sir,' said the policeman, 'and the money shall be handed to him on my arrival in Kenmare. No doubt he will give it in due course to the prisoner.'

'Long life to your honour anyhow,' said Teague at parting. 'I always had dependence on ye for good.'

The policemen proceeded on their way, keeping Teague handcuffed, however, and looking at their carbines to see that all were in proper order. They then took the short line up the hill road across the mountains to Kenmare, and they and their prisoner were soon out of sight.

CHAPTER XI.

THE DUEL.

BREAKFAST was no sooner over, on the morning after the occurrence described in the last chapter, than young O'Dempsey appeared at Derreen. O'Dempsey was a scion of an ancient Irish family who once held large possessions in the county of Cork. He still retained a small independent patrimony, and a neat and comfortable house; but the vast proportion of the extensive territory over which his ancestors once held sway had now passed to the Bantry family. He was a tall and good-looking youth with dark hair and eyes, but having at the same time a sinister expression of countenance, which was by no means calculated to impress a stranger in his favour. He was, however, courageous, strong, and active, in the prime of early manhood, and was well known in the country as a man who was not to be insulted with impunity.

‘Glad to see you, O'Dempsey,’ exclaimed

Donald, on seeing his young acquaintance. 'Have you had breakfast? We have scarcely done ours, so I hope you will come in and join us.'

'Thanks, O'Sulevan,' replied the visitor, 'I have breakfasted long since. I hope the ladies are well.'

'They were in the breakfast-room a few moments ago,' replied O'Sulevan, 'and a young friend of mine who is staying here, with them. Come in and allow me to introduce you.'

'Excuse me, O'Sulevan,' said O'Dempsey gravely; 'a rumour has reached me which I can scarcely credit; but it came from such good authority, that I resolved to come over myself and ascertain the facts. Is it true that Teague O'Hanlon has been arrested as a Phoenix man, and on a charge of treason felony?'

'I grieve to say it is quite true,' replied O'Sulevan. 'He was arrested, I may almost say, in my own presence, as I chanced to be on the road at the time, or at least a few minutes after the arrest was made.'

'There was no attempt at a rescue?' enquired O'Dempsey.

'None whatever,' replied Donald. 'Old Aileen O'Hanlon proposed indeed that we should

attack the police and rescue him, and that she herself would be well able for any two of them ! But I need not say that we did not listen for a moment to such a wild suggestion.'

'Was your stranger friend with you at the time of the arrest?' again demanded O'Dempsey.

'He was,' replied Donald, 'as also were my sisters. We were all on our return from an expedition to the old castle of Dunboy, when we chanced to light on the police in the act of carrying off Teague a prisoner. I examined the warrant myself, and it was all perfectly correct. An attempt at a rescue would have been utterly futile, as the police were all armed and equipped, and any struggle might have been attended with the most serious present as well as future consequences.'

'May I ask,' said his visitor, 'have you watched the proceedings of your new friend closely of late? Was he at the pattern the other day, and did he not get into a quarrel there?'

'O'Dempsey,' said Donald calmly, 'I do not understand all these questions. I am not in the habit of being so closely examined without knowing the reason why. You surely do not

mean to insinuate that my friend is otherwise than as he states, or than as I believe ? ’

‘ I know nothing, O’Sulevan, of what he states, or what you believe. But I do know that I am not surprised at Teague’s arrest, and, moreover, should not be much surprised at your own—seeing that you harbour persons in your house in times like these, whom no one knows, and an intimacy with whom may ruin our cause for ever.’

O’Sulevan was about to make an angry reply, when the stranger walked out upon the steps, and confronted O’Dempsey as he stood with Donald on the gravel, before the door.

‘ Gentlemen,’ he said, with grave politeness, ‘ I could not avoid hearing some of the conversation which has just passed between you. I was in the breakfast-room, and the window, as you see, was open. Don’t you think that subjects such as those you have been speaking on should be discussed with greater privacy ? ’

‘ We are accustomed to have none but friends around us here,’ replied O’Dempsey, in a tone scarcely removed from that of insult. ‘ If there be any other than friends to the cause of Ireland here, O’Sulevan will have to answer for it to those who have trusted him.’

‘O’Dempsey,’ returned O’Sulevan haughtily, ‘if you have come here to insult me at my own house, you shall answer for it to me in person. I will ask whom I choose to my house, and neither you nor any other man shall for a moment question my right.’

‘Just so,’ said O’Dempsey with a sneer, ‘just so, and the consequence is, one of our best men has been arrested. Look to yourself, O’Sulevan, that you do not soon follow in the same path.’

‘Gentlemen,’ said the stranger calmly, ‘it is impossible that I can misunderstand the allusions and insinuations which have been conveyed by Mr. O’Dempsey. In plain words—am I to understand that he accuses me of being the cause of Teague’s arrest, and, in short, of being a secret informer or spy?’

‘*Mister* O’Dempsey humbly thanks you for the “quickness of your comprehension,” as Sir Lucius says in the play,’ returned O’Dempsey, laying a stress upon the word ‘*Mister*,’ and bowing low as he spoke. ‘It is plain, at all events, you are not an Irish gentleman, or you would know better how to address the descendant of an Irish prince.’

‘I see this must be my quarrel,’ said the stranger, turning to O’Sulevan. ‘I believe this

gentleman has come here for the sole purpose of insulting me, and that whatever may be his *real* reasons, they are not what he would imply. He cannot believe that I am either an informer or spy. Were he so to consider me, his language and bearing would be very different from what they are. I will not hide from myself that his only object must be a personal quarrel with me. I have never fought a duel, nor do I wish to do so. In Ireland, however, I believe it is considered as a want of courage to refuse to fight. I must confess myself a coward in one sense, that under the present circumstances I have not the courage to baulk O'Dempsey in his fancy. Name a time and place, Sir,' he continued, turning to O'Dempsey, 'and if I can procure a friend to accompany me, or, indeed, whether I can or not, I will be there.'

O'Dempsey bowed profoundly, and then said : 'There is a quiet spot on Sherky Island, on the other side of the bay, and the sooner we are there the better. We shall have light enough at seven o'clock this evening, and we are not likely to be interrupted. Until then, farewell.' And again bowing to O'Sulevan and the stranger, he strode down the approach towards the gate.

‘I cannot allow this,’ said O’Sulevan, after a moment’s pause. ‘He does not know who you are, though I admit he knows his insinuation that you are an informer is all nonsense. I do know who you are, and it would be unjustifiable in me to allow a hostile encounter to take place. The difficulty is how to prevent it, without his having his crow over you as if you were afraid to meet him.’

‘I will relieve you of all difficulty,’ replied the stranger, ‘as I am resolved to meet him. I told my people, when I came over to Ireland, that I wanted to see her in all her phases, both good and bad, for myself; in short, that I would “go in for Ireland,” as the term is, and take my risks for better or worse. I had hoped to be of use both in, and to Ireland, but it would never do to begin my efforts by showing the white feather. I think it is Charles O’Malley who says, “Never quarrel with any man; but if your tailor calls you out, meet him.” I am well aware that this advice is given and accepted by those who have no conscience about duelling, or at least would not admit it if they had; now I both have it, and admit it—and yet I am resolved to meet him. I have my reasons. They may be good or bad, no doubt they are bad;

but were I to state them all, I should not be understood. You, O'Sulevan, must keep entirely clear of this matter; I will not allow of your interference. So now tell me, who can I get to accompany me as my second?'

'This is most serious,' exclaimed O'Sulevan. 'I cannot bear to think of your meeting O'Dempsey. He is a dead shot, and he will certainly kill you if he can. I saw that in his eye when he went away that leaves no doubt in my mind on that score. I will go after him and tell him he is a scoundrel to insult a gentleman in my house, that the quarrel must be mine, and that he shall at least meet me, before he goes out with you. I am as good a shot as he is, and I do not often miss my aim.'

'You shall do no such thing, Donald,' replied the stranger. 'I will go through with this matter myself. Of course I do not mean to hurt him. I would not for a moment have it supposed that the murder of any man ever entered into my mind. But I will meet this affair as I would meet any other danger which I may choose to encounter, when I have a distinct object in view. I am resolved to shrink from no risk, no matter how or from what quarter it may come, whilst I am in Ireland.'

Do not ask me to reason any more upon it—my conscience will get the better of me if I do. So name some friend as soon as possible, that I may make the necessary arrangements. If I did not meet O'Dempsey openly, he would probably take some other steps to put me out of his way, for I plainly see he is determined to get rid of me if he can.'

'There can be no difficulty in procuring a suitable friend,' replied Donald; 'but I am distracted at the thought of your meeting this murderous fellow. Let me meet him first, and then fire away afterwards if you like it.'

'Hush, my friend, it cannot be. His quarrel is solely with me. Were I to allow you to go forward in this matter, he would proclaim me far and near as a coward. *That* I know I am not, but it would not suit my present purposes to be so proclaimed. I believe you Irishmen think it is necessary that a man should graduate in some danger or other, in order to prove himself no coward. It is a foolish notion, but in Rome we must do as the Romans do, and it has happened unfortunately that this is my first opportunity of establishing my character amongst gentlemen. It is all very foolish, and worse than foolish—it is wicked; but I have

not moral courage to resist ; so there is an end of it. We have no time to lose, as O'Dempsey will surely expect me at the place and hour appointed.'

'What must be, must,' said O'Sulevan. 'I confess it goes against my grain, and I should like few things better than winging O'Dempsey myself, as I can't stand his bullying ways. And yet when things are going seriously in other matters, he is sly, and ready enough to put others forward when he ought to take the lead himself. However, I see you are resolved, and as a wilful man must have his way, I will do all I can to help you. I will order out the boat at once, and we will go across the bay to Macquarral. He understands these matters better than anyone, and I am sure will get you as well through it as the case admits of. But how shall we manage about the ladies? This is a point I had not thought of before.'

'I will make the best excuse I can,' said the stranger, 'and the sooner and more suddenly it is done, the better. Let the boat be prepared, and there will be no time for explanations.'

Donald accordingly went to collect the men and give the necessary instructions to have the whale-boat ready within half an hour, whilst

the stranger proceeded to make his apologies to the ladies—

‘I have persuaded Donald to come on an expedition to the other side of the river to-day, and I fear we may not be back until late this evening ; so I hope you will excuse my absence at your usual dinner hour.’

‘Certainly,’ replied Kathleen. ‘But pray may I ask why you and Donald are so selfish as to exclude us from the expedition you propose? Surely we should not be in your way. We don’t care how late we are home.’

‘Well,’ replied the stranger, hesitating, ‘I don’t think it is an expedition exactly suited to ladies. We are going to take a long and rather fatiguing walk to the Reeks, to see a friend of Donald’s to whom he promised to introduce me, and the journey may be through moss and moor, and perhaps sometimes on mountain ponies ; I fear it would be quite too fatiguing for ladies, so I hope you will excuse us to-day.’

‘I see you are resolved not to have us,’ replied Kathleen, laughing, ‘so I will press it no further. Can I provide you with luncheon as usual?’

‘No, thanks,’ said the stranger. ‘We intend

to lunch with Donald's friend in the Reeks, so none will be necessary. I hope to return, but lest any accident should prevent me, allow me to bid you farewell, and to thank you for all your kindness, and the hospitable reception I have met with. I assure you I can never forget it.'

Ierne had stood by, pale and motionless, whilst the stranger was speaking to her sister. At last, as he held out his hand to her, she said—

'Was that young O'Dempsey I saw here this morning?'

'Yes,' replied the stranger. 'I believe that was the young man's name. He came over about some business to Donald, but I only saw him for a few moments.'

'And did anything particular pass between you and O'Dempsey during those few moments that you talk of?' enquired Ierne.

'I cannot deny that there did,' replied the stranger, 'but nothing, I assure you, in which you or any of yours could possibly be concerned. There are unfortunately grave matters at present under consideration in this country, as doubtless you know, which are hardly suitable for ladies to enter into—but I hear Donald

calling me. Excuse me, Ierne, Donald I know is in a hurry, and I must not keep him waiting. I trust we shall meet again this evening.'

Ierne looked at him steadily, but finding no clue to unravel the mystery, she simply said—

'I will walk down with you to the beach if you will permit me. I suppose I shall be no intruder so far?'

'None in the least,' replied the stranger; 'I shall be delighted to have the pleasure of your company.'

Ierne proceeded to accompany him to the boat. She took with her neither hat nor cloak, but walked down beside him uncovered as she was. As soon as they were out of hearing, she said in a low but slightly tremulous voice:

'Stranger, you have kept your secret, and I do not ask you to reveal it. But I have seen enough of the world to know that you are not one of those who move in the middle ranks of life. You belong to the highest; nay, do not deny it; I know it as certainly as if you had told me so yourself. And now you leave us suddenly, without any explanation whatever. This is not like you; but I think I can supply the missing link. I happened to be in the flower garden when young O'Dempsey went away after

his short interview this morning. I know him well, though I do not, and never did, like him ; but I saw that in his countenance as he passed that boded evil to some one. He is bold, unscrupulous, and revengeful ; and I was satisfied he had left the house with some dark designs upon his mind. Was I not right so far ?

‘I cannot and will not deny it,’ replied the stranger.

‘It struck me at once,’ continued Ierne, ‘that he meditated evil either to you or Donald, and I resolved to be upon the watch to avert it if I could. You may not know’—continued she, hesitating, and showing some slight confusion of manner—‘that O’Dempsey has thought proper to announce himself as an admirer of mine. I feel hurt and indignant at his presumption ; but still he persists, and I am sure you will be generous enough not to misunderstand me’—and again she hesitated—‘if I warn you, that however foolish and absurd such a notion may be on his part, it is not impossible he may seek to fasten a quarrel upon you. May I ask has he done so ?’

The stranger was much embarrassed ; at length, he said, ‘You must excuse me, dear Ierne,’ (it was the first time he had ever

called her 'dear,') 'if I decline to enter further into this matter. You are too acute and quick not to perceive that something has passed between us; it is better you should not enquire more; you could do no good by doing so. Men will sometimes act independent of the best advice from those they most respect and admire. I see Donald at the boat; I had better not keep him waiting'—and he held out his hand to bid her farewell.

Ierne did not take it, but placing herself opposite to him on the path, she said:

'You cannot deny it; you need not attempt to conceal it from me—you are going to fight O'Dempsey; and I, miserable I, am the cause. I know it, because I know O'Dempsey's madness.'

'But,' replied the stranger, 'as you have in some degree gained from me a confession that O'Dempsey has sought a quarrel with me, be assured that he named a totally different reason from what you suppose. He accused me of being an informer and a spy, and insinuated that it was through me Teague O'Hanlon had been arrested. Your name was not once mentioned.'

'Good,' replied Ierne, looking down. 'You have taught me what I should have taught

myself—not to suppose that one so unworthy as I am could possibly be the cause of quarrel between men.’

‘Nay, speak not so, I entreat you,’ replied the stranger. ‘I must confess to you that I knew as well as he did, that jealousy was the real cause of his fastening this quarrel on me, and not any real suspicion of my being a spy. I am most thankful to say your name was never spoken or hinted at. But what could I do? He left me no option, and he would have proclaimed me a coward, and I know not what else, had I shrunk from meeting him. You now know the truth, dear Ierne. But you must let me go. I must keep my promise. I dare not refuse to meet him.’

She made no reply, but pale as ashes accompanied him to the beach.

‘Shove off, men!’ cried Donald, as the stranger leaped into the whale-boat; ‘and now give way, my men, we have not a moment to lose.’

The stranger waved his hand to Ierne, who stood like a statue on the shore. She did not return the salute, but after standing motionless for a few moments, she dropped fainting on the sands.

‘Something has happened to Ierne,’ remarked O’Sulevan. ‘I suspect she guessed what we were about. But I see Kathleen coming down to join her, so it will be all right soon. Pull, my men, lift her out of the water; that’s it, my hearties!’ and steering straight down the harbour and for the opposite side of the bay, he and the stranger sat beside each other in silence, nor did either of them utter a word until they had landed near Lackeen Point, at the bridge over the Blackwater river.

At Blackwater they borrowed a pair of active ponies from a friend of O’Sulevan’s, and mounted on these they made their way rapidly to Lough Brin, then turning to the right they passed over the wild mountain road leading from thence towards the upper lakes of Killarney. Leaving ‘Lady Brandon’s Cottage’ to the right, they rode up the gap of Dunloe by the ‘Madman’s Seat,’ to the Black lake, within some miles of which lay Macquaral’s Castle, which they sought.

The so-called castle was an old square building, erected probably in the twelfth or thirteenth century, and now fitted up with tolerable comfort inside. They found the owner at home, and at once stated the cause of their visit.

The chieftain listened attentively to the end of O'Sulevan's story, and then said :

'Of course there is nothing for it but to fight him. I know O'Dempsey well. He is a first-rate shot, and in constant practice, as he is perpetually shooting at marks with his pistols. I verily believe he sleeps with them under his pillow at night. 'I trust, Sir,' he continued, turning to the stranger, 'that you are a tolerably quick shot. Quickness is everything in such a case, for unless you can wing him before he has time to take aim, I fear you will have a bad chance.'

'Pleasant news for a man who scarcely ever fired a shot out of a pistol in his life,' said the stranger quietly.

'You don't really mean to say so?' exclaimed the chieftain. 'Why, if he kills you it will be rank murder; and that he will kill you, unless you kill or wing him first, is pretty certain. But surely you know how to use the tools? I know not how I can stand by you otherwise.'

'If you will not stand by me I must only go and be shot by myself,' said the stranger. 'I promised to meet him at Sherky Island at

seven o'clock this evening, with or without a friend, and I am resolved to keep my word.'

'Upon my conscience then I am not the man to fail you,' replied the chieftain. 'I suppose you have got barkers of your own?'

'If you mean duelling pistols,' replied the stranger, 'I have nothing of the kind. I am entirely dependent on you for all the necessary equipage.'

'Upon my life this is a very unpleasant affair,' observed the chieftain, 'and it has as much the appearance of waylaying and murder as anything I have seen this many a day past.' Then turning to O'Sulevan, he said, 'May I speak to you apart a bit? To tell you the truth, I don't understand it all.'

O'Sulevan and the chieftain then retired into a deep recess of a window looking out upon a fine view of the Reeks towering in the distance above them.

'What is all this, O'Sulevan? and who is your friend? one might as well bring a sheep to be stuck by a butcher as bring up this poor fellow to face O'Dempsey. He will kill him as sure as fate.'

'I did my utmost to prevent it,' replied O'Sulevan, 'but he would not be hindered by

me. I am bound not to disclose my friend's name, but you may depend on it he is a true-born gentleman. If you can save him by any contrivance which will save his honour at the same time, do, for I am greatly distressed at the whole affair. The quarrel has been thrust upon him by O'Dempsey. I wanted to take it up myself, as I would have no objection to a brush with O'Dempsey, he values himself so much on his shooting, and crows so loud about it; but my friend would not hear of it. He says he must meet him let the consequences be what they may; so I came off to you as the best man I could find to get him through it with credit.'

'Well, my dear fellow, I will stand to him as best I can, but we have no time to lose. I will get out my pony carriage, which will take us all down to Blackwater. Your ponies can remain here for the night as they are tired, and we can take up the boat at Blackwater and be off to Sherky Island before seven. So now come along.'

So saying, he hurried off to get the ponies ready, and to see that the 'barkers,' as he called them, were in good and serviceable order.

No sooner were the party seated in the car-

riage than the chieftain began to give advice to the stranger how to act.

‘Now mind, my young friend, your only chance is to fire quick, and wing him if you can; even should you miss him, a quick fire may be useful to disturb his aim. The best place to hit him will be in the right shoulder or arm. This will prevent him from using it accurately, and will be your best chance; but hit him anywhere you can, for if you don’t he will surely make a bull’s eye of you.’

‘But I really have no quarrel with O’Dempsey,’ replied the stranger. ‘You would not recommend me actually to shoot him, would you, even if I could?’

‘Wouldn’t I?’ replied the chieftain. ‘Nonsense man—*kill him, my dear fellow! Kill him if you can!* You will be doing a public good, in the first place, in getting rid of him, and in the next, it is the only chance you have of your own life.’

‘A pleasant prospect no doubt!’ replied the stranger. ‘Pleasant to play a game in which success is ruin to the winner. I need not say what to the loser!’

‘Egad, that’s not a pleasant view of it,’ said Macquarral, ‘but, I suppose, it can’t be helped.’

In due course the ponies brought the little party safely to Blackwater Bridge, where they found the whale-boat in waiting. They immediately embarked, and making straight down the bay for Sherky Island, they landed on the beach at half-past six o'clock.

'I am glad we are in good time at all events,' said the chieftain. 'I hate a hurry in matters of this kind. Tell your men, O'Sulevan, to keep the boat ready to start at a moment's notice. If anything happens we must run for it, and no better hiding place than in your wild quarters about Hungry Hill and the valley of Glenmore or Coomeengira, until the affair blows over.'

'They shall be ready,' replied O'Sulevan.

They had not waited long when a boat was seen rapidly approaching from the county of Cork side of the bay, and in it two men besides the rowers.

'Here they are,' said the chieftain.

O'Sulevan now retired a short distance to watch the event, whilst the two parties approached each other, bowing formally and distantly. To his surprise, O'Sulevan fancied he saw, hidden in a little creek on the shore, his sister's skiff. But the evening was beginning

to close in, and his interest in the approaching combat was so intense that he did not stay to make further observation.

‘Your servant, gentlemen,’ said the chieftain, bowing again. ‘I presume we all know what we have met for, and the sooner this little business is over, the better for all parties concerned. Ha, MacFinnan! is that you? I am glad to have a gentleman to deal with that knows how to manage a little affair like this.’

‘Upon my word, Macquarral, I think you and I might be better employed than being at this work again. However, we are in for it this time, so we must make the best of it. How many paces shall they fight at?’

‘My man is ready to fight across a handkerchief,’ replied Macquarral, ‘or in a salt-house where the four walls are close together, or anywhere you please, in fact. By all accounts one or other of them must die, and if so, the nearer they are placed and the sooner it is over, the better.’

MacFinnan retired for a moment to consult his principal, and returned immediately, saying that ‘he could not allow such a deadly combat as that. Let it be conducted,’ he said, ‘like gentlemen, and at twelve paces.’

‘I’ll not consent to that distance,’ replied the

chieftain. 'I'll not put my man up at all at twelve paces. If you won't fight across a handkerchief, let it be at eight paces. If your man's afraid of that, let him go home.'

'My man can see as well at eight paces as at twelve,' replied MacFinnan. 'Let us proceed to business.'

'He is evidently nervous at the closeness of the shot,' whispered the chieftain to his young friend, as he handed him his pistol. 'We have agreed that both should hold their pistols down till I give the word "Fire!" then up with it like lightning and slap at his face—it's your only chance. It will frighten him even if you can't hit him, and will disturb his aim.'

The seconds now carefully placed their men so that neither should have any advantage over the other from the nature of the ground, the setting sun, or other cause whatever; and then the chieftain said aloud—

'Are you both ready, gentlemen?'

Each of them answered with a nod. He waited nearly half a minute, all parties being perfectly silent and motionless, and then suddenly said aloud 'Fire!'

Both the young men fired. But so quickly and accurately together that it sounded like one

shot. There was a momentary pause. Each looked at the other, but neither gave any sign of being hurt.

‘Bedad, they both missed!’ exclaimed Mac Finnan, ‘and I am right glad of it, so I am. It would be a murdering pity such a fine pair of young chaps should hurt each other, so it would.’

‘I trust, gentlemen, you are both satisfied,’ said the chieftain, drawing near. ‘You have both stood your shots manfully, and like gentlemen. I can see no reason why this quarrel should proceed further. May I hope you will now shake hands and let us all part in peace? The honour, as well as the courage, of each of you is unquestioned.’

‘I will never shake hands with a spy and informer,’ said O’Dempsey doggedly. ‘If he is not a coward let us have another shot.’

‘Words like these cannot be atoned for but by blood,’ returned the chieftain gravely. ‘But as blood must be shed, the sooner it is drawn the better. My man shall not fight at a greater distance than six paces.’

‘That will be rank murder!’ exclaimed MacFinnan. ‘Nothing short of rank murder.’

‘It *is* murder, no doubt,’ replied the chieftain,

‘but one will have as good a chance as the other. My man was willing to have done altogether, and shake hands; but as he must fight, I will not put him up at a greater distance than what I have named.’

‘Let it be so,’ said O’Dempsey angrily. ‘Measure the ground and give us the pistols.’

These preliminaries were soon accomplished, and again the young men stood opposite to each other, each with his pistol in his hand.

‘It is your turn now, MacFinnan,’ said the chieftain. ‘Give the word, and when you say “Fire!” let them blaze at one another as they like.’

‘Fire!’ said MacFinnan, but so quickly that both combatants were taken by surprise. O’Dempsey hastily raised his pistol and fired, but in his nervousness he pressed the trigger sooner than he intended, and the pistol went off before it was raised to a level. His adversary was seen to turn almost round on one leg, then to stagger a little, but in a moment he resumed his place, and stood steadily, pistol in hand, opposite to O’Dempsey. He had not yet fired.

‘Are you hurt?’ exclaimed the chieftain. ‘I fear you are. I see the blood pouring down your boot.’

‘Only a trifle,’ replied the stranger, ‘a mere flesh wound. Have I still a right to my shot? I have not yet fired.’

‘Certainly,’ replied the chieftain. ‘You have stood your adversary’s shot; it is your turn now. It was agreed that each of you should fire as he chose.’

O’Dempsey became deadly pale, but he neither moved nor spoke. He stood looking fixedly at his foe, evidently expecting that his last moment was come. The stranger slowly raised his pistol, took deliberate aim at the breast of his opponent, and then, saying quietly, ‘O’Dempsey, I never injured you,’ he raised his pistol, and fired the contents in the air.

‘By the powers, it’s all over now any way!’ exclaimed the really kind-hearted MacFinnan, with true joy in his countenance. ‘Bedad, O’Dempsey, you had a narrow escape. The least you may do now is to go up and thank the gentleman, for in troth he might have made a ghost of you, had he liked it.’

‘Sir,’ said O’Dempsey, walking slowly up to the stranger, and making him a formal bow, ‘I have to thank you for my life. I wish you, Sir, a very good evening;’ and again bowing,

he turned on his heel and walked down to his boat.

‘Well, he couldn’t have said much less, any way,’ said the chieftain; ‘but, my dear fellow, are you much hurt? I reckoned so surely that one of you must be killed outright that I never thought of bringing a doctor! You may thank the six paces that you’re alive, any way, for only he was so hurried, as sure as fate he would have put the ball through your head instead of your leg. Strip it up, man, and let us see what damage he has done you.’

The stranger sat down, and on examination it was found that the ball had passed through the calf of his leg and that he was losing blood rapidly.

‘Well, the doctor won’t have much trouble extracting that ball, at all events!’ exclaimed the chieftain, ‘for it has left its mark on both sides as clean as a whistle. But, murder alive! you’re bleeding like a pig: what will I do at all to stop the blood?’

‘If it is not stopped soon,’ said the young man quietly, ‘there won’t be much need of a doctor. I can’t stand such a flow of blood as that. Already I feel getting faint.’

‘Take a pull at my brandy flask, any way,’

said the chieftain, 'and lie down, while I tie my handkerchief tight round it, and run for the boat; we must get you to the mainland as soon as possible, and then send for the doctor.'

'The doctor is here,' said a middle-aged stout-looking gentleman, with a bland and kind countenance, who came up at that moment with O'Sulevan, a little breathed after a quick walk from the other side of the island. 'I have brought lint and bandages, and all that can be required. Let me see the wound;' and, assisted by O'Sulevan and the chieftain, he soon stopped the flow of blood and carefully bound up the limb.

'And now carry him gently down to the boat,' said the doctor. 'And there's another circumstance in it, the little skiff is here too, and he can lie more at ease in her. Put him in her, and I'll warrant he will be gently rowed over.'

To the astonishment of all present, Ierne in her skiff rapidly turned the point of the island as he spoke, and ran her little boat into a creek close to where the party were.

'Everything is prepared,' said the doctor; 'cushions and soft rugs and all. Lay him down gently in it, and then away with him across the

bay to Derreen. We will follow in the whale-boat. And mind,' he added, addressing Ierne, who sat ready leaning on her oars, 'he must not be talkin'—now mind that!'

Ierne nodded assent. The young man was laid down gently in the skiff, on cushions carefully prepared, and the little skiff flew across the bay under the practised hands of its mistress.

The young man lay perfectly still till he was more than half way across. He then said in a low voice,

'Ierne, it was your care that brought the doctor, and all these comforts in your little skiff. If my life is spared, you, and you only, have saved it. I was bleeding to death when the doctor came up and stopped it.'

'Hush!' replied Ierne, resting for a moment on her oars and raising her finger. 'You know you are forbidden to speak. The doctor says that all depends on your being kept quiet; otherwise fever may set in,' and again she raised her finger to caution him.

'Dear Ierne!' he said, 'I owe you more than I can ever repay;' and again he sank back on his pillow.

CHAPTER XII.

THE INVALID.

THE period was now rapidly approaching when Teague's trial was to come on. Numerous arrests had been made, and a special commission had been issued to try all cases connected with the Phoenix conspiracy. Informers had not been wanting, and the Government were well prepared with their cases. But Teague had friends in the mountains of Cork and Kerry of whom the Government little knew. They had, indeed, some vague notion that James Stephens had been seen in the wilds of Hungry Hill, but they had been wholly unable to obtain any accurate information concerning the movements or whereabouts of that remarkable man.

The undying hate entertained by James Stephens to British rule in Ireland was well known to the authorities ; and that he was then in Ireland, and working hard to foment a rebellion, they were equally well aware. He had

been wounded in the leg during Smith O'Brien's mad and futile rebellion, and had been assisted by some of his co-belligerents from the field. It was reported that he had died of his wound ; at all events *he was buried*, and a well-informed authority states that the police were assured *by a person who was there*, that he had 'a very fine funeral!'¹ Shortly after this burial he escaped to France in the disguise of a lady's maid, where he and other Irishmen who felt with him joined a political club, with a view of perfecting themselves in the mysteries of secret organisations in Paris. After some time Stephens returned to his native land, deeming matters were again ripening for a revolt ; and if we may believe the same authority—and there is no reason to doubt it—he was known to have taught French for some time at a ladies' school in Killarney. He had acquired a good knowledge of that language during his residence in Paris, and being able to assume almost any disguise, he readily imposed himself upon those simple ladies. Not long after this we find him earning his bread as a tutor in a respectable family near Dublin. Again, however, his old propensities prevailed, and he wandered towards

¹ Curtis's History of the Royal Irish Constabulary.

the south-west of Ireland, was seen and recognised in Kenmare by more than one of his former associates, and took up his quarters for a time in the wild regions of Hungry Hill, which forms the boundary of the mountains between Cork and Kerry.

It was perfectly well known in the country that James Stephens was there; but he managed his concealment so adroitly, that no one was able to trace him to his hiding place, and the police, misled by frequent false reports, at length almost gave up the pursuit. Stephens, it is needless to say, had heard of Teague's arrest; and immediately made enquiry into the circumstances. He soon found that he had been taken up on a false charge, that the informer on whose testimony he had been arrested was either misled himself, or had wilfully sworn falsely against him; and he resolved, if he could, to rescue him. Stephens, though a rank rebel as ever the soil of Ireland produced, and an intense hater of all English rule, was by no means, in other respects, a bad or cruel man. He was also extremely anxious to gain favour in that quarter, where there were many men of local influence, such as O'Sullivan, O'Dempsey, and others, who, though possessing strong anti-

English feelings, had never openly declared themselves. His own position at this time was very critical. A high price had been set upon his capture; but his wonderful powers of personation and disguise had hitherto baffled all attempts to seize him. At one time he was reported to be in the county of Cork, near the waterfalls, high up upon the mountains and east of Hungry Hill. At another, he was traced to the hamlet of Adrigole, and was known to be living in disguise close to the police-barrack and coast-guard station, and not far from Adrigole parsonage. Again he shifted his quarters, and crossing the Clashduff river, which rises on the Caha mountains, he passed eastward towards Glengariffe, and taking the dress of a cowherd near the hilly region of Barley Lough, he wandered amongst the woods of Glengariffe, and insinuating himself amongst the peasants of that locality, he sowed those seeds of disaffection which he hoped would yet ripen and bear fruit should foreign ships ever anchor in Bantry Bay.

But his favourite place of concealment was at the Kerry side of the Caha mountains, in the deep valley of Glenmore, and in the fairy region of Coomeengira. Few of the peasants knew

that it was indeed James Stephens who was amongst them. Had they done so, they might have been more cautious in listening to him. But his disguises were so numerous, that scarcely any of them were aware that the several preachers of sedition which appeared amongst them, each with a fresh story and fresh reasons why they should rise and resist the English yoke, were in reality one and the same man.

Deep in the midst of the valley of Glenmore lies the dark lake of that name. And less than half way across the lake rises a small rocky island, locally called Illaunatee. On this island may still be seen the walls of a former cottage, which had been built by a gentleman of celebrity at the other side of the bay as a fishing and shooting lodge. This cabin, for it was little more, consisting only of two small rooms, was afterwards occupied by a well-known naval captain, who, having got into difficulties in consequence of becoming security to a friend for debt which he was either unable or unwilling to pay, had taken up his quarters there, and having armed himself against the officers of the law, and arranged scouts who should give him warning if any strangers were seen to approach, he had defied his enemies and baffled them for

many months. It was upon this island, and amongst the ruins of the little cottage that Stephens took shelter during his residence in that locality. And no sooner had he heard of Teague's arrest than with characteristic subtlety he commenced to plan his release.

Whilst Stephens was engaged in this interesting occupation, the Saxon stranger was lying, an invalid, in the hospitable mansion of Derreen. His wound had been severe, and though not absolutely dangerous, yet it was sufficient to render perfect quiet indispensable. The symptoms of fever and inflammation, which had shown themselves at the commencement, were gradually subdued by the judicious treatment of the doctor, so that in a short time the patient could be removed with safety from his bed to the sofa during the daytime. No efforts were spared by the inhabitants of Derreen to render his confinement as little irksome as possible. His mornings were usually occupied in reading, and in talking over various matters of interest with Donald, chiefly relating to Ireland. At luncheon hour the ladies appeared, and from that until the evening was passed in their society. The boat was specially recommended as the best, and, in fact, the only means by

which he could take air and exercise. Nothing could be more delightful than his afternoon excursions in the whale-boat—the only drawback being the absence of the faithful Teague. Donald sometimes accompanied them, but more frequently he was absent on business, so that the care of entertaining their guest fell chiefly on Kathleen and Ierne. Notwithstanding his wound, the young Saxon stranger was forced to confess that he had never before passed so delightful a period.

Kathleen was his chief instructress. She read to him frequently, and delighted him with her knowledge of Irish lore. She compelled him to take an amount of interest in Irish history, Irish feelings, and the romance and poetry of Irish life, which he had never dreamed of before. Gradually, and by degrees, she opened his mind on Irish instincts, and at length made him in some degree understand how it was that agrarian murders were not looked on in Ireland with that horror which they excited amongst Englishmen, whilst all other murders—those fearful and barbarous crimes of social life, which so frequently occur in England—were not only of rare occurrence in Ireland, but when they did occur, were felt

by the people as a national disgrace, and looked upon with the utmost horror and detestation.

His intercourse with Ierne was of a somewhat different character. Sometimes she would take him out in her skiff alone, the stranger being carefully laid on cushions in the little bark, so that his wound should not pain him, and thus they would wander from creek to creek, and from island to island, concerning each of which Ierne had generally some strange legend which she had learned from the simple cottagers around. These she would recount with all the animation and vivacity of her nature. Her little tales of sorrow or of wrong would bring tears or flashes of fire from her eyes as she related them. And then she would take her guitar, and sing her wild Irish songs and melodies, allowing the little skiff to float out to sea with the tide, and back again as the tide flowed in, whilst she and the invalid reclined lazily on cushions at opposite ends of the little boat for many hours together. These were dangerous times for the wounded Saxon stranger.

One evening, hearing a child crying, she landed at Eskadower Point, and there found a little fellow, not six years old, sitting weeping on a projecting rock. His father, he said, was

a poor cottier without any land, living only by fishing, and he had not come home that night as usual when the sun went down, and mother had sent him there to watch for father; but he saw no sign of him, and he was crying bitterly. When asked if his mother was in distress, he said he did not know, but he thought she was, as her last words, as he left the cabin, were, 'God help the poor.' After a little the father's boat was seen approaching, when the little child ceased crying. The fisherman being asked whether he had good success, answered, 'The best of luck, thank God.' And so it was. His boat, in which his eldest boy had accompanied him to sea, was almost filled with mackerel. 'It is a great God-send,' said the man, 'as we had nothing in the house, only God sent us these.'

Ierne told him to bring some to Derreen, and he should be well paid for his trouble. The man went home for help to take his cargo ashore.

'Are there many very poor about here?' asked the stranger.

'We are not so badly off as in other places,' replied Ierne; 'but still we have much poverty around, and as the poor woman said when her

little boy was coming out, "God help the poor." Shall I sing you a little plaintive song, the burden of which shall be those words?'

'By all means,' said the stranger. 'Few of us feel as we ought about the poor.'

Ierne then sang the following ditty, unaccompanied by any instrument.

'The summer days are past and gone,
And dreary winter cometh on,
Stealthy and sure :
God help the poor, infirm and old,
So ill prepared to meet the cold—
God help the poor !

'The sky is dull and overcast,
And hoarsely moans the sullen blast
O'er hill and moor :
The drifting sleet and drizzling rain
Beat drearily on the window pane—
God help the poor !

'God help the weary, shrinking feet,
That trudge along the miry street,
From door to door :
The hesitating forms that stand,
And knock with nervous, timid hand—
God help the poor !

'God help the poor, compell'd to hear
The rude repulse, the heartless sneer :
They must endure
The taunting speech and scornful eye,
That seem to mock their misery—
God help the poor !

‘God help each wretched, shivering form,
That nightly from the pelting storm,
In nook obscure,
Is fain to lay the aching head,
The cold damp earth his only bed—
God help the poor!

‘God pity them; for here below
Hard is their portion—want and woe,
And sorrows more
Than tongue could tell, or pen could write,
Torment them still by day and night,
And dog their steps with cruel spite—
God help the poor!’¹

‘It is a mournful ditty,’ said Ierne, ‘but we should see all these things as they really are, and then only shall we do what we can to relieve them.’

‘Money could do much,’ replied the stranger, ‘sympathy, I believe, would do more; but it is hard to know how to apply either.’

‘Grant me your sympathy then,’ said Ierne, ‘whilst I sing you another lay, taught me by my dear mother when I was a little, little child.’ And taking up her guitar, she sang the following verses to the air of ‘The meeting of the waters.’

¹ See Preface

'There are words which we cherish till life's latest day,
Though the lips that once breathed them are faded away,
And of all these fond phrases, the sweetest to me
Is the Gaelic "Mavourneen acushla machree,"

"Mavourneen, mavourneen, acushla machree."¹

'Words simple and fond, how ye cling round the heart,
Like a halo of Love which can never depart!
Like a dream of my childhood, still ye linger with me,
"Mavourneen, mavourneen, acushla machree,"

"Mavourneen, mavourneen, acushla machree."

'Soft and sad as the music that steals from afar,
When the summer winds sigh 'neath the pale evening
star,

These dear words flow back over life's troubled sea,
"Mavourneen, mavourneen, acushla machree,"

"Mavourneen, mavourneen, acushla machree."

'I recall the blest days that have long pass'd away,
When a mother's soft hand on my youthful head lay;
And a mother's sweet voice, as I sat on her knee,
Would murmur, "Mavourneen, acushla machree,"

"Mavourneen, mavourneen, acushla machree."²

There was silence for a few minutes when
she ceased to sing.

'Why is it, Ierne,' asked the stranger, 'that
you always appear to be so sad?'

'I do not believe that I am sad,' replied
Ierne, 'or at least I do not mean to be so.

¹ 'Acushla machree' is the Irish for 'Darling of my heart.'

² See Preface.

Certainly it is not my natural tendency. But I admit that almost all my songs are sad. The ballad poetry of Ireland is tinged with a deep melancholy. You Saxons may not understand this. But *we* understand it. How could it be otherwise in a conquered country, their conquerors still ruling over them ?

‘Ah, there again,’ observed the stranger, smiling, ‘you fall back upon the old complaint, as if Ireland were not now under equal laws, and had not equal advantages with England. Surely you, Ierne, might at least forget old injuries, even supposing them to have existed, and be content to accept things as they are, and to amalgamate with the Saxon or Norman race who have so long held their own in Ireland.’

‘Personally, I am most willing to forget and forgive all,’ replied Ierne. ‘I have never in my life felt one bitter feeling towards our conquerors. But still, as a people, we cannot but feel we are a conquered race. My fathers were once princes of Beara, and lived in state and magnificence in the ancient castle of Dunboy, which we visited a few days ago. We are now reduced to a few petty townlands, whilst the Saxon or Norman invader holds and enjoys our territory. It is the same over almost all Ire-

land; and not only has our land been taken from us, but our church, and we are compelled to pay a hostile clergy in whose ministrations we do not join.'

'But is it not the landlord that pays it,' said the stranger, 'and the landlords are mainly Protestant? Surely the Catholic tenants have little to complain of in that.'

'I am but a poor controversialist in such matters,' replied Ierne, 'but Donald says it is not the landlord but *the land* that pays it. True that land is now owned by Protestant landlords. *But that is the very thing we complain of.* Our land and our church have been taken from us, and we would wish to get both back again. Nay, we think we have a right to both, and that their recovery will be only a matter of time.'

'A long time, I fear, dear Ierne. But in truth I wish I had studied and could understand these questions better than I do. Even in your hands I feel an ignorant child on such subjects.'

'We must get Kathleen to tell us all about it,' said Ierne. 'She has the whole matter at her fingers' ends, and living as you have done so much with us of late, you ought to know why it is that we feel as we do on these

subjects. Neither can these things be much longer ignored by England. Disaffection is rapidly spreading. I hear a new society has lately sprung up amongst the Irish in America, and that they are doing all that they can to spread it amongst the people here—"Fenians," I believe, they call themselves; but, whatever they are, whether Phoenixmen, Fenians, rebels, Ribbonmen, Whiteboys, or Molly Maguires, it is all one and the same disease breaking out under different forms; all one and the same proof that the church question and the land question must both of them be radically reopened and settled on some firmer basis than at present, or there will be no peace in Ireland. And now,' continued Ierne, 'it is past nine o'clock, and here we are still lingering in the skiff upon the water. It is time to come into tea—my sister will think we are lost.'

'I could willingly remain here all night,' replied the stranger, 'with you for my pilot and instructress.'

On coming into tea they found Donald, who had been absent all the day. He appeared to be much excited, and very uneasy as to the result of Teague's trial. Several informers had offered themselves, he said, to the Government, who

were prepared to swear almost anything ; and as Teague was undoubtedly present at the meeting on the Priests' Leap Mountain, there appeared to be a *prima facie* case against him, and it would be extremely difficult, if not impossible, to prove that he had taken no part in it whatever.

'But surely,' observed the stranger, 'they cannot prove what did not occur ; and if, as you say, Teague merely accompanied you as a looker-on, and if it was you who persuaded the people to return home quietly and leave off drilling and such proceedings, it will be impossible that they can find him guilty.'

'So it would appear at first sight,' replied O'Sulevan. 'But I have been consulting a lawyer about it, and he considers it by no means a clear or safe affair. If the informers swear that Teague *did* take a part in it, and if it be admitted he was there, who will prove that he did *not* take a part on that occasion ? Whoever attempts to prove this must acknowledge that he was present himself, and independent of the danger of such an acknowledgment, his evidence would not weigh much with the judge or jury, as it would at least show his tendencies and sympathies, and the lawyers would press the point that it was nothing more

than one rogue swearing that his companion was honest.'

'I see the difficulty,' observed the stranger. 'Do you see any way out of it?'

'I do not,' replied O'Sulevan. 'There has been some wild talk of a rescue, and the people are much excited about it. But that cannot be thought of; it could end in nothing but violence and bloodshed, and probably be ineffectual after all.'

After tea the conversation again turned upon the position of Ireland with respect to England, and the history and treatment of the former by the latter.

'Englishmen do not seem to know,' said O'Sulevan, 'or if they do know, they seem determined to forget, the unvarying injury and injustice which for centuries past their country has inflicted on the Irish people. Lord Clare stated in his celebrated speech on the Union, that Ireland had been confiscated three times over. I believe he would have stated it more correctly had he said five or six times over. There is nothing like this in the history of the world. You have had your civil wars in England; you have put down one king and set up another; you have had your bitter wars of succession.

The white rose and the red rose have been the cause of as much strife and bloodshed as many of the wars of Ireland. But there has been one distinguishing feature in all the civil wars of England which has marked them as different from those of Ireland—*they were followed up by no wholesale confiscations ; no universal seizing of the lands of the conquered, and conferring them upon the conquerors.* Not so in Ireland. Independent of the numerous minor confiscations of septs and individuals there have been *five* great national confiscations in Ireland. The first was that of the old Strongbowian race. Strongbow seized upon the province of Leinster for himself and his immediate followers, in pretended right of his wife Eva, daughter of Murrough, King of Leinster. But he was not content with this ; he seized numerous other possessions, and insisted on counting all the Irish as rebels who chose to oppose his pretensions. Henry II. perceived he was growing too powerful in Ireland, and came over to check his greed for land. But he did so, not by restoring to the Irish what had been unjustly taken from them, but by granting the lands of Ireland to other favourites of his own, and thus creating others as

powerful as Strongbow himself. Under Henry II. rose up those several baronial landlords—the Butlers, the De Burghos, the Fitzmaurices, the Le Poers, the De Vescies, the Barrys, the Roches, the De Courceys, and, above all, the Geraldines or Fitzgeralds, who by degrees took possession of a great portion of Ireland; and from their free, open, and generous way of living, became “more Irish than the Irish themselves.”

‘You cannot deny,’ observed the stranger, ‘that these old Strongbowians were a noble race of men.’

‘I do not deny it,’ replied Donald. ‘They were a gallant, free, and noble race of robber gentlemen; and as such they were in general beloved by the Irish, who, in times like those which prevailed seven hundred years ago, were willing to succumb to their gallantry, and to follow their lead in the numerous rebellions they afterwards waged against the power of England. These wild chieftains held their own, and extended their possessions for nearly four hundred years. Such was the first confiscation. Rank robbery no doubt it was, without even a pretence of justice for their claims; but there was one redeeming point—both parties, the con-

querors and the conquered, *professed the same religion*. That great source of anger and discontent—the element of religious discord—was unknown. *The land, and the land only*, was the subject of dispute between them.’

‘I should think that was quite enough,’ observed the stranger. ‘There is nothing men have fought for more strenuously since the world began, from the earliest ages up to the present day, than for the *possession of land*.’

‘Quite true,’ replied O’Sulevan. ‘But when you add to this source of dispute the elements of religious discord, when the conquerors are all of one religion and the conquered of another, and when this difference in religion is made the excuse and justification for exterminating the weaker party from off the face of the earth, and uprooting them from the soil where they had lived for hundreds of years before,—you may then imagine the bitter hatred and resentment which fills the breasts of the conquered race. And such was the history of the Irish wars of Elizabeth. She provoked the people till they rose in rebellion; and when they rebelled, she confiscated their lands and exterminated them with a barbarity that has never been exceeded or equalled in the world. Not

only did she slay and kill without mercy all she could lay hands on—men, women, and children—but where she could not kill with the sword, she laid waste the country, burning and destroying all the food in the district, so that the remnant of the wretched inhabitants died in thousands and hundreds of thousands, of misery, hardship, and starvation ;¹ whilst their lands were portioned out to English under-

¹ 'For it seems certain that the patience of Sidney, and the patience of England generally were worn out; that the Irish were no longer looked upon as subjects of the Crown, to be reclaimed with severity or tenderness, but as having themselves lost their rights as citizens by their turbulence, and as deserving only to be hunted down and destroyed.—*Froude's History of England*, vol. x. pp. 506, 507.

'I slew all those' (writes Gilbert) 'from time to time that did belong to, feed, accompany, or maintain any outlaws or traitors; and after my first summoning of any castle or fort, if they would not presently yield it, I would not afterwards take it of their gift, but won it perforce, how many lives soever it cost, *putting man, woman, and child of them to the sword.*'

'The English nation was shuddering over the atrocities of the Duke of Alva. The children in the nurseries were inflamed to patriotic rage and madness by tales of Spanish tyranny. Yet Alva's bloody sword never touched the young, the defenceless, or those whose sex even dogs can recognise and respect.'—*Froude's History of England*, pp. 507, 508.

takers, who hold them to the present day.¹ This may be called the second great confiscation. Almost half Munster, an immense proportion of Ulster, and portions also of Leinster and Connaught were confiscated by her in this manner.'

'You give a terrible account of Elizabeth in Ireland,' observed the stranger. 'In England "Good Queen Bess" was reckoned not to be a bad queen.'

'I state nothing but the truth,' replied O'Sulevan, 'and you can find it all admitted and acknowledged in the annals of her reign in Ireland; nay, she heaped honours and rewards on those who had committed the greatest atrocities.'² Then came the confiscations of James I. Wherever the heel of Elizabeth had not left its mark with sufficient depth in the north, James took care to plant his foot; and he filled Ulster from one end to the other with his hungry Scotch "undertakers." This he chose to call "The Plantation of Ulster." I believe they have thriven and flourished there since. But James' confiscations were even more extensive than Eliza-

¹ Spenser's View of the State of Ireland, p. 166.

² Froude.

beth's. The ancient people were driven out. The O'Donnells, the O'Neills, the O'Doghertys, the O'Hagans, and the MacGuires, the ancient lords and princes of Ireland, and have been replaced by "undertakers" from Scotland and England, who now hold and enjoy the lands where once these princes ruled in regal dignity as chiefs of their several septs. This may be called the third great national confiscation which has taken place in Ireland.'

'You are bringing a terrible indictment against England,' observed the stranger.

'I am,' replied O'Sulevan; 'but it is all capable of proof from the most undoubted authorities, the State Papers of the time of Elizabeth and James. Then came the worst and most barbarous confiscation of all, that of the terrible enemy of the Irish race—Oliver Cromwell. The barbarities of Elizabeth were eclipsed by Cromwell, whilst his operations were far more extensive; yet, bad as Cromwell was, and terrible and extensive as were his confiscations, I verily believe he was not half so bad at heart as Elizabeth. Cromwell was himself a great soldier, and those who have studied his character most carefully, have arrived at the conclusion that he was a great hero in his way. He

fought for and he won freedom of religion in England; but in Ireland he was a fearful avenger. He fancied himself a second Joshua, bound to exterminate and root out the ancient inhabitants of the land; to smite them hip and thigh with the edge of the sword, as Joshua was commanded to smite the ancient inhabitants of Canaan when God gave the land of that country as a possession to the children of Israel. The native Irish and the Catholic religion were to Cromwell what the Hivites and the Hittites, the Perizites, and the Jebuzites, were to Joshua—people fit only to be exterminated—young men and maidens, old men and matrons—and their land taken for a possession. And so he did. The Cromwellian settlement in Ireland was marked by atrocities such as have never been equalled in any other country in the world.¹

‘I fear,’ replied the stranger, ‘that the warmest admirers of Cromwell cannot deny his barbarities, or the extent of his confiscations in Ireland.’

‘And this was only two hundred years ago,’ continued O’Sullivan; ‘two hundred years is a

¹ The Cromwellian Settlement of Ireland, by Prendergast, *passim*.

long time in some matters, but it is short in the history of a nation, or when viewed in the light of landed possessions. There is scarcely an old family in England who cannot trace back their pedigree and the date of their ownership of the land very far beyond two hundred years. They look back with pride upon the antiquity of their possessions, many counting ownership for hundreds of years from the time of the Norman Conquest. And yet these ancient English families think it unreasonable in us—a nation who can trace back our pedigrees and the antiquity of our race to a time more remote than any other on the face of the earth except the Jews¹—if we pine for the lands which were so unjustly wrested from us only six or seven generations ago. I tell you that the confiscations of Cromwell, and the “adventurers” to whom he gave the lands, and the animosities created thereby, are all at this moment as fresh in the minds of a people who linger upon the past as my countrymen are so prone to do, as if these atrocities had only been committed yesterday. This Cromwellian settlement was the fourth great national confiscation, and in this, above all, the bitter element of religious discord was pre-

¹ Keating's History of Ireland, &c.

eminent. The "Papists," as he chose to call all true Catholics, were driven beyond the Shannon, and compelled, as the phrase then was, "to live in hell or Connaught!" Then came the confiscations under William III. They were not so barbarous, perhaps, or so extensive as the others, but they were sufficient to be termed the fifth great national confiscation. Let us take these five barbarous confiscations under which the Irish people have groaned—that under Strongbow, under Elizabeth, under James, under Cromwell, and under William, followed up as they were by the odious penal laws, and then tell me is it any wonder that England and English rule should be hated in Ireland, and that to this day the ancient people, the descendants of the kings and princes of the land, consider they have a perfect moral right to fight for the soil of their fathers; and where they cannot repossess themselves by law, to root out the invaders by violence?'

As O'Sulevan thus spoke, a loud knocking was heard at the hall door, and instant admittance was demanded by a body of police.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE TRIAL.

THE somewhat startling announcement that a body of police were outside the house and required immediate admittance, created no little excitement amongst the inhabitants of Derreen. Donald went at once to the door, and opening it, demanded to know on what authority they acted.

‘Sir,’ replied the sergeant respectfully, ‘we have received information from a sure source that James Stephens entered your house about two hours ago, and that he has not left it since. Here is the warrant for his arrest, and you must excuse me if I think it necessary to search the house, as I have every reason to believe that he is still inside.’

‘Impossible! quite impossible!’ exclaimed O’Sulevan. ‘He could not be here without my knowledge, and certainly neither I nor any of my household have invited him.’

‘Excuse me, Sir,’ said the policeman. ‘But I think it my duty to search the house, and you will attempt to prevent me at your peril.’

‘I shall not attempt to prevent you,’ returned Donald. ‘At the same time I shall think it my duty to make you answerable for this indignity, for such I cannot but consider it.’

At this moment one of the body of police who had been stationed outside by the sergeant to surround and guard the house, with orders to let no one leave it without the strictest scrutiny, came up and informed the sergeant that a country girl had just passed him with a pail of milk on her head; that he had cross-examined the girl, who said she came every evening for the same allowance of milk, which the family were kind enough to grant her for her aged father and mother, and that to make sure of the truth of her story he had actually taken down the pail and examined the contents, which were certainly fresh milk, as he had tasted it himself.

‘As sure as I am alive that’s him!’ exclaimed the sergeant. ‘Why did you not bring the woman before me? I told you to let no one leave the house without my knowledge.’

‘She had left it before we came up,’ said the sub-constable; ‘and really I was ashamed to

arrest a country girl with a pail of milk on her head, and bring her before you as James Stephens.'

'Dolt!' exclaimed the sergeant. 'Which way did she go?'

'Down the wood path,' replied the sub-constable. 'She is not gone two minutes. I can easily overtake her if you wish.'

'Away as fast as you can, you and two others. Let the rest watch the house all round, and let no living soul leave it till my return. Quick! show us the way she went;' and grasping his carbine firmly, he prepared for a race through the wood at night.

The party of police, four in number, now started down the wood path in a long swinging trot. The night was not dark, so that they had no difficulty in keeping up a rapid pace through an old path at the back of the house which led through the copse to the mountain road which runs by Laragh chapel. They had not gone three hundred yards before the foremost policeman came to a full stop.

'What is this?' he exclaimed. 'An empty pail, with the milk all spilt, and there is something white lying in the wood!'

The sergeant dashed at the white object

which he saw lying a few paces from the pathway, and seizing it, he found that it was a *woman's dress!*

'I knew it!' he cried. 'I knew it! The scoundrel has got off again. You dolt! how could you be so stupid? But he cannot have gone far. Disperse through the wood all of you, whilst I run down to the end of the walk and see if he can have got out upon the open mountain. Call on him, if you see him, to stop, and if he don't surrender fire at once. Let us bring him in dead or alive.'

But it was all in vain. The wood was thick and impenetrable, and even if he had gained the open mountain, the ground was so rough and so covered with rocks and precipices and crannies in which a man could easily hide himself, that the sergeant soon felt further pursuit would be useless. A far less adroit man than Stephens could easily escape his pursuers on such a mountain at night-time. The sergeant and his party returned crestfallen and discomfited to Derreen.

He told O'Sulevan all that had happened.

'You amaze me,' returned O'Sulevan. 'I have not the least conception what brought him here—if it was indeed Stephens.'

‘That it was Stephens there can be no doubt,’ said the sergeant. ‘I had received certain information of his being here, and the pail and spilt milk, and woman’s dress thrown aside in the wood, must do away with any question on the subject. You may not be aware, Sir, that information has been given to the Government of a secret plot in which Stephens is the moving spring, and the precise nature of which it would not be proper for me to communicate; but that he has some plan on hand with reference to the coming special commission there is no doubt; one of the prisoners who is to be tried there comes immediately from this part of the country, and it is supposed that Stephens is in communication with his friends. This is the main reason assigned for his hovering about here at present. We have had bad luck this time—we must hope for better next.’

Stephens had indeed been there. He had been in deep consultation with Aileen O’Hanlon, Teague’s mother, and also with Teague’s sweetheart Peggy, and he had boldly ventured up to Derreen in quest of some further information. He hoped also to have had a private interview with the Saxon stranger, under the disguise of a female friend of Peggy’s, that he might be better

able to judge whether it would be well to produce him as a witness at the trial or not.

The special commission was opened with due form and ceremony. Mr. B—— came down in person to prosecute, and he left no stone unturned by which a conviction could be secured. Teague was the first prisoner arraigned, and as he stood in the dock before the judge and heard the indictment which was brought against him, he excited the universal sympathy of the people, most of whom knew perfectly well that, however his feelings might be in favour of the Phoenix cause, he had on this occasion taken no part whatever in the movement.

Mr. B—— opened the case with an able and eloquent statement (he is always able and eloquent) of the nature, objects, and designs of the newly-discovered conspiracy. It was indeed thought by some that he knew far more about it than any of the conspirators themselves; and these men, many of whom were present, were startled and amazed at the extent and depth of their designs, which they had certainly never properly appreciated until they had heard them stated by the able lawyer.

Having laid before the judge, the jury, and the public a lucid statement of the appalling

danger to which the British Constitution was subjected by this conspiracy, and how seriously the connection between Great Britain and Ireland was threatened by these formidable Priest-Leap Phœnicians, Mr. B—— proceeded to state in detail the part which the prisoner had taken in these nefarious doings.

‘The prisoner at the bar,’ continued Mr. B—— ‘if I am instructed aright, was one of the principal movers in this most wicked conspiracy. It will be proved to you that on one occasion he headed a numerous body of what I may call insurgents, inasmuch as they marched in military order to the place of meeting. That he addressed those assembled in most treasonable and inflammatory language, and finally that he assaulted, in a violent and unprovoked manner, a respectable man named O’Glyn, who had gone there with the sole object of dissuading his companion from breaking the laws of the land.’

Teague could contain himself no longer. ‘Be the powers, that’s a big lie!’ he shouted at the top of his voice.

There was a dead silence in court. Mr. B—— changed colour for a moment, but without casting a single glance at the prisoner, keeping his eye firmly fixed upon the judge, he said :

‘My lord, I crave your protection. I need not say that such conduct is most unseemly on the part of the prisoner. He has able counsel employed, who doubtless will do his case full justice. I trust I shall not again be interrupted in the due discharge of my duty.’

‘What made ye tell such a big flat lie then?’ said Teague. ‘Sure if ye had tould the truth I wouldn’t say a word; but are ye to be allowed to tell any lies ye plase to the judge and jury, and I that knows best all about it never to say a word? Troth, that would be quare justice, anyway!’

‘Silence, prisoner!’ said the judge. ‘You shall have full justice done to your case. But you must not interrupt counsel in his statement. If he has been wrongly instructed, or states anything which he cannot afterwards prove, you will have abundant opportunity of rebutting it.’

‘Sure, maybe I’d forget,’ replied Teague, ‘if I didn’t rebut it, as your lordship calls it, when the lie is told to my face.’

There was a titter amounting to a slight laugh in court, but the judge did not reply. He looked angry, but merely said, ‘Proceed with your statement, Mr. B——.’

Mr. B—— resumed, and repeated in the

most circumstantial manner how Teague O'Hanlon, the prisoner at the bar, had come at the head of a large party from Glengariffe to the meeting at the Priest's-Leap Mountain. How he had addressed the multitude there in the most exciting and treasonable language, and how, when opposed, he had challenged a respectable man, named O'Glyn, to fight him, and had grievously and savagely assaulted him.

The amazement of Teague was only exceeded by that of O'Sulevan, who, together with the Saxon, was present in court to hear the trial; and it must be admitted that the gravity and consecutiveness of Mr. B——'s statement began to shake the impression of Teague's innocence, which up to this had been fully maintained in the mind of the Saxon stranger.

O'Sulevan was indignant beyond measure, and he resolved, if necessary for Teague's defence, that he would come forward and tender himself as evidence, confess that he had been there in person, tell all that had happened, and rescue his faithful follower and foster-brother from this most unjust charge—no matter at what risk to himself.

Meantime the trial proceeded. The informer was brought upon the table, and swore point-

blank to all that Mr. B—— had stated. O'Glyn did not appear—under pretext that he was too ill from the effects of the assault—but several witnesses swore that he had returned home that evening savagely beaten, as was supposed by Teague, or by some of his companions.

It was evident that things were going hard against poor Teague. He could not prove an *alibi*, because no doubt he was there on that very night. And he could not prove that he had taken no part in the meeting, for no one who really was there would be willing to confess to his own participation in it. And when a young boy was afterwards produced, who swore that Teague had actually fired at him because he had the audacity to warn him against his illegal proceedings, and had shot him in the head and face—the marks of which he showed to the judge and jury—it was plain that all chance of his acquittal was gone. •

At this stage of the proceedings O'Sulevan could no longer contain himself, but standing up resolutely in the gallery where he had been seated beside the Saxon stranger, he was about to address the judge, and request to be examined on oath, when he felt a strong hand behind

him pull him down on his seat again and whisper in his ear—

‘Hold on. It’s all right. Teague will escape.’

O’Sulevan looked round instantly to see who had interrupted him and whispered those strange words in his ear. Immediately behind him sat a man he did not know, but who looked at him steadily and significantly. He was dressed somewhat in American fashion. He wore a black beard and whiskers of the same colour. Striped trousers, and a dark blue frock coat.

‘*All right,*’ he said again, in a low but determined voice; so that O’Sulevan, lost in amazement, relinquished for a moment his intention of tendering himself as a witness. There was a short pause occasioned by the judge and counsel having perceived O’Sulevan stand up as if to address the court, and suddenly sit down again, and the counsel for the prisoner was about to commence his speech in his defence, when poor Teague, whose eyes had also been turned in the direction where O’Sulevan and the Saxon stranger sat, exclaimed,

‘There’s a high and noble gentleman sitting up there who knows that all is false which has been sworn against me, if he would only come

forward and say so. Oh sir! won't you pity poor Teague, and come down and tell the judge and jury that all these villains has sworn against me is every bit of it lies?'

The Saxon stranger immediately rose on being thus appealed to, and addressing the judge, said, that he was well acquainted with the prisoner, and that he firmly believed in his innocence.

'This is somewhat irregular, Sir,' replied the judge, 'and your evidence cannot be accepted, unless in the usual legal form: you must be sworn; but if you can say anything in the prisoner's favour you had better come forward at the proper time on the witness table.'

'Oh! your honour,' exclaimed Teague in a supplicating tone, 'won't you come down and see fair play to a poor boy, and them informers swearing his life away?'

'I will most gladly say all I can in your favour,' said the stranger.

When the prisoner's counsel had concluded a most able and touching address, declining to produce any witness except the stranger who had been so unexpectedly called on, the latter left his place in the gallery, and proceeded to the witness table below. He was perfectly

unknown to all but two or three individuals in court ; and it was observed that he leaned on a stick, and appeared to be slightly lame. When he took the book in his hand, preparatory to being sworn, all eyes were riveted upon him. His youthful appearance and open handsome countenance, his aristocratic air, softened by habitual gentleness and refinement, and the perfect frankness of his manner, won almost all hearts in his favour. The clerk of the Crown now addressed him as he gave the small testament into his hand : ‘ You shall true answer make to such questions as may be asked of you in this case, and tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help you God. Kiss the book.’ The stranger kissed the little book, and handed it back to the officer. ‘ Your name, if you please, Sir?’ said the clerk, with pen in hand, as soon as the Saxon was sworn.

The stranger started. Then for the first time he recollected that the name he had intended to keep secret during his visit to Ireland must be disclosed to a crowded court, thus rendering it impossible for him any longer to maintain his *incognito*. He was silent for a few moments.

‘Your name, Sir?’ again said the clerk, a little louder and more peremptory than before.

‘My evidence will not be worth much, I fear,’ said the stranger; ‘but as this poor fellow is so anxious for it, he shall have it. My name is Alexander Fitz-Norman, Earl of Killarney.’

The amazement of everyone in court was unbounded. The name was well known as that of a young nobleman not long come of age, who possessed vast estates in Ireland as well as in England, but who was not yet supposed to have visited his Irish property. And now he was most unexpectedly brought forward to give evidence in favour of a supposed Phoenix traitor! The judge took a pinch of snuff, and then gave a careful look at the young man as he sat quietly on the witness chair. The jury shuffled in their seats, as if they expected some new development of the trial, and the lawyers covered their amazement by a placid smile, as if

‘To the mind that is itself no changes bring surprise.’

Teague was in ecstasies, and being wholly unable to control himself, he shouted out to the jury—

‘Be the powers, ye are all bet now! Ye were going to say I was guilty, so ye were; don’t deny it, ye know ye were; but wait till ye hear

his noble lordship, and then say I'm guilty if ye dar' !'

Teague's counsel now rose to examine this witness in his client's favour.

'Your lordship's name is Alexander Fitz-Norman, Earl of Killarney?'

'It is.'

'Your lorship, I believe, is possessed of considerable estates in Ireland?'

'I am.'

'In Cork, Tipperary, and other counties?'

'Yes.'

'Has your lordship been long in Ireland?'

'No. I have come for the first time since my majority, and have not been more than between two and three months in Ireland.'

'Pray, may I ask where and how your lordship became acquainted with the prisoner?'

'I became acquainted with him at Derreen, the residence of my friend Donald O'Sulevan, at whose house I have been staying for some time past.'

'Will your lordship be good enough to state what you know in the prisoner's favour?'

'I must confess I do not know very much of him personally. He appeared to be a sort of general caretaker or gamekeeper at Derreen,

and was valued and trusted by all the family. He was arrested not very long after I became acquainted with him, but I have many reasons for believing him to be wholly innocent of the charges now brought against him.'

'Can you state anything with reference to the present charge, my lord?' asked the judge. 'Can you show he was not on the Priest's-Leap Mountain on the night in question, or, in fact, give any evidence except that you believe him, as far as your short acquaintance goes, to be an honest man?'

'I must confess,' replied the Earl, 'that I can give no direct testimony concerning the charge in question. I was not at Derreen or in Kerry on the night of the Phoenix meeting, and cannot therefore say whether the prisoner was there or not. I have various reasons for believing him to be wholly innocent of this charge, but I admit they could not be accepted as evidence. All I can say is that I believe him to be a man of excellent character, and most unlikely to engage in any treasonable or unlawful conspiracy.'

Teague's counsel here sat down, evidently much disappointed. But the Earl was not to be so easily let off. Up rose Mr. B——, with that bland and triumphant expression upon his coun-

tenance, as if he wished the audience to understand him as saying internally, 'I have you now, my boy, and if I don't make you show sport it's no matter!' And with this peculiar smile enlightening his countenance and radiating all around, he said in a mild soft voice,

'Your lordship has come for the first time to Ireland since your majority, I believe?'

'Yes,' replied the Earl.

'You are possessed of large estates in Ireland, you say?'

'Yes. I believe they may be considered as large.'

'I suppose there was a grand reception on your arrival, as is usual on such occasions—bonfires, illuminations, and emblazoned addresses from a loyal and grateful tenantry, and all that sort of thing—eh, my lord, was not this so?'

'No, there was nothing of the kind.'

'Nothing of the kind! why not, my lord? Surely your ancestors were always popular in Ireland, and you could not as yet have done anything to deserve the reprobation of your tenantry?'

'Certainly not. But I came over *incog*. I

wished to see Ireland as much as possible as a private individual, and not as a landlord or owner of estates in the country ; and I am very glad I did so, as I have seen much and learned much, which I probably should not have known had I come to Ireland as you describe.'

'Oh ! indeed !' said the lawyer thoughtfully. 'Your lordship has seen and learned much—that's good, certainly. Could you favour the court with any of your experiences in Ireland ?'

The earl was indignantly silent, and did not reply to this question.

'Well, come my lord,' resumed Mr. B—— ; 'I meant no offence. Let us see if we can't come at the facts in some other way. You said, I think, that you have been two or three months in Ireland ?'

'Yes.'

'May I ask where your lordship went first ?'

'To Bantry.'

'To the house of a man of some position, I presume ?'

'Yes.'

'How long did you stay there ?'

'About a fortnight.'

'Where did you go then ?'

'Don't answer that question,' exclaimed

Teague's counsel, leaping up. 'My lord,' said he, addressing the judge, 'I object altogether to this mode of cross-examination. It cannot possibly bear upon the case. All that Lord Killarney has sworn is, that he believes the prisoner to be a man of good character. How can all this ridiculous cross-examination bear on such simple evidence?'

'I beg my learned friend's pardon,' replied Mr. B——. 'I have a perfect right to cross-examine this witness. He has sworn that he has good reason to believe the prisoner innocent of the charge brought against him, and that he is a man of excellent character. I have a perfect right to cross-examine his lordship in order to test his credibility. I have a right to test the credibility of any and every witness, no matter how high his rank may be, and I respectfully maintain my right.'

After much argument on both sides, the judge decided that counsel had a right to test the credibility of a witness by any reasonable course of cross-examination he thought necessary for that purpose. Mr. B—— triumphed accordingly, and proceeded.

'Your lordship stated that you passed a fortnight at Bantry. Where did you go then?'

‘I went to Derreen, the residence of Donald O’Sulevan.’

‘Did they know your real name and title at Bantry?’

‘Yes.’

‘Did you announce yourself at Derreen?’

‘No.’

‘Then you went to Derreen under false colours?’

‘No. I told them I was an Englishman and a stranger, wishing to travel and see Ireland for myself. And as soon as I met Donald O’Sulevan, I told him my real name and rank. But he was the only one of the family to whom I confided it.’

‘Then Teague O’Hanlon, the prisoner at the bar, knew nothing about it?’

‘He did not.’

‘Your lordship must have had great sport there in your *incog*. Pray did you mix much amongst the people?’

‘Not much; but I did as much as I could, and I went to one or two of their gatherings.’

‘Indeed! Was your lordship at a wake, or a pattern, or anything of that kind?’

‘I was at a pattern,’ replied the Earl.

‘Oh, ho!’ continued Mr. B——, resuming his

old triumphant smile, 'then you saw some sport there? Of course you did. May I ask if your lordship entered much into the sports of the people on that interesting occasion?'

'Well, I can't say I entered much into their *sports*,' replied the Earl; 'or at least their pastimes were of rather a peculiar character.'

'Oh, indeed!' said the lawyer. 'Their pastimes were of rather a peculiar character, were they? A little fighting, my lord, now and then? eh, my lord? A little fighting, I suppose? it is generally one of our Irish pastimes; and of course as you came to see Ireland for yourself, and in a perfectly natural state, you could not refuse to lend a hand in such a national sport or pastime?'

'I admit,' replied the Earl, 'that I somewhat unwisely allowed myself to be drawn into a quarrel on that occasion, but it was with perfect good humour on my part at least.'

'*Of course* it was, my lord! Of course it was. All fighting in Ireland is carried on with the most perfect good humour. Paddy is always in a heavenly frame of mind when fighting at a fair or pattern, as the old song says,—

“He meets with a friend, and for love knocks him down.”

And so your lordship entered into this loving mood; and pray may I ask did your lordship knock anyone down in this excess of Irish love?’

‘Well, I can’t say I knocked anyone down, but I certainly threw an opponent upon one occasion at the pattern.’

‘Indeed!’ exclaimed the lawyer. ‘Upon my life, you have had a very lively experience of Ireland, considering how short a time you have been in it. And pray how did it come about that you threw this opponent? We have an expression down in my country of “wrestling a fall:” you don’t mean to say that your lordship “*wrestled a fall*” with anyone at the pattern?’

By this time Mr. B—— had succeeded in getting the whole court—judge, jury, and audience—into roars of laughter, far more by his jocular manner, and sundry winks and hitches of his shoulders, than by anything very witty that he said; but when the question came as to an English nobleman ‘wrestling a fall’ at an Irish pattern, and when he naturally hesitated to confess the fact, the excitement and amusement of the audience was at its height.

‘Well, my lord,’ repeated Mr. B——, ‘am I

to understand that you did, or did not, "wrestle a fall" at the pattern?"

'I must confess that I did,' said the Earl, somewhat ashamed of the proceedings, but still finding it impossible not to join in the laughter which pealed on all sides around him.

'Upon my life, I give your lordship the greatest credit!' said Mr. B——, enjoying the scene immensely, and hitching his shoulders with increased vivacity. 'May I ask do you remember the name of your opponent?'

'I think his name was—O'Gallivan.'

'And his Christian name?'

'Alphonso, I think he called himself,' replied the Earl.

'And from where?' asked Mr. B——.

'I think he came from a place called Dunkerron.'

'A very pretty scene indeed,' exclaimed Mr. B——, with increased delight. 'Alexander Fitz-Norman, Earl of Killarney, wrestling a fall with Alphonso O'Gallivan of Dunkerron! I would have given a pound note myself to see it. Upon my life, gentlemen of the jury, it will be some time before any of us see Ireland as she really is, or in such blooming colours as she has appeared to his lordship in his brief experi-

ence! And pray, my lord, may I venture to ask if it was in wrastling that fall with Alphonso O'Gallivan of Dunkerron, that you hurt your leg; for I observed that you were a little lame, and required assistance to mount the witness table?'

'It was not,' replied the Earl, drawing himself up rather stiffly.

'Oh, indeed!' said the lawyer, his face evidently showing that he thought he had hit upon a new mine of fun. 'And may I humbly ask how the little accident happened that has partially deprived you of the advantage of your limb for the present?'

'I won't answer that question,' replied the Earl.

'Indeed! Then we won't press it. But—*you don't mean to say you were fighting a duel?*' said the lawyer suddenly, in affected surprise.

'I won't tell you whether I was or not,' said the Earl doggedly.

'Oh, ho! dear me!' said Mr. B——. 'Upon—my—word! here's a nice little matter again. His lordship appears to have been "going in for Ireland" in earnest, and I suppose he thought he couldn't understand all her ins and outs until he had fought a duel, and got wounded more—

over, as well as wrastling a fall at the pattern with Alphonso O'Gallivan of Dunkerron. I think, gentlemen of the jury, we may now let his lordship retire. It is for you to consider whether a young nobleman who comes to Ireland on his first visit *incog.*, attends a country pattern, in which he picks up a quarrel and wrestles a fall with an opponent named Alphonso O'Gallivan, and after that does not deny that he has fought a duel in which he is wounded in the leg, is *exactly* the kind of person to give a character for quietness and sobriety of conduct to Teague O'Hanlon, the prisoner at the bar !'

It was plain from the countenances of the jury that the evidence of the last witness, however amusing, had been extremely damaging to Teague, instead of being in his favour, as had been intended ; and all in court saw that Teague had a bad chance of escape. The judge now opened his note-book, and prepared to give his charge ; but he had got no further than 'Gentlemen of the jury,' when the man with the dark whiskers, who had prevented O'Sulevan from addressing the court a little before, now addressed the judge himself, and in a bold, firm voice, said, 'I beg your pardon, my lord, but

I have just received a note for the prisoner, marked "*private*," and which the person who gave it me says will have an important bearing on the trial. Will your lordship allow the crier to hand it to him on his rod?'

'Let him hand it to his counsel,' said the judge. 'It will be far better for the prisoner's interest that it should go to his counsel than to him.'

'My instructions are that it should be handed only to the prisoner himself,' replied the bold stranger. 'Surely under the painful circumstances in which he is placed, your lordship will not object. I pledge myself there is nothing in it but a few words of writing. I am in your lordship's power here, with police all round me. I can be arrested in a moment if there be anything else in the paper, and am content to bear any punishment which may be inflicted, if it be otherwise.'

The judge consulted a few moments with the high sheriff, and then said,

'Crier, hand the letter to the prisoner, but let the gaoler and police near him see that as soon as it is read it be handed here to the high sheriff.'

The stranger had now no option but to hand

the note down; so it was placed in the slit on the end of the crier's white wand, and having been handed over in the first instance to the high sheriff to look at, who carefully felt and examined it, but did not open it, it was then placed in the hands of the prisoner at the bar.

It was a common-looking note enough, and rather dirty, but carefully sealed with red wax, addressed to 'Teague O'Hanlon, Esq.,' and marked '*private*' on one corner. Teague turned the note over and over before opening it, looking at it in every possible form, and then suddenly cast his eyes up to where the dark-whiskered stranger was standing, as if asking him what to do with it. The dark stranger merely opened his mouth, made a motion as if putting something into it, began to chew vigorously, and then made the motion of swallowing. All this was done so rapidly that few saw it or understood what he meant.

Teague again turned his eyes upon the letter, and opening it slowly, and carefully holding it so that no one but himself could see the contents, he read the following words: '*Whenever you hear your mother say, "SURE ISN'T HE MY ONLY SON," leap out of the dock on the left-hand side, and run for your life. Make for*

wherever you see a grey goose feather stuck in any man's cap. All who have this sign are friends.'

Teague carefully read and re-read these words, and then slowly folded the letter up, putting it back into its sealed cover again, as if about to hand it over to the sheriff; but just as the gaoler held out his hand to receive it, Teague suddenly put it into his mouth and swallowed it, whole as it was!

The scene had excited the deepest interest of everyone in court, and all eyes were bent on Teague as he read the words of the letter; so completely were even the policemen absorbed in the proceedings, that they did not perceive that whilst Teague was reading the letter the dark stranger had quietly left the court. No sooner, however, had Teague swallowed the note than the sheriff instantly leaped up, and called out to the police in the gallery to arrest the stranger who had handed it to him. But he was gone! and no one knew anything about him.

The amazement and consternation of the court was considerable. The sheriff especially became alarmed, and ordered double guards of police to be placed immediately around the

dock, as security against a rescue, of which he considered there was some danger.

As soon as the excitement from this strange little episode had subsided, the judge again commenced his charge. It was considered by all to be strong against the prisoner; but he concluded with the usual appeal, that if the jury had any reasonable doubt upon their minds, as to the guilt of the prisoner, they were bound to give him the benefit of it.

The jury retired, and in about a quarter of an hour returned with a verdict of '*Guilty*.'

A sort of little moan, or suppressed expression of pity, ran throughout the court, and then a dead silence ensued. The judge sat still for a moment, as if considering what sentence he should pass upon the prisoner, and was just about to commence to address him, when a rustle and stir was heard at the far end of the court-house, and by degrees an aged woman was led in, leaning on the arm of a stranger. The woman was in deep mourning, and seemed respectable in her manner and address. Her companion, on whose arm she leaned, had light sandy hair, clean shaven face, and a well-formed mouth. But he did not seem to care for himself. His whole attention seemed to be absorbed

in interest for the aged woman whom he conducted slowly through the crowd, until he reached the foot of the witness table, close beside the dock on the right-hand side, and immediately opposite the judge. Behind the aged woman followed a beautiful young girl, plainly but neatly and becomingly dressed, supported by a young man on whose arm she leaned. The crowd made way for this remarkable group of four, and in a very few minutes they stood opposite the judge, all eyes fastened on them.

‘My lord,’ said the stranger, addressing the judge, ‘the widow before you is mother to the prisoner Teague O’Hanlon; she is deeply anxious to say a few words to your lordship before the final sentence of the law is passed. No doubt your lordship will not deny this aged woman such a small favour, considering the unhappy position of her son.’

‘My good woman,’ said the judge, addressing Aileen O’Hanlon, for it was indeed she, ‘you can do your son no service by anything you can say. He has been found guilty by a jury of his countrymen of treasonable conduct, and the law must now take its course.’

‘Oh, my lord,’ cried Aileen, in her high but musical Kerry accent, ‘listen to an aged mother

pleading for her much-loved son. Oh, my lord, what shall I say, or how shall I prove that he is innocent of the charge brought against him? For six-and-twenty years have I known him. He has drank of the milk from my breast; he has lain in my bosom and sat upon my knee, and ever and always he was the best of sons to me. His tongue was always gentle, and his hand was soft and tender as a woman's. Never once did he give me the hard word or the cross look, and he tended his poor old mother as I had tended him when he was a baby. Come forward Peggy, dear,' she continued, turning round and drawing the blushing Peggy in front of the stranger who had at first accompanied her. 'Look, my lord, on this young girl. He was to have been married to her shortly, and I was going to give up my right and title to my little place to them, and pass my few remaining days, cared for and loved by that loving pair. And how is it all to be now? Oh, my lord, spare an aged mother, spare a young girl almost a wife, and spare a tender and loving son so soon about to be a husband, and don't let the false oaths of those terrible informers warp your lordship's mind to believe that my son Teague is guilty.'

She ceased as she said these words, and, truth to say, what between the pleading look of the aged mother, the half-fainting form of the young and beautiful girl, and the simple touching words in which she addressed the judge, there was scarcely a dry eye (except amongst the lawyers) in court.

No sooner had she ceased than the judge again addressed her.

‘My good woman, it is impossible I can yield to an application like this. You have earnestly pleaded your son’s cause, as a mother naturally should ; but you have said nothing to show me that the prisoner is not guilty of the charge brought against him. I request you will leave the court, or I must call on the police to remove you. I am bound to do my duty.’

‘Hold, my lord,’ cried Aileen, in a totally altered voice. ‘Hold ! once more I say, before you pass sentence on an innocent man. My lord, you have a son yourself. What would be *your* feelings if you saw him condemned to death, or what is worse than death, to perpetual servitude, for a crime he had never committed ? You, my lord, and such as you, and all these legal bloodhounds by whom you

are surrounded, have robbed us of our land, have robbed us of our church, have robbed us of our ancient dignity as kings and princes, and have driven us before you as chaff before the wind, as the scum and offscouring of the earth! And are you resolved to rob us of our children too? I see, I plainly see, there is no relenting in your eye. May the curse of Cromwell—the blasted Cromwell—light upon the brain of him who would sentence my son—may his tongue be paralysed as he speaks it, and his hand palsied as he writes it, for “IS HE NOT MY SON, MY ONLY SON!”” As she said these words she gave a loud scream, and fell fainting on the floor!

CHAPTER XIV.

THE ESCAPE.

FEW of those in court had marked the countenance of Teague whilst his mother was thus speaking. But those few who did saw his colour come and go, his teeth clench, and his eye flash fire. He watched every word with the keenest anxiety, and the moment the last words issued from her lips—the SIGNAL WORDS which had been written on the paper—with a single bound he vaulted over the left-hand side of the barrier which enclosed him, dashed to the ground the policeman upon whose head he alighted in his descent, and rushing through the open lane which was suddenly made for him by the crowd, and which as suddenly closed behind him, he found himself surrounded by friends, each with a grey goose feather in his hat. But he did not delay a moment. His newly found adherents led him rapidly through the halls and winding passages of the Court-

house, and finding himself once more free, with the open street before him, and numbers of men with the grey goose feather around him, he dashed down Nelson Street and the Mall, swept like lightning by the market house—a scout with the grey goose feather being still his guide—passed Bridge Street, down High Street, by Strand Street and the Western Villas, until he found himself in the open country, running for his life with the grey goose feather carried high in the air by a young man who bounded like a deer before him. He did not stop a moment in his race. Away through Ballyvelly and Lohercannan, until he reached the strand. Here he found the same man who had led his mother into court sitting alone in a punt or small boat awaiting him. He was in another dress—the third he had worn that day. Casting his eyes for a moment back, he saw that the policeman whom he had overturned in his descent from the dock was now close behind him.

‘Jump in,’ cried the man in the punt, ‘jump in for your life, and if that Peeler dares to come into the water after us, I will shoot him.’

‘What Peeler ever minded a rebel shot?’ exclaimed the policeman, as he dashed into the

sea and endeavoured to seize the little punt by the stern.

‘Take that!’ exclaimed James Stephens, for it was he; and levelling his revolver, he fired. The ball struck just above the knee, and the policeman fell in the shallow water.

‘I am done for!’ he cried, as he lay for a few moments motionless.

‘Not a bit of it!’ replied Stephens, ‘not a bit of it! Scramble out of the water as fast as you can, and you will be all right shortly. I only winged you, because you were inclined to fly a bit too fast. Good-bye, my fine fellow. Get out of the water for fear of the tide rising, and before long you will have plenty of them down to help you. Tell them you saw us well off, and that you wished us a pleasant sail.’ And with a few vigorous strokes of the oars, he soon was out of danger of pursuit. He had already taken care there should be no boat on the shore at hand.

The scene in court on the escape of Teague was one of the utmost confusion. No sooner had old Aileen perceived that she could make no impression on the judge by her appeal to his feelings, than she changed her tone to one of violence and excitement, and heaping curse

after curse on anyone who would dare to sentence her son, she at last pronounced the words which had been carefully impressed on her memory by Stephens, and which she knew would be the signal for Teague to leap out of the dock and make his final effort to escape. The excitement of the moment, and the anxiety of her mind as to the result of Teague's bold attempt, were, however, too much for her, and just as she pronounced the words, she lost sight and senses, and fell in a real faint on the floor.

The sudden fall of Aileen, together with Peggy's cries for help, soon brought several policemen to her assistance, and their attention being taken up with the fainting woman, and the dock intervening between them and the side where Teague had leaped out, they did not know what had occurred until Teague was almost in the street. When they attempted to follow him, they found themselves hemmed in by a dense crowd, who opposed passive resistance to their efforts, so that they found it impossible for some minutes to leave the Court-house. Not so, however, with the policeman whom Teague had knocked down in his descent. He was an able, active young man, and having risen in a moment after his fall, he burst his

way through the crowd, notwithstanding many efforts to prevent him; and though jostled and hustled both on the Court-house steps and in the street, he never wholly lost sight of the fugitive. In the long run down from the Western Villas to the strand, he had considerably gained on Teague, and had it not been for the ready use of the revolver which Stephens did not hesitate to adopt, he would most probably have succeeded in arresting him. Stephens' shot, however, put all further efforts out of the question, and when six or seven policemen, who ran down after him to the strand, came up and found him lying wounded and bleeding, he told them that all hope of catching the fugitives was gone, as they had just got on board a hooker which had been anchored in the bay with all sails set. He pointed her out to his companions with her dark sails now bending under a clipping south wind, already off the Blackrock, and making steadily out to sea.

'Run like the wind,' exclaimed the sergeant to a young active policeman who accompanied him, 'and away to the coastguard station at Kilfenora. Tell the men what has happened, and as the revenue cutter is lying close at hand,

let them get her out and chase these villains. Away with you—don't lose a moment.'

The young policeman went off like an arrow. But it was a race of something like three or four miles, and by the time he had reached Kilfenora the hooker had turned the point at Little Samphire Island, and making due north towards the Rose Rock, had completely disappeared out of sight.

On arrival at the coastguard station his tale was quickly told; nor was there a moment's delay on the part of the officers of the station. They had seen a strange hooker, built more like a yacht than a fishing boat, but with the black hull and sails of the latter, making rapid way out to sea. And they had noted also that she must have entered the harbour in the night, as none of them had seen her come in. So all hands were at once called up, and the cutter started on her chase. They took the young policeman on board, in order to identify Teague should they overtake the hooker.

But Stephens' keen wit had anticipated this movement. He had seen and noted the presence of the revenue cruiser, and thinking it not unlikely they would give chase should he succeed so far in his plan, he had provided

himself with a set of white sails like those of an ordinary yacht. Immediately therefore, on passing Little Samphire Island, and getting out of sight of her Majesty's cruiser, steering north by Fenit, towards the Rose Rock, he hauled down the black hooker sails, and hoisted the white ones with jib, mainsail, and gaff topsail all complete, and away he went 'goose-wing' right before the southerly breeze, making as it were for Kerry Head.

The revenue cruiser was not long in following, and, having soon turned Samphire Island, was amazed to find she had altogether lost sight of the black hooker which had so recently passed Kilfenora, and which could not yet have cleared outside the bay. She saw indeed, as she thought, a gentleman's yacht some miles due north of her, but no hooker or fishing-boat was in sight. Away she went, however, with glasses scanning all the coast, in pursuit of the yacht, which must at least have seen the hooker, and could give intelligence concerning her.

Stephens perceiving that he was chased, and that he had no chance in a race with the cruiser, immediately changed his course, and instead of steering due north he veered round

to the west, and made for the open Atlantic. This gave an opportunity for the cruiser to come up with him, and the latter, having hailed him with a speaking-trumpet, asked if he had seen a hooker with black sails in the bay?

‘To be sure I did,’ replied Stephens, who now appeared on deck in a new disguise. ‘She rounded the point just before you came in sight off Little Samphire Island, and she is now in Barrow Harbour.’

Away went the cruiser back again south-east by the old round castle of Barrow, certain that at last they had tracked the hooker, notwithstanding her hidings and turnings, and entered Barrow Harbour. And away sailed Stephens and Teague, and steering west-south-west by Brandon Head, put in that night into Smerwick Bay, resolving to make their way overland by Dingle, to the little harbour of Kells, and from thence over the mountains to Tahilla, where they hoped to cross the Kenmare river to their old quarters, and rest in the deep valley of Glenmore.

Whilst Stephens and Teague were thus successfully making their way towards Glenmore, the Earl of Killarney was haunted by no very pleasant thoughts as he reflected on all that had

passed. He found to his dismay that the evidence he had given, and which he had so earnestly hoped would have been of service to Teague, had turned out, through the ingenuity of his cross-examiner, to be exactly the reverse; and indeed he could not conceal from himself that his evidence had been the chief element in his conviction. He perceived, moreover, that the various feats in which he had been engaged, and which he thought it possible might rather raise him than otherwise in the estimation of the native Irish, had been used by Mr. B—— to turn him into extreme ridicule. His design of travelling *incog.* was also suddenly upset; and, in short, a whole course of romantic adventures which he had fondly hoped to have achieved, with perhaps some little personal risk and danger, had been suddenly knocked on the head and exposed to the ridicule of a crowded audience by the impertinent ability of his cross-examiner.

All this was unpleasant and discouraging enough; and when he and his friend O'Sulevan sat down to dinner that evening at their lodgings, he was by no means proud of the several performances of the day.

'Well, at all events,' said the Earl, after two

or three glasses of champagne had taken the edge off his discontent, 'it is some comfort that poor Teague has escaped. Stephens must be a clever fellow to have managed it all so well. They say he had a boat ready to take them off, and that he shot a policeman who endeavoured to stop them.'

'Stephens is no doubt a clever fellow,' replied O'Sulevan, 'and wonderfully ingenious and cunning; and bold enough too in all that kind of work which he managed so well to-day; but he neither is, nor ever will be, a man of real note or value. He can never be a leader of the people in any great or noble enterprise. He is far too fond of his personations and disguises, appearing at one time as one person, and at another as another. That may be all very well to stir up a few ignorant peasants to rebellion, or to effect a rescue such as that of Teague's, but take my word for it, he never will do much more. He can hate well, but he has not genius to organise a nation.'

'Your mind seems never at rest,' replied the Earl. 'You are always dreaming of some great and impossible revolution which is to restore the lands of Ireland to their ancient lords and princes. Believe me, this can never be. No

matter how basely England may have acted of old, no matter how deeply she may have wronged the people in taking their lands from them, you may depend upon it she will not now give them back. You could not find the original owners if you would, and even if this could be done, do you suppose that we English, who have held the lands—no matter how acquired—for upwards of two hundred years, are now weak enough to surrender them, when they have grown ten times more valuable than they were, merely to gratify an idea, or to make the ghosts of our forefathers who did the wrong lie more quietly in their graves? Depend on it, O'Sulevan, the indulgence of these romantic ideas will never serve the cause of Ireland. I do not controvert a single statement of the injustice and wrong which was inflicted by my own forefathers some hundreds of years ago. I admit it all, to the full extent that the most sanguine Irishman could desire. But it is done—and cannot now be undone, without a deep injustice to the present possessors, and a revolution so tremendous as to shake to the foundation the solid basis on which all property has for ages past been built. I have learned much, as I have often told you, since I came to

Ireland. I have been taught how and why it is that the land question of Ireland is at the root of all her miseries. I can fully understand now, what I could never do before, the wild and romantic theories which fill the hearts of her most earnest and devoted sons. But the more I think of it, and the more deeply I have considered the firm hold which the Irish settlers, undertakers, or adventurers—call them what you will—have taken upon the Irish soil, backed up as they are, and ever will be, by those English landlords who, like myself, hold large possessions in Ireland, the more certain I am that the *forfeited estates* will remain as they are, and can never again return to their ancient possessors. No one who has ventured to probe into the heart of Ireland can for a moment doubt that "*the forfeited estates*" are *Ireland's real grievance*. Take my word for it, O'Sulevan, these forfeited estates will remain just as they are, and were any attempt made to win them back, Ireland would be deluged with blood.'

'I fear all you say is too true,' observed O'Sulevan, as he buried his face in his hands. 'And yet it is hard to bear—it is very hard to think that it must be so. You can feel for and

excuse the descendant of the Prince of Beara, once Lord of Dunboy and all the lands around it, if he looks with a jealous eye on the present inheritors of his patrimony, or, *if you will have the plain truth out, on the Saxon owners of the forfeited estates.* But let these things pass. Whatever may be in the womb of the future, there is no hope at present. We must fold our hands and succumb. May I ask if your lordship has settled on any plans? I hope you will return with me to Derreen? It will afford me and my family the greatest pleasure if you will do so; and if I can be of use in forwarding your further designs or assisting you to understand our country better, you may depend on my doing my utmost.'

'I feel deeply grateful to you for all your past kindness to me,' replied the Earl. 'I feel it would be impossible for me ever to repay what I owe to you and your most kind and amiable sisters. If you will permit me, I will return with you to Derreen for a short time, and then I hope to visit my estate in Tipperary, which, as you know, I have never yet seen. But, in truth, that fellow B—— made me appear so ridiculous, not only to others, but to myself, that I know not how to face any

society in my real name, which has now so unexpectedly been made public.'

'You need not in the least fear being considered ridiculous for what came out in Court,' observed O'Sulevan. 'I heard it all much commented on since, and I assure you there was but one opinion—"that the man who threw O'Gallivan in a wrestling match, and who did not hesitate to stand O'Dempsey's shot"—for all these matters have become strangely and suddenly public—"is not to be laughed at or trifled with." Mr. B—— may joke as he will that a young lord who "wrastles a fall" or fights a duel is not a man to be believed in a court of justice, and his clever way of putting things may raise a laugh at the time and put the court into a roar, but depend upon it there is not a gentleman in Kerry who does not think the higher of you for it. In fact, that clever cross-examination, at which you were and are so much annoyed, has once and for ever established your character in Ireland.'

'Well, certainly you *are* a very remarkable people,' said the Earl. 'I really thought I had been made such a fool of by that troublesome lawyer that I could scarcely look anyone in the face again, and now you tell me that I am a

made man, and that my character stands at set fair, where I thought it had sunk to stormy! Your Irish barometer certainly requires to be understood before it can be read correctly.'

'What I have said is true, nevertheless,' replied O'Sulevan. 'To-morrow, then, I suppose we start for Derreen?'

'Certainly,' replied the Earl, 'with your kind permission. And now good night. I am tired and need repose, as I am still weak. My affair with O'Dempsey may have improved my character, but certainly it has not improved my strength.'

O'Sulevan sat up till late that night, musing on all that had passed. Many anxious and conflicting thoughts disturbed and pressed upon his mind. It was plain that the Phoenix conspiracy was at an end. He had never joined it. He had never thought it capable of effecting any permanent good. But still he could not help feeling his sympathies were with any movement, however wild, which had adopted the cause of Ireland. He had no confidence in Stephens, except as a cunning plotter and unrivalled personator, able to assume almost any disguise, but incapable of turning his versatile talents to any practical advantage. It was

true he had effected the escape of Teague ; but even this, O'Sulevan felt, might bring trouble and danger with it.

Then he could not conceal from himself the sound sense and truth of the few last words he had heard from Lord Killarney on the subject of the forfeited estates. This young nobleman, who had been so short a time in Ireland, had touched the keystone of the arch, for Donald felt and knew that the one craving desire of the native Irish was *the restoration of the forfeited estates*. This had never been put boldly forward ; nay, by many wise heads it was denied altogether. But Donald knew well that the bold hand of the dashing young Saxon had touched the real chord, till every string of his heart vibrated within him.

'*The restoration of the forfeited estates !*' that secret was cherished in the inmost recesses of every true Celtic heart ; rarely spoken of ; scarcely whispered even among themselves ; but which all knew to be the secret spring by which in a moment the green flag of Erin could be unfurled, the 'sunburst' raised, and the people called on to fight to the death for Ireland. Oh ! how very carefully have the old title-deeds been still preserved.

But, however deeply these visions of a romantic future had taken root in the heart of O'Sulevan, he could not hide from himself the utter hopelessness of such a struggle. The English garrison in Ireland, the 'settlers' of Strongbow, the 'undertakers' of Elizabeth and James, and the 'adventurers' of Cromwell, had one and all taken deep root in the fertile soil of Ireland; and how could he expect such roots could be torn up? The Protestants of Ireland, he well knew, would fight for the lands they had acquired, and which, under their care and enriched by their labour, had become ten times more valuable than when they were won by their ancestors. The whole power of England would aid these Protestant settlers, and where would poor Ireland be then? All this he saw; and he could not help feeling that the cause of Ireland, so far as the recovery of the forfeited estates was concerned, was indeed utterly hopeless.

These and a thousand other thoughts passed rapidly through the mind of young O'Sulevan, as he sat musing over the fire in his lodgings. Then his mind wandered to the strange intimacy which had sprung up between him and the wealthy young Earl of Killarney. How was this to end? Why did the Earl propose to return with him to Derreen? O'Sulevan was

not so blind as not to perceive that a mutual regard, to say the least of it, had sprung up between his sister and his guest. He had neither discouraged it nor promoted it, for he did not see his way; but he could not help observing it. He loved his sister dearly. But when he thought of her entertaining any attachment to one whom a thousand circumstances had placed so entirely out of her natural line of life, he became confused and puzzled, and could only decide to do nothing—to leave events to develop themselves as they might.

At length, wearied and overcome by the labour and excitement of the day, and perplexed about everything—about Ireland; about his sister; about the young Earl; about Teague, and about himself,—he fell into a sound sleep, from which he was awakened by the unattractive presence of the maid of all work coming to arrange the room in the morning.

But the night which had thus closed upon the perplexed feelings of O'Sulevan, had been passed by Stephens and Teague in the most active and exciting exercise. Having landed at Smerwick Bay, the fugitives did not delay a moment near the coast, but at once made their way to Dingle, where Stephens had many friends and sympathisers whom he knew he

could thoroughly trust. Here they put up for the night, and by daybreak they had crossed the bay and were on the hills, making their way over the mountains to Tahilla. From Tahilla they crossed in a fishing-boat to Derreen; and on the third day after the trial, they walked quietly at dusk into Teague's own little cabin overhanging the Glenmore river. No one knew of their arrival. The latch yielded to their touch, and in a few seconds Teague found himself seated in his old corner beside the fire which was burning cheerily on the hearth!

'There must be somebody in the house,' observed Stephens, 'or the fire would not be lit. We had better search it before we lie down to rest.'

'Maybe not,' replied Teague. 'Maybe its only a little kind thought of the neighbours who expected my old mother and Peggy home to-night, and so kept up the fire to give them a little welcome on their arrival. I wouldn't wonder if there was more than the fire here prepared.'

It was true enough. In a little inner room they found a nice brown cake of large and liberal dimensions, and plenty of milk and butter, all laid out on a little table as if the party were expected immediately. The neigh-

bours had kindly done it all, but none of them had remained, being unwilling to intrude on the sorrow of the widow, as they had heard that Teague had been convicted. Neither Teague nor Stephens, however, were in a humour to show any undue delicacy to the viands which had been so carefully laid out, so they at once set themselves down to their supper, and right glad they were after so severe a walk to get so hearty a meal.

They had scarcely done eating when they heard footsteps approaching the door, and Teague, whose habitual fear of his mother still unconsciously prevailed over him, bounded into bed and hid himself with all the celerity he could command. Stephens also was a little disconcerted, but he did not hide; and just as the widow entered the house, he approached her and held out his hand.

Had a ghost appeared to her, the poor woman could not have been more surprised. She shrieked wildly, and Peggy rushing in at the same time, and seeing Stephens standing there, was almost equally terrified.

‘Who and what are you?’ at length exclaimed the widow in a solemn and tremulous voice. ‘Are you come as a spirit to tell me of

my son, or are you flesh and blood? Where is my own son Teague?’

‘Teague is snug in bed with his head under the clothes,’ replied Stephens. ‘Sure you don’t suppose I would leave him to be sentenced to penal servitude, as they call it, or transportation either. Here he is safe and sound, just the same as ever. Come out of that Teague, you villain!’ cried Stephens aloud, ‘and show yourself to your old mother, or she’ll think it’s a ghost that’s in it.’

‘Bedad, mother, it’s my own self,’ cried Teague, as he uncovered the clothes off his head; ‘and here I am safe and sound to bother you and Peggy, just the same as ever. But whisht, mother! for your life, don’t you know I’m “on my keeping” now, and you must not breathe to mortal that I am here.’

‘Never fear, darlin’,’ said his mother. ‘The Lord be praised ye are out of their hands any way; we will see if we can’t keep you so. Lie down and take a bit of sleep, as ye need it, and we’ll see what’s best to be done in the morning.’

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

[JANUARY 1871.]

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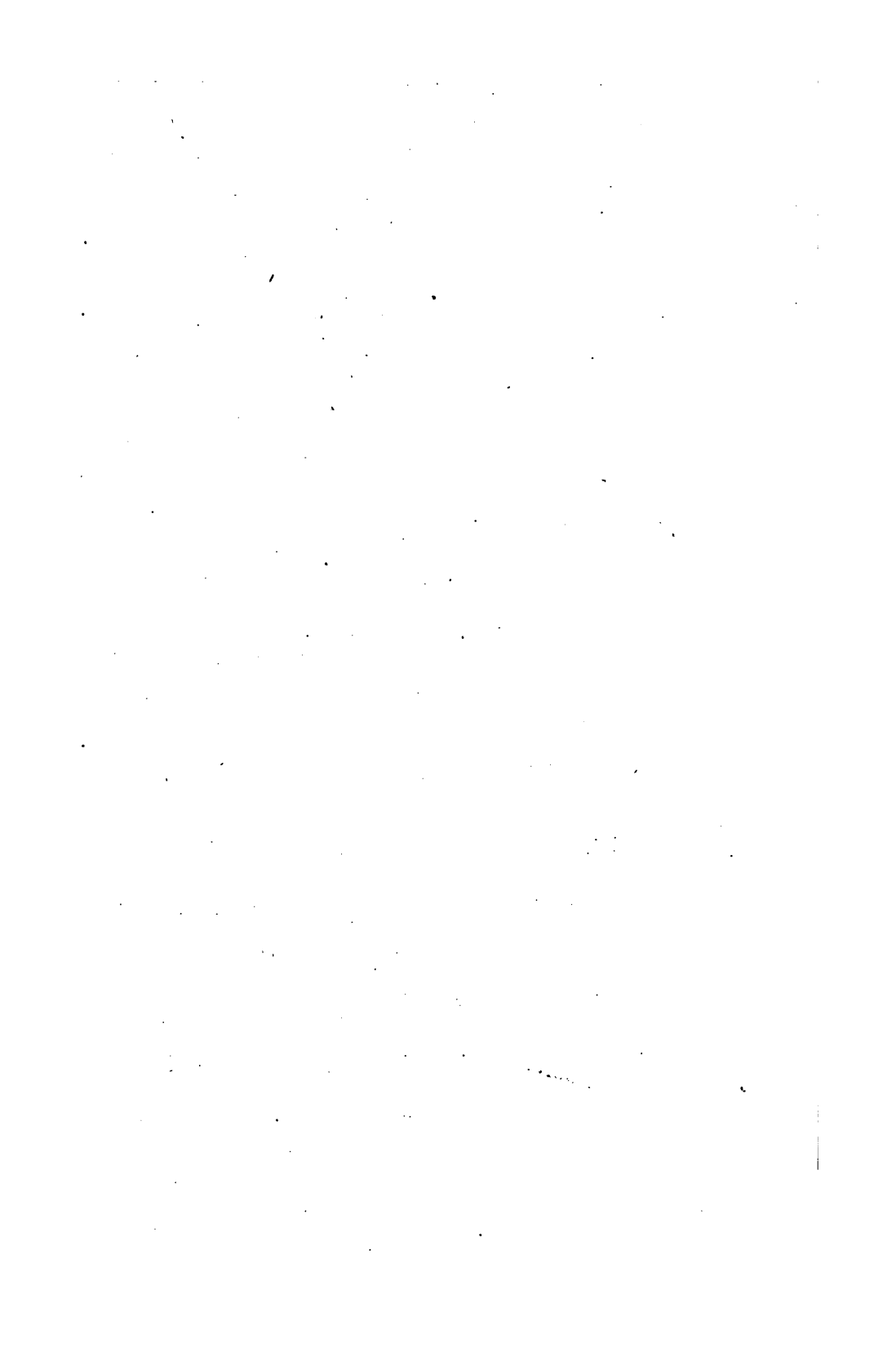
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